Vol. XXXV. Toronto, February 1st, 1922 Number 3

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

FEBRUARY
1ST 1922

20 Cents The MacLean Publishing C

Will the impression you made last night—

Endure the light of the sun today?

Complexions—Night and Noon

Almost any woman can look pretty at eight, but only perfect, natural skins can face the glare of noon.

A radiant skin, healthy and glowing, is the very foundation of charm—and every woman can have one. Aids to beauty are many, but the essential is a thoroughly clean skin.

Good complexions call for soap

Beautifying cleanliness requires not only a clean surface, but also thoroughly-cleansed pores. Such cleanliness calls for soap.

Dirt, oil and perspiration clog the skin. So does powder—so does rouge. At least once daily this accumulation should be removed. The best time is at night. Then for hours of sleep the skin has a chance to breathe.

Without such cleansing, glands and pores become enlarged and irritated. Their functions are retarded. Skins become coarse. Blackheads and blotches may follow.

Must be done with lather

This cleansing must be done with soap. There is no substitute. One must force lather into the pores, using a gentle massage. When that is rinsed out, the dirt and oil come with it.

A balmy lather needed

The study has been to produce a balmy, creamy lather. A lather that soothes while it cleanses. A lather which leaves the skin soft.

To do that modern science has gone back to methods of 3,000 years ago. It employs a blend of palm and olive oils. Not as Cleopatra used them, but prepared in modern ways. In Palmolive soap these matchless oils are perfectly combined. As a facial cleanser the world has never found anything better. And it probably never will.

Palmolive cleans the skin with a gentle and soothing emollient. It leaves the skin in blooming, fresh condition. Its daily use is the foundation of skin beauty. Its every application penetrates the skin with the most beneficial oils of the ages.

If the skin is very dry, apply cold cream before and after washing. The soap will make a balmy lather. Rub it gently into the pores. Rinse out with warm water, then apply a dash of cold water as a tonic. Then you have done the utmost, beyond good food, fresh air and exercise, to beautify the skin.

Why the low price

We bring palm oil from Africa, olive oil from Spain. They are the costliest and the best oils a facial soap can employ. Yet Palmolive sells at a low price. The reason lies in enormous production. Millions use Palmolive. And our effort for many years has been to place it within everybody's reach.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
Manufacturers of a complete line of Toilet Articles

Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Co. of Canada, Limited. 1253C

Made in Canada

Supreme for 3,000 years

Egyptian beauties used palm and olive oils. Roman beauties used them in their famous baths. As skin cosmetics, palm and olive oils have for ages stood supreme. But in olden times only the favored few could get them. And now could get them in this ideal form.

REO

Standardize on Reos

Every consideration of dependability, economy, Low Up Keep, and Pride of Ownership dictates that you standardize your entire motoring equipment—both passenger and commercial—on one make.

The unprecedented completeness of the new Reo line, which embraces not only all popular types of passenger models, but also that wonderful Speed Wagon, inevitably suggests that you Standardize on Reos.

Recently two more reasons have appeared—that New Reo Light Seven, and the New "Business Coupe".

Like all Reo Passenger models, these are mounted on Six Cylinder Chasses.

That Incomparable Six—the Six of Sixty Superiorities"—is ideal for enclosed car service as well as for open models—for it is as silent as it is powerful.

Now that you may have a Seven passenger Reo there is no reason why you should desire a larger or more expensive car in your home garage.

There is a Reo for every possible kind of service—social, professional and commercial.

And such is the quality, such the beauty of design and of finish, such the reputation of this product—there is a Pride of Ownership in the possession of a fleet of Reos, that irresistibly appeals to the connoisseur.

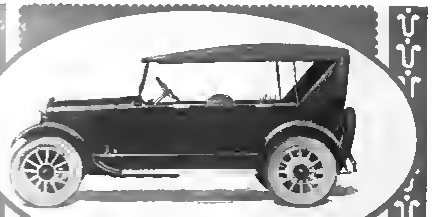
In the realm of Business, hundreds of concerns have found that there is a wonderful degree of satisfaction, and a marked increase in efficiency, in this policy of "Standardizing on Reos".

These are now supplementing their fleets of Speed Wagons with Business Coupes—increasing the range and efficiency of salesmen, collectors, inspectors, etc.

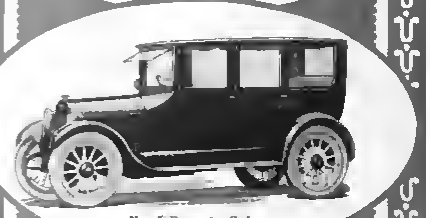
See the new Reo Line. Its completeness and scope will surprise you.

Then—Standardize on Reos. Economy is amazing—satisfaction supreme.

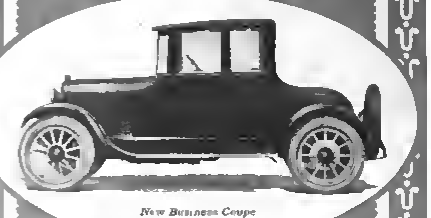
Reo Motor Car Co., of Canada, Ltd.,
St. Catharines Ontario



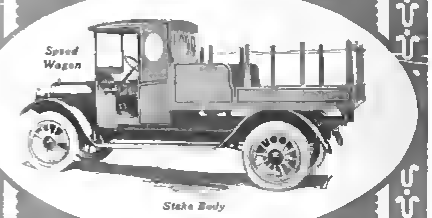
New Light Seven



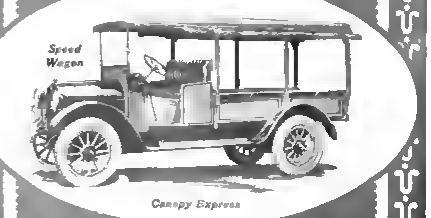
New 5-Passenger Sedan



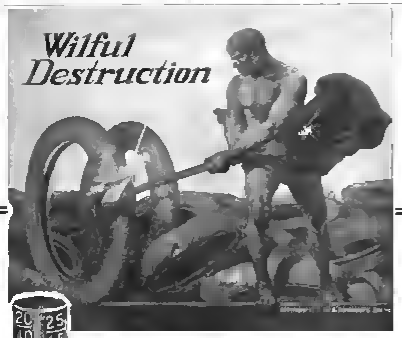
New Business Coupe



Stake Body



Canopy Express



YOUR tires are being just as wilfully destroyed when you run them without proper air pressure.

The axe process may be faster but under-inflation is just as deadly.

Don't guess at tire inflation. Adopt the one SURE method. Use a

Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge

and know that your tires are properly inflated.

Invest $1.50 today and watch your investment pay dividends in tire mileage.

At all dealers, everywhere

A. SCHRADER'S SON, INC.
334 King St. East, Toronto

$1.50 Everywhere in Canada

London Brooklyn, N.Y. Chicago

MACLEAN'S

PUBLISHED SEMI MONTHLY

On the First and Fifteenth of Each Month

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President.

H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President. H. V. TYRRELL General Manager

CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 1 1922

VOLUME XXXV NUMBER THREE

A PRIMROSE AND A PROMISE — 9
Margaret Bushee Shipp
Illustrated by Charles I. Wrenn

THE SAIL DRAGGER—Novelette — 11
Frederick William Wallace
—Illustrated by C. A. Patterson

MADE IN MONTREAL? — J. K. Munro — 14
Cartoons by Lou Skuce

ODETTE ELOPES — Margaret Hilda Wise — 16
—Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

SLEUTHS OF THE WILDERNESS — R. G. Marlleth — 18

THE HOUSE OF APPLEDORE — 20
Sapper" H. C. McNeile
—Illustrated by Dudley G. Summers

FAR NORTH REALLY LIVEABLE — 23
Vilhjalmur Stefansson

ON THE JOB — Archie McKishnie — 25
—Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

THAT MAN FROM CARSTAIRS — Nicholas North — 27

THE WEST WON'T STAY DOWN! — 28
Charles Christopher Jenkins

MOSTLY SALLY—Serial — 30
Pelham Grenville Wodehouse
Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

BUSINESS AND INVESTMENTS — 4
REVIEW OF REVIEWS — 32
WIT WISDOM AND WHIMSICALITY — 34
MAYBE ADAM LAUGHED AT THESE — 56

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

HOW "BOB'S MAGGIE" GREW INTO HER JOB — 50
Ethel M. Chapman

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
TWENTY CENTS A COPY

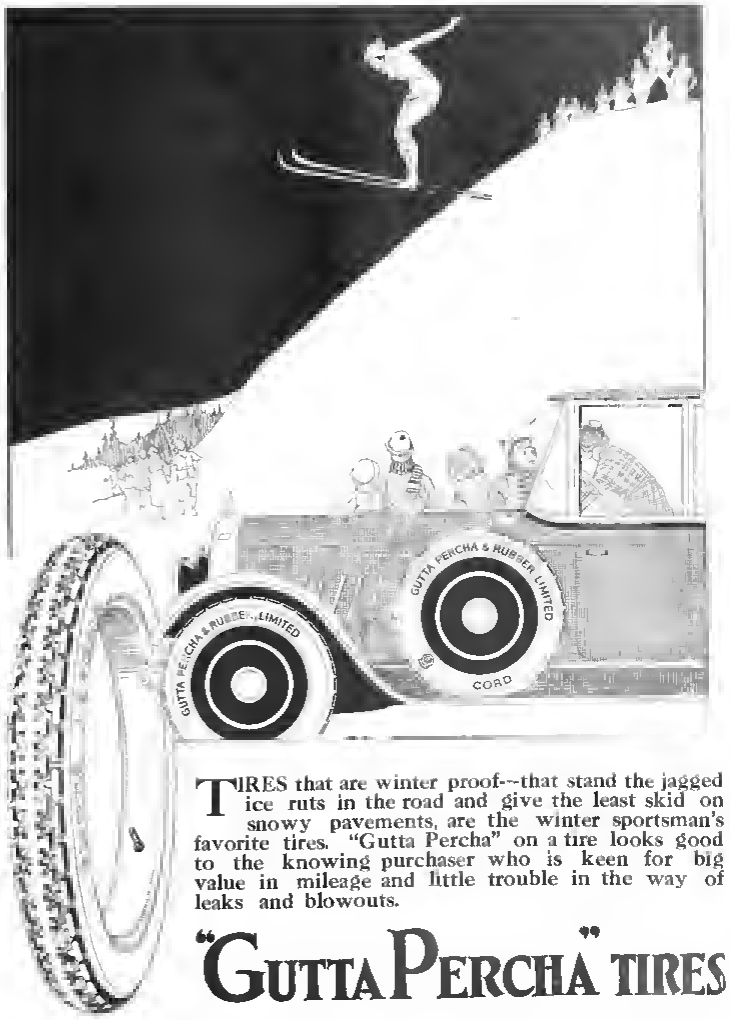
To agent for the MacLean Publishing Company authorized to take orders for this or other publications than those specified in his credential from this Company. We will gladly show his credentials on request. In subscribing see that your receipt is on our printed receipt form. We are not responsible for agents who cannot supply you with a proper receipt.

Member Canadian National Newspapers & Periodicals Association

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, CANADA

LONDON ENGLAND
THE MACLEAN COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN LIMITED

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Building, 1405 Peel Street. Winnipeg, Free Press Building. Vancouver, Province Building, 309 Granville Street.



TIRES that are winter proof—that stand the jagged ice ruts in the road and give the least skid on snowy pavements, are the winter sportsman's favorite tires. "Gutta Percha" on a tire looks good to the knowing purchaser who is keen for big value in mileage and little trouble in the way of leaks and blowouts.

"GUTTA PERCHA" TIRES

One practical proof of the superiority of "Gutta Percha" Cord Tires is that motorists who have run the scale of different tires, seeking maximum service, have given the "Gutta Percha" Tire their repeat order.

"Gutta Percha" Cord Tires will be the vogue for 1922. Be in the fashion make it "G.P." Cords on all four wheels.

Gutta Percha & Rubber Limited, Head Offices and Factory, Toronto

Branches in all leading Canadian cities

Opportunities in Odd Amount Bonds

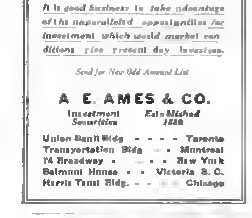
Owing to active bond market there are exceptional opportunities for picking up odd amount bonds of the various Provinces and Municipalities at the Dominion Corporation ODD LOT LIST contains offerings of bonds varying in amounts from approximately one to twelve hundred dollars yielding in several thousands

It is good business to take advantage of the unparalleled opportunities for investment which would market conditions give present day investors.

Send for New Odd Amount List

A. E. AMES & CO.

Investment Securities	Established 1889
Union Bank Bldg.	Toronto
Transportation Bldg.	Montreal
74 Broadway	New York
Belmont House	Victoria B. C.
Harris Trust Bldg.	Chicago



Every Department within Arm's Reach

Not just "within reach" but within the reach of any one department in the plant. This has come about by the use of a

Stromberg-Carlson Inter-Communicating Telephone

It saves time by putting an end to delay and confusion. It eliminates unnecessary walking.

Not only that, but it gives a person who is in an emergency at all times in touch with the man he wants to see.

Let us tell you how it can do all this and more at small cost. Write for a booklet and full information.

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
35 McCaul St. Toronto

British America Assurance Co.
Incorporated A.D. 1833
Assets Over $4,300,000.00
Fire, Marine, Automobile and Hail Insurance
HEAD OFFICES Cor. Scott and Front Sts. TORONTO

15 Buys $100 Engel Art Corrects

Millions of Kodak Users Use them to mount all Kodak pictures, postcards, clippings in albums. No sticky Paste or Gummed, Moist, Heavy and Costly stock, as the person, boy and grandmother prefer the clean or corners of albums, sheets or slip books. GET-CO-RECTS are ready for use. No waste, no muss, no fuss, no wetting, no waiting, no delay. Ask your dealer for Engel Art Corrects, or send 15c for 100 postpaid. Mention your dealer's name. Dept. 175 Engel Mfg. Co. Toronto, Canada.

Wrestling Book FREE

Learn Jap. Jiu-Jitsu, Wrestling, Boxing, Fencing, Self-Defense, Strength Development, Health Culture, Physical Culture, Athletics, Sports, Games, Pastimes, Amusements, Hobbies, Etc. Frank Gotch and Former Champions Directly learned by mail at home. If you desire a Jap. Jiu-Jitsu or Wrestling Book free, write for it. Mention your name and address plainly. Address Dept. 1, Frank Gotch Wrestling Schools, Omaha, Neb.

BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

CANADIAN BANKING SYSTEM STILL MERITS CONFIDENCE

THE Merchants' Bank affair has been a shock to investors. They hardly know what it all means. The bank did not fail, but what is termed its reserve—the president stated had been so depleted that the directors considered it inadvisable to continue. Later on, when some sort of an investigation is had—as it must be—we shall know just what this means. It would appear that the heavy losses the bank is known to have incurred in the past couple of years would if revealed in a true and correct statement of its affairs have resulted in a fairly wide-spread movement to withdraw deposits which in turn would have made it difficult for the bank to continue the commercial and call loans.

It might have been possible for the bank to make arrangements with other banks to guarantee its deposits, as was finally done with a single bank and this might have sustained public confidence in the absence of an agreement to amalgamate it with another bank or it might not. Similar situations have been worked out successfully in the United States, reserves have been reduced with the full knowledge of the bank's clients and dividends reduced with little apparent diminution of confidence in the bank withdrawal of funds or loss of general business and the argument has been advanced that this course could easily have been followed in Canada.

Banks Weak Points

IN ANY event as many points of weakness have developed in connection with this particular bank's operations, and in relation to the public that naturally have caused a feeling of lack of confidence in the system. It is important that this confidence be restored as rapidly as possible. The weak points about the Merchants' bank as so far disclosed may be summed up thus: There was a loss of some $4,000,000 through the failure of one brokerage house in Montreal in July 1920. At one time this firm was "overdrawn" more than $3,000,000 at the bank. The president of the bank in the witness stand swore he was not aware of the overdraft or the insolvent condition of the firm until the actual failure. The general manager of the bank swore that he was not aware of the insolvent position of this firm either until it failed and the blame for the time being has been shifted on the shoulders of the manager of the main local office at the bank.

Further evidence showed that a part of the firm had an overdraft of $700,000 at one time without, it would appear even the rudimentary showing as a security. This is startling evidence and the natural question is, On whom should responsibility be placed for this extraordinary state of affairs? On the banking system or on the president and directors of the bank the general manager the local manager one two or all?

Then the auditors come into the query. Did they do their duty in a searching investigation to determine the true value of the assets of the bank? It is not denied that they had primary powers to go behind the word of any official in the bank. That was why the system of appointment of shareholders' auditors was put into effect in 1913 to protect the shareholders against weakness or worse in officials or incompetency on the part of directors. If there any amendment to the Banking Act that should be made to provide a more vital audit? Are auditors thus chosen competent to get at the bottom if any deliberate attempt were made at the concealment of the "true and correct view" of the bank's conditions?

Ottawa's Responsibility

THE Federal Government is brought into an affair of this kind inasmuch as monthly reports are submitted by the banks showing their standing. These reports are not passed on by the shareholders' auditors but carry with them every serious obligation as to their accuracy with heavy penalties—that have been inflicted in the past—if these reports are shown to have been falsified.

Under these conditions it is obviously the duty of the shareholders to insist on a thorough investigation into the causes of the heavy losses and the concealment of these from the directors and the shareholders themselves. They also are concerned with finding out whether the auditors appointed by them discharged their duties as the Bank Act stipulates.

It is the duty of the Government, moreover to satisfy itself to what extent the reports made to it were true or false and to take steps to inflict whatever penalty is called for by the statutes.

It is not a single bank as the whole banking system of Canada is more or less on trial in this affair and the case should be treated accordingly. Fortunately confidence still remains strong in the banks of Canada as a whole and there is ample reason for the belief that the present unfortunate incident reveals the weakness of individuals rather than of the system itself, a system that Canadians generally and with good reason have backed up with pride and over which they have even resented to a rather pardonable boasting.

Passing from an individual case to the more ordinary and more encouraging aspect of the banks of Canada this investment public have been presented in their annual reports that been just been issued with admirable summaries and commentaries of business conditions in this country tinged with that element of conservatism and cautious broad outlook that proved a retaining anchor to many a commercial situation when the dizzy heights of inflation warped the judgment of the trader. The facts are faced, but throughout all the addresses to shareholders runs a reassuring vein of confidence whose repeated influence should carry far. Among these might be quoted:

Profits, Economy and Efficiency

By Sir Herbert Holt (President Royal Bank)—Economy in management and operation is one of the great needs of the present time. If prices of commodities are not to rise to any extent, but are as many think, to experience a slow decline over a period of years profits can only be maintained by increased economy and efficiency in management.

These remarks on economy have special force in their application to our Governments, Federal, Provincial and Municipal. Many Governments and Municipalities are tempted by the facility in disposing of their securities during a cheap money period; rich as they are returning upon in the United States, to engage in undertakings which are justified neither by their population nor their financial position. Thus there is a heavy drain on the country for tax payments a great part of which are remitted abroad in the shape of interest on foreign borrowings.

Our foreign trade for the twelve months ending November 30 shows a large decrease in total values due in great part to falling prices. While we have received a smaller return from our exports we have paid less for our imports and the measure of progress is a trade balance in our favor of $55,000,000. We are advancing in the right direction, but a greater effort is imperative. We must bring our favorable balance to a point equal to the interest on our foreign indebtedness. Until we accomplish this our borrowings abroad will continue. By the development of our coal areas, by improved methods of industrial production, above all by a wider utilization of our water powers must we labor to restrict our imports. For the expansion of our exports, the speedy settlement of our farm lands is the great need, and immigration should be stimulated. Yet we should take a warning by the experience of our neighbors and admit only those who are desirable. Let us follow the route of Australia. You are welcome if you are the man we want.

Three Important Questions

John Gall president of the Union Bank says—The financial conference now in session in France has immense possibilities and we earnestly hope that the result of its deliberations may be such as to bring about the stabilization of exchanges with the consequent gradual resumption of world trade.

A settlement of the difficulties in Ireland seems to be in view and this undoubtedly will have a most beneficial effect removing as it will a source of grave irritation between the various branches of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

The Washington conference too has already accomplished much and it is to be hoped that before the labors are completed many matters at present in dispute between the various participants will have been satisfactorily settled to the benefit of the world at large.

The immediate future of business seems to be largely dependent on these three important questions, and the outcome of each one of them is awaited with deepest interest throughout the world."

The Future

SIR JOHN AIRD general manager of Canadian Bank of Commerce says—"Despite the world wide experience of the pains of contraction by whole nations, and notwithstanding the many unsettled problems still standing in the way of prosperity we have during the year passed through many remedial stages which were absolutely necessary whether agreeable or not. We are adjusting ourselves to the creation of our products at a cheaper cost to a renewed conception of the value of a dollar and to the necessity for the maximum of efficiency in every effort of industry. If we have due regard to the world's experiences since the war and accept the lessons to be drawn therefrom and if as Canadians we purpose to be fair to each other and to work together for the national good as well as for our own, we shall soon again achieve the success in material things which has hoppily distinguished our past. The tide which has been ebbing will soon turn, and the many nations with troubles infinitely greater than our own will one by one rediscover the road to progress, the basis of which will be the power to buy food and other supplies from nationals or resellers. With that change in the tide a great emigration from Great Britain and the Continent of Europe will take place, and some of it must find their future as settlers on our farms. With our annual crops and our natural resources, our many centres of manufacturing, our established character for industry and energy, and our really great ability to economize when pressed, we of all nations can surely view the future with courage and confidence."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Question—*I have $800 invested in Canadian Victory Bonds. World you advise holding them or exchanging them for bonds paying a higher rate of interest?*

I also have $500 invested in the Physical Culture Corporation with headquarters in New York. What is your opinion of this corporation?

Also I have lost 20 year annuities with the Great West Life Assurance Company of Winnipeg. Is this a safe concern? Also what about the Dominion Coal Company as an investment?—E. A. M., Glace Bay, N. S.

Answer—You could exchange your $800 of Victory bonds for an odd lot of municipal bonds to give you an additional one-half or one per cent. yield on your money without serious loss of safety.

We have no information concerning the Physical Culture Corporation but it may be taken as a safe general rule that such investments are unsuitable for a person in your position. The fact many from the company to keep in close touch with its activities I am of opinion would not without a loss it might be wise and you could put your money into a Canadian investment.

The Great West Life Assurance Company is absolutely safe to insure with Dominion Coal has never missed its preferred dividend and is a good buy for a high yield. Holders of Dominion Coal have until December 15 to exchange their holdings for stock in the British Empire Steel Corporation. We would not advise the trade as Dominion Coal is, as a unit stronger than the group.

Question—*I am holding some Granby Consolidated Mining Smelting and Power Company stock. Would you advise me selling at present market or holding in hope of an advance?—J. T. S., Vancouver, B. C.*

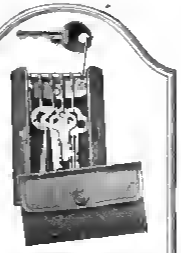
Answer—Present indications point to an improvement of the metal markets, and a corresponding improvement of the market position of the securities of the copper producing companies may be expected.

We would not advise a sale of Granby Consolidated just now.

Question—*Cuban Canadian Sugar Company have not paid dividends since last January (Preferred Stock 8 per cent accumulative). Please give present standing and outlook for resumption dividend. Would you advise holding?—A. B. P., Summerside, P. E. I.*

Answer—We believe no one in in a position just at present to give you any accurate estimate as to when the company will be able to resume dividends on its preferred stock. No statement has been issued on the earnings or position of the company for the past two years.

We understand also that a delay has been caused in sending information to



You'll Bless the Day

you bought your BUXTON KEYTAINER every time you use your keys. Think of it. No key fumbling, no key-jagging, but the *right* key in the *right* place in the *right* time. And your keys can't get into a pocket wearing lump—the KEYTAINER keeps us flat and fright and well behaved.

They come in a variety of leatherettes, in sizes holding 1 to 12 keys in prices from 40c to $5.00. Over a million in use. Sold only through dealers. If you don't find one write us.

BUXTON, INC.
Dept. W. Springfield, Mass.
Western Canada Agents
Rowland & Campbell Ltd. Winnipeg
Eastern
Julius Salz Leather Goods Co. Toronto

BUXTON KEYTAINER
The original patented Key-Case

VENUS THIN LEADS No 38

VENUS EVERPOINTED and other Mitad Pencils

THE name VENUS is your guarantee of perfection. Absolutely crumble-proof, smooth and perfectly graded.

7 DEGREES
2B soft & black F firm
B soft H med hard
HB soft medium 2H hard
4H extra hard

20c per 1 to dozen
$2.00 per dozen lots

Upon dealer cannot supply you write us.

American Lead Pencil Co.
10 Fifth Ave. New York

Ask to show the new
VENUS EVERPOINTED PENCILS

Moore Push Pins

Glass Head Steel Point

Moore Push-less Hangers
In Boxes of 75 and 100

Ask your dealer to show Moore Self-Anchoring Push Pins

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO.
Walsh Ave. Montreal

WANTED SONG POEMS & MELODIES

Send your poems or melodies today. Any subject. Any form. Any kind. Any length. Any meaning. Any style. Any quality. Any quantity. Any price. Any time. Any place. Any way. Any thing. Any person

Banking by Mail

Those living at a distance can do their Banking by Mail just as safely and conveniently as though done in person. Many Farmers save themselves special trips to town by adopting our system of Banking by Mail. The Manager will explain this helpful plan. Write or see him the next time you are in town.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal. Established 1864.

399 Branches in Canada and abroad, from the Atlantic to the Pacific

DENNISTEEL

Made in Canada

Why Not Utilize the Wall Space?

Dennisteel Steels are made of materials ... order and dust tight ... the housing of a quality product.

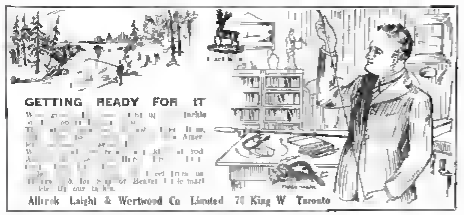
Dennisteel Lockers in ... sizes ... a clerk ... security for their property ...

Dennisteel Products are ... Housing ... Wire ... Sheet Steel Partitions, Steel Lockers, Steel Laundry Compartments, etc. Ornamental Iron and Bronze. Commercial Wirework of all kinds. Structural Builders' Iron and Steel. Steel Sash. Write for Catalogue.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED

LONDON CANADA

St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Windsor, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver



Allbrok Laight & Wertwood Co. Limited 70 King W. Toronto

THE WOLCOTT

Fifth Avenue and Thirty-First Street

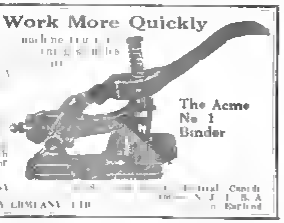
New York

Centrally Located

Luxurious Appointments

Delicious Food

It Will Do Your Work More Quickly



The Acme No. 1 Binder

ERNEST J. SCHITT & COMPANY

THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY

PROCESS TYPEWRITER SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD.

Central Church Building, N. Y. U. S. A. Earlsfield

shareholders from a dispute between this company and those who disposed of some of the sugar plantations to them. If this dispute, as is hoped, is settled favorably to the company its financial position will be much improved. We understand that a circular in regard to this will be issued shortly to the shareholders. We have no definite information in regard to the Beaver Board Company of Buffalo, N.Y., but have written and will let you know as soon as we receive word.

Question—*I would appreciate having your opinion on the Ontario Equitable Life and Accident Insurance Co. of Waterloo.—H. H. W., Moncton, N. B.*

Answer—The Ontario Equitable Life & Accident Insurance Company is one of the younger Canadian companies, but has become soundly established in the little more than year of its existence. The company holds a provincial license in order that it may combine the accident branch of the business. It carries the requisite deposit with the government and is able to issue with

Question—*I hold five shares in the Northwestern Life Assurance Co. and two shares in the Northwestern Trust Co. of Winnipeg. Man. What is your opinion of these holdings?—Subscriber, Midale, Sask.*

Answer—As both the Northwestern Life Assurance and the Northwestern Trust are young companies it may be some time yet before they are in a position to pay dividends. It usually takes companies of this character a few years to place themselves on such a position where stockholders can benefit. The management in each case is honest and seemingly efficient, the companies are making progress and you should eventually realize upon your investment.

Saskatchewan Farm Loan bonds are no obligation of the Saskatchewan government, are a gilt edged investment, but we believe that you could secure an investment of equal negotiability, and with a higher rate of interest in Victory bonds. The latter we believe holds the greater attraction for one in your position.

Question—*Kindly furnish me with names of a few reputable concerns from whom I could purchase dependable securities on the instalment plan. I would also like to get your opinion on Durant Motors.—W. E. E., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.*

Answer—While most of the brokerage houses are willing to handle investment business on the instalment plan, not many of them specialize in it. We might however just mention the following houses which have advertised their facilities in this regard:

Greenshields & Company, Montreal.
Gallour White & Company, Montreal.
G. A. Stimson & Company, Toronto.
Edward Gronyn & Company, Toronto.
McKay & McKay Company, Toronto.

As the organizer of the great General Motors Corporation and of several other important automobile combinations in the United States the Durant has taken a high place in the automobile world. His proposition to organize a company in Canada to manufacture a moderate priced car has attractive possibilities although in view of the present uncertainty in the business world and the differences of opinion of various authorities as to the consumption of automobiles in the next few years the speculative side of the proposition should not be overlooked. The methods of selling stock to raise capital are rather novel but there would seem to be nothing unsound about them unless it be that the selling expense may run high.

Question—*Please give me your opinion of Police Motors of Holland. Do you consider it a good investment?—H. A. K., Ft. William, Ont.*

Answer—Dutian Motors could hardly be classed as a safe investment, and we believe that you would be well advised not to place any more money in the stock unless you can afford to gamble with it. You are probably aware that this company has established a factory at Welland. Ont. and a branch factory proposed to manufacture Fulton trucks. Thus far a small number of trucks have been built and sold but operations have been confined largely to the manufacture of repairs for the machines which are in operation in Canada which including those from the parent plant in the United States, number some seven or eight hundred. At the present time the plant is practically closed down for lack of business. It is the intention of the management of the company to defer action in the matter of driving for business until a time when it is expected that the general situation will have improved and enough business will be forthcoming to warrant the establishment of a large organization. Thus far there has been no opportunity of testing the efficiency of the management. The company has undoubtedly entered business at an inopportune time but whether it will be able to overcome this handicap we cannot foretell in any event the stock at the moment is highly speculative.

Question—*Please tell me if Monarch Tractors preferred stock is a safe investment.—J. A. F., Gormley, Ont.*

Answer—Monarch Tractor Preferred could not in any sense be classed as a safe investment. The company has been very gravely depressed and in fact was closed down for a lengthy period. Dividends as you are probably aware have not been met on preferred. It is doubtful if you could find a market for the stock and in any event you would have to sell at a very large discount from your purchase price. The company underwent some form of reorganization recently, we understand and probably there is little that you can do other than await developments.

Question—*Please give me your opinion of Toronto Finance Corporation. Is their common or preferred stock the better investment?—M. E. B., Toronto.*

Answer—We understand that the Toronto Finance Corporation is having a successful season. The first quarterly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been paid and we are credibly advised that operations for the same period gave profits which leave a substantial margin. The question of safety in such an investment lies largely in the future of the real estate market and the building industry. A sudden break in values would have a direct bearing on the company's investments.

The management of the company appears to be in capable hands but it will take a period of experience to indicate how successful they are in their judgment. Given a fairly stable market for real estate a continued demand for housing and a satisfactory adjustment of building prices and the success of these companies should be reasonably assured. But it is a matter for opinion as to whether present prices are justified by conditions or can be maintained.

Question—*Please give me your opinion of the Canada Life Assn. Company's Monthly Premium policy.—J. M. F., Edmonton, Alta.*

Answer—As a monthly premium policy it is doubtful if you can secure any better terms than are offered you by the Canada Life Co. This company is one of the stronger insurance companies of the Dominion and one that you can safely insure with. The point that you must decide is not so much the advantages of this policy over similar policies of other companies for they differ only in a minor degree, but whether this class of insurance is most suited to your needs. If you are seeking protection for your family it is doubtful if this form of policy would be the most satisfactory. Certainly if you live beyond the allotted span this insurance does with you. On this feature of the case, however, you are in the best position to judge.

Question—*Kindly advise if Ford of Canada stock can be purchased, also present market price.—F. C. M., Windsor, N. S.*

Answer—The stock of the Ford Motor Company of Canada is listed upon the Toronto stock exchange, and may be purchased through any broker holding a seat upon that exchange. Records of the last sale of this stock show a market price of 295. The stock reached a high of 340 last year, however.

Answers will be given freely to subscribers to Maclean's Magazine in regard to Canadian industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing To an Editor, MacLean's Magazine.

FEBRUARY 1, 1922

SUBSCRIPTION TWENTY CENTS A COPY THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

MACLEAN'S

J. VERNON McKENZIE, *Editor* J. L. RUTLEDGE, *Associate Editor*

COPYRIGHT 1922 BY THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

VOLUME XXXV NUMBER THREE

A PRIMROSE AND A PROMISE

By MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

THE ill-mannered girl was having difficulty with the fastening of her bag. That was her affair. Scarth had shown her courtesy and had been repaid with a stiff bow of acknowledgment, not even a word of thanks. For an hour they had sat vis-a-vis, the sole occupants of a first class compartment, and she had gazed steadily out of the window on a flat and uninteresting stretch of country as if to black any conversational overture.

Glancing again to her direction he saw that the bag had opened but that she horridly shut it again and continued to have trouble with the lock. So it was all a feint, her half appealing glance at him was a pretence,—but his curiosity was piqued and he went towards her.

"May I help you with your bag?" he asked coldly. "You seem to have some trouble in opening it for the inspection."

"If you will be so very kind," she answered. He unfastened it with no ease which was almost conspicuous under the circumstances. "This is twice you have come to my rescue and it was very nice of you to transfer my bag when the stupid porter had put it in the second-class carriage. Thank you."

It exasperated him for her to speak with such pretty friendliness after she had pointedly ignored him. His manner was as brittle as hers had been as he returned:

"It was nothing—surely not worth your remembering for an hour."

"But I couldn't thank you before," she explained, "*I promised my Grandmother.*"

By this time the customs official reached them, made a perfunctory examination of their handbags and passed on.

"Let me carry that back to the train for you," Scarth gathered up her belongings. "There was such a crowd on the platform about us that I misunderstood you. It sounded as if you said you had promised your Grandmother not to thank me."

"Not exactly to speak to you," she amended, "not to speak on any train to any male passenger under sixty years of age and then only upon dire necessity."

"Then how is it that I am granted the privilege of speech with you now?" he asked. He still looked rather cross.

"This is a Customs House. I did not promise not to talk in Customs houses, but the minute I pass through the door I'm a public thoroughfare, isn't it? And then it's a train, and I've signed a solemn document."

Scarth's own ill-temper evaporated in a laugh.

"I should like to see that document!"

"I'll show it to you if you wish. I carry it around with me for fear I might be hit by an automobile or something like that and if I can't thank my rescuer I can at least show him the reason why." She took an envelope from her purse and handed it to Scarth. "I should hate to have any one think me rude when I'm so happy inside. I'm actually on my way to Holland to see the tulips! Have you ever—"

The words died on her lips as her foot crossed the threshold of the Customs house.

ONCE back on the train she looked uncompromisingly out of the window while Scarth took the letter from the envelope. It was written in the delicate chirography of a bygone age and signed in the blunter handwriting of today:

"Rose Fairfax Burwell gives her promise that without a formal introduction and proper credentials she will not speak to any man under sixty years of age (or to any man above that age except upon necessity) or reply to any overture towards acquaintanceship on his part on any train, street car, airplane, boat, canoe, steamer, motor vehicle of any description, carriage, hotel lift, café, ballroom, theatre, opera, church, cathedral chapel, tower, museum, picture gallery, library or shop, nor on any street, bridge or public thoroughfare or any kind. In consideration of this promise she may pursue her studies in Antwerp. This does not apply to policemen, curators, vergers, etc., nor anyone authorized to answer questions or to receive fees therefor."

ROSE FAIRFAX BURWELL

"That's the most complete silencer I ever read!" Scarth exclaimed. Her eyes met his blankly. Not a quiver of a muscle denoted that she had heard him speak. She conveyed the impression that she was gazing into thin air, but this time he stifled a chuckle of amusement and began to look forward to the fact that there was a Customs house on the Dutch frontier as well as on the Belgian side.

The train soon stopped again and the passengers began to climb out disputedly. Scarth alone seemed to view Customs as a beneficent institution. Once inside the Customs house he took up the conversation where they had left it off as if there had been no break.

"I'm afraid you are going to be disappointed in the tulips," he began.

"Why, how could one be?" she asked. Her eyes opened to him how wide and child-like her eyes were. "All my life I've longed to see tulips time in Holland—the whole world just a checker-board of color fields of hyacinths, narcissus and tulips. It will be like Wordsworth's daffodils,—ten thousand saw I at a glance—but I shall see more tulips than that, shall I not?"

"If they haven't been cut. In Holland tulips are cut when they reach perfection so as to draw the strength to the bulbs. I'm afraid you'll find their full glory was last week and that there are being cut by thousands of thousands of acres. You speak of land scattered over the fields to fertilize them.

Once back on the train she looked uncompromisingly out of the window while Scarth took the letter from the envelope

"But I couldn't thank you before," she explained "I promised my grandmother"

'Oh, no!' she cried. 'I just couldn't bear it! Madame Lombaerts was prevented from coming at the very last and she gave me permission to go anyway. It's the first trip I've ever taken alone and it's such fun to do as I please."

THIS brought him back to the contract. "That's the most amazing agreement. I believe a Customs house is the only thing left out."

"I believe it, too," she agreed. "Uncle John must have helped Grandmother rumple it. I wrote them that it wasn't a gentleman's agreement. If they had asked for my word and left it to my discretion I should have left as much bound in one place as another, as it was. I had signed and would keep my promise to the letter but I told them that if I ever discovered a spot they had not catalogued I'd feel free to follow a passing impulse to exchange a friendly word with a wholly proper person."

'Thank you!' said the wholly proper person with due gravity. 'Is that train ready to start again? What's its rush?'

"I didn't know the English used the same slang as we do——"

She had crossed the threshold.

All the way to Haarlem no word passed between them and the girl's face assumed a mask of impassivity.

A dismal and leaden sky greeted her when she left the train and went to the hotel. She was told that the finest tulip-fields were at Hillegom but the steam tram did not leave for two hours. So Rose engaged a taxi meantime to hurry to see some gardens which her Baedeker advised the tourist not to miss. The hotel keeper explained that it was necessary for her to report to the police station, as was required of all foreigners within twenty-four hours as she was driven there first. The polite but somewhat stolid Dutchmen found the forms which were to be filled in triplicate and began to make them out with extreme deliberation.

'Can't you fill in one and copy the others?' asked Rose in English.

The official carefully wiped his pen on his pewpiper, stuck it behind his ear and replied in Dutch.

Rose shook her head. He took up his pen again and went on with the questionnaire. The only English he spoke was its list of interrogations.

Presently she tried French. 'I'm in a frightful hurry. Would you be as kind as to hasten as much as possible?'

The man wiped his pen, stuck it carefully behind his ear and replied in Dutch.

The taxicab charged on its but outside rapidly eating up guilders for which the rate of exchange was high, the clock ticked away precious moments, and the man had filled but half of the three forms.

She made a last desperate effort this time in Flemish—of which she had picked up a smattering during her months in Antwerp. The man dried his pen carefully, put it in its accustomed resting place, and answered in Dutch. Rose was silenced. She felt that if he dried his pen again she wouldn't be responsible, she might bite off his ear or do some petulant little thing like that. But at last the red tape was wound up and she drove through the beginning drizzle to the Kralage gardens.

Not a flower was in sight. 'The gardens haven't been here for several years. That is an old edition, there hasn't been a new Baedeker since the war,' the manager explained. 'So that is why you are late for the tulips? You have come at the date he suggests, but this has been an unusually early season."

ROSE directed the chauffeur to take her next to the Frans Hals museum and found it due to close in ten minutes. There was only time to glimpse one or two of its treasures, though the guide told her he had known tourists to rush through the entire gallery in that length of time!

As the vestibule with photographs of the pictures for sale, remained open a little longer, she carefully selected quite a number of them.

The drizzle had changed into a downpour as she emerged with barely time to catch the car which connected with the steam tram to Hillegom. When she got off at the transfer station a man who was rushing to catch the car bumped into her accidentally, and in lowering his umbrella broke the bright wing in her hat. And just as the car moved off she realized she had left all the Frans Hals photographs on the seat.

'Plague take it!' said Rose Fairfax Burwell to the world at large.

She said it in a small and sobbing voice, and she longed to use the word Uncle John used picturesquely and frequently but which her grandmother said was an expression only for gentlemen.

'You're not afraid I'll tell your grandmother how badly you are behaving on a public thoroughfare?' Her umbrella was taken out of her hand and held over her.

The steam tram pulled up briskly and Rose made a prim little bow of acknowledgment as Scarth helped her on it.

They passed along a way which had been a solid blaze of tulips but a little while before. Now stacks of them were piled as high as haystacks, again a field would be red and yellow with cut and scattered flowers which the rain kept from withering. Here and there an untouched patch was a sheet of clear color—purple, mauve, pink, yellow, scarlet or vermilion. They passed a narrow canal where a boat was moored, freighted with hyacinth petals which had been shredded from the stems. The flowers were in pastel shades of rose, blue and cornflower. The Maid of Astolat could have had no lovelier bier.

When they reached Hillegom, Scarth walked beside Rose trying to shelter her from the rain, but she disregarded him altogether. They stopped at a tulip grower's to ask if they might see his fields and the owner replied in English that while the greater part of the tulips had been cut he still had a few fields left untouched which he would be glad to show them. Rose hurried happily towards them, Scarth strolling alongside, and the rain coming down in torrents.

When they crossed into the first patch, Scarth had a sudden inspiration.

'Good afternoon, Miss Burwell!' he began pleasantly, lifting his hat as if they had just that moment encountered each other. 'I am fortunate to run across you in this tulip field.'

SHE looked as if she had not heard him, then suddenly caught the inference. The dimple played a moment in her flush as she answered sedately: 'It is a great pleasure to see you here.'

Not a word about *tulip fields* in the whole blamed list! Scarth was quite exultant about it. 'Let's examine these flowers one by one.'

The amusing part was that he felt triumphant over an opportunity to talk to a girl, especially to one as hedged about with prohibitions. He was convinced of his awkwardness, which his mother called his reserve, and other women had classified as a 'fascinating indifference' because so unlesqued.

Continued on Page 48

THE SAIL-DRAGGER

A novelette in three parts; this is part two

By F. W. WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. R. PATTERSON

THE steward disregarded Spencer's question. "I'm sorry to have to do this but I must ask you, Captain, to change your plans a little. We want to head this ship the other way. New York or Boston has no interest for us. We left the Big Burg a week ago and the U. S. A. is no longer a desirable habitation for me and my friends. You'll come to no harm if you do what you're told."

'What d'ye want us to do?' blurted the skipper wonderingly.

'Navigate the ship to the Baltic, if you please,' answered the other calmly and still covering the two. 'You put her into the Gulf of Finland and we'll pay you both well for your trouble and send you home passage paid and unharmed. Refuse!'—he paused for a moment and continued with menacing slowness—'and I'll shoot you dead where you sit!' And the cold glare in his glowing eyes impressed Spencer with the fact that he would act upon his threat without the least compunction.

'What th'—who th' deuce are you, anyhow?' growled Billy—stalling for time and a chance to think while Comstock gulped and piped inanely, 'Yes, yes. Mister! Who are you—and—and what have we done?' He looked more vacuous than ever.

The other favored Comstock with a contemptuous glance then he laughed—the metallic cachinnation which jarred the ear—and straightened his shoulders. He lowered the weapon a trifle and drew a deep breath. 'Who am I?' he reiterated, addressing Spencer. The fellow had an audience to impress and he could not resist old habits. 'Who am I?' he repeated again. 'I'm a man of many names but in the inner councils they know me as Jan Kowalsky or 'Jimmy the Red.' I'm a leader among my fellows and they are now as numerous as the sands of the sea. I'm an emissary of a mighty experiment and I affect the social creed known to the vulgar in America as the Bolshevik. I am a Russian of the Russians, a Pole of the Poles, an American of the Americans—in short, I am a citizen of the world. I am at once a peasant and a master of socialistic education. I am a——' He broke off with a contemptuous snort.

'Pah! I'm talking above your ignorant scarcen's understanding. I'll talk ship for a change and you'll get me. This packet was in New York loading for France. She flew the flag of the First Revolution and her owners—poor fools—were pinning their faith on Kolchak—the capitalistic bangler who thought he could swamp the Red Flag from Soviet Russia. Myself and a few other comrades were being hounded out of dollar-controlled America and we decided to head for Soviet Russia. We shipped in this vessel—her skipper was glad to get men who spoke his own lingo and we blufled him that we were Kolchak lads and Bolshevik haters—and the *Gregory* is now Soviet property. I made a mess of my story to you and I saw that you doubted it. I'm not any too familiar with seafaring if I were, we'd have not been obliged to pick you two men up. But we tossed the skipper and the two mates overboard—there were two mates, my friends, for Comrade Kipnerell is merely a sailor and was never second mate—and afterwards found out that we were a bit hasty. There were no navigators aboard as we contrived to hook you two fishermen. That's the story of the *Gregory's* voyage to date.'

THE menacing look seemed to have faded from Kowalsky's face and he regarded them with tolerant amusement. He sat down at the other side of the table and placed his weapons upon it and within instant reach of his hands. Spencer reached out his foot and gave Comstock a light kick inwardly praying that he would receive and understand the telepathic message that went with it, then with an injured expression as his boyish features, he grumbled,

'Well Mister, we aren't got no quarrel with the Bolsheviks or Russia or anyone and I don't see why you need to spring yer plans on us two poor devils of fishermen with a couple o' pistols in yer mitts. We ain't armed and we ain't lookin' for trouble and what could we do aboard this hooker to you fellows? You only needed to come to us, gentlemen-like and tell us your proposition and make it worth our while. Men Brown here'll be glad enough to pick up an extra dollar or two these hard times.'

Kowalsky, at the other side of the table, was smiling and leaning back in his chair but with his hands near the automatics. He appeared to be enjoying the effect of his bald up in Spencer's placating talk and Comstock's floundering wits.

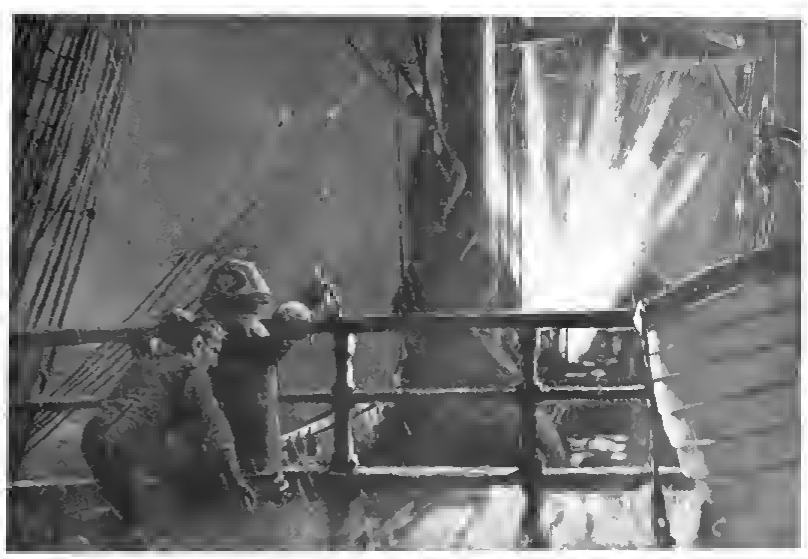
'Now Mister,' ventured Spencer respectfully, 'how much will you pay us?' The young skipper gave Comstock another kick and continued '——to take the ship across?' Quicker then a flash he clutched the tablecloth with a contraction of his outspread fingers and hauled it towards him with a mighty downward jerk of his arms. The guns leaped away from Kowalsky's hands and as the men swung himself forward to secure them Comstock jumped up and pinned him to the table. Billy grabbed the weapons from out of the débris at his feet and gave the Bolshevik a terrific blow on the side of the head. Before Kowalsky could cry out Billy had him pounded into insensibility.

'A poor lousy sculpin for such a hellion as he makes him sell out to us,' growled Spencer, hailing the inanimate steward aft and away from the sky light. 'He looked hell in all when he was giving us his little sang-and-danse, didn't he? And he fell for a pair of bone-head fishermen.' He stopped and espied the cabin-boy peering fearfully from out the pantry. 'Grab that kid in the pantry, Brown, and don't let him sing out or skip for ad. I'll tie up this red-haired Soviet rat.'

COMSTOCK came aft with the English cabin-boy in his grip. The lad was terribly frightened.

'You're English, ain't you?' barked Spencer. 'You aren't one of them Sovieters, are you? No, I thought not. Now son, tell me: Are the hands aboard here all Bolsheviks? Ain't there no white men among them? Are they all Reds?'

The English lad recovered his wits and answered helpingly: 'There's about six of them, lor'ed we're Bolsheviks, sir. The others were forced into it, sir.'



Then came instantaneously a stunning ear-splitting detonation followed by the clatter and clang of iron. The ship trembled to the shock

You're a smart lad," snapped Billy. "Now, see, you don't want to be hung for mutiny and bloody murder on the high seas, do you? Of course not! Well I'm agein' to give you a little job. You just go lor'ad and tell two of the hands what ain't Bolsheviki that they're wanted in the saloon. Pick out the best. Can you do that? Have ye two men in mind?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy cheerfully. "There's two A B's—Andrew h'an' Peter. One's Scotch, t'other's Norwegian h'and they h'ain't Reds."

"Skip long and get 'em son!" Spencer turned to Comstock. "We'll chunk this Kowalsky joker into a room and lock him up and when those men come aft, we'll go up and pay our respects to that second mate. He'll be lookin' for his breakfast soon."

TWO typical deep-water seamen shambled respectfully inside the cabin door with their hats in their hands. One was dressed in a faded khaki tunic and Spencer recognized him as the man who expressed passive resentment in his face earlier in the morning. Five just dipped the wings of that ruddy steward," said Billy calmly, after he flashed a couple of guns at us and tried to make us run the hooker for Red Russia and Mister Lenin. Now, you men, I call late you don't want to get your necks stretched for makin' away with your skipper and mates, do you?"

The others shook their heads vigorously and the man in the soldier's tunic growled sourly. "We're no Bolsheviks, sir, but we couldun help oorsel's. There's six bleedin' gun-men among th' hands ready tae blow oor heids aff if we look skelly-eyed."

"Good-enough. I believe you! Now I'm agein' to take charge of this hooker and con her for Boston. I want to let you two lellers go lor'ad again and tip all the honest-to-goodness guys what's happening. I'm agein' to muzzle that second mate in a minute and when I sing out 'Alt here, the white men!' you get your lellers to run up on the poop. Think you can remember that?"

The Scotchman smiled. "Sharply, sir!"

"Right! Away lor'ad and do that little thing and see you don't spill the beans!"

Mr. Kimeneff was relieved by Comstock and clumped down the after companion hungering for his breakfast. Between the foot of the stairs and the mizzen mast he was met by Spencer who prodded him under the ear with the cold muzzle of an automatic pistol and signed to him to sit down on the plush settee aft of the mast and place his hands behind him. The English cabin-boy, trembling, snapped a pair of rusty hand-cuffs on his wrists and Kimeneff was ordered to rise and allowed himself to be piloted to a spare room. Here he was locked and locked in to ruminate over what had happened and to mourn the loss of his liberty and his breakfast.

Pocketing the pistol Spencer went up on the poop. The breeze was freshening and there were signs of dirty weather in the sou'west. He stood alongside the man at the wheel and glanced into the compass.

"Der vind is knocking her off," observed the man. "She's two points to der nor' and new, sir."

Spencer nodded and walked to the poop-break to where Comstock stood. A group of the hands were loafing around the donkey boiler room. "Look after that feller at the wheel Comstock," said Billy shortly. "The luna's beginning." And he roared "Alt here, the white men!"

AT THE strange command a mob of sixteen dungaree-clad shell-backs of various nationalities padded along the main deck at the run and swarmed up the lee poop ladder headed by Scotch Andy and Norwegian Peter. Around the donkey room stood six of the hard-bitten harpooners Spencer had noticed, and they were staring at the men always in surprise. One of them was the bo'sun and he was the first to recover. He lugged an automatic out of his pocket and was about to fire at the crowd huddled on the poop when Spencer lore-tailed him with a couple of shots which struck the steel sides of the house. The bo'sun and his five companions hastily darked into the donkey-room.

Andy remarked calmly. "All them yuss lor'ed noo are Bolshviks and they've a get pistols. 'Twas them was shot an' kill th' skipper and th' two mates."

As he spoke a pistol cracked and a bullet whipped a splinter from the teak rail near him. "That's yon ruddy donkey man," growled Andy unmoved. The mob on the poop scattered for the shelter of the masts and deck houses or grovelled on the planks. Spencer, himself, lost no time in flopping to the deck when a bullhair of bullets whined over his head.

"What d'yo want us to do?" blurted the skipper wonderingly, stiff held impotent by the unswerving weapons.

"I ain't a strategist," he murmured regretfully, "or I'd have thought out a better way than this." He glanced carefully around to see who was at the wheel and found to his satisfaction that the men was a loyalist.

Billy looked carefully over the hurlet-rack lor'ad and saw the six gun-men watching the poop from over the winch in the donkey room. The donkey-boiler was located in the after part of the midship-house and the donkey-room was partly open where the winch was bedded. Billy raised his automatic and essayed another shot. The bullet ricocheted on the barrel of the winch and the six heads vanished. A moment later another volley leaped and ripped splinters from the rail and "spanged" on the lower skylight. "I reckon they're well-heeled!" Spencer ruled the ship aft, but the others held her forward. But Filly's crowd had some freedom of movement and possessed the ship's stores whereon those in the donkey room could not get out of their lurtress without the risk of being shot from the poop.

While his men were below in the saloon searching for weapons, Spencer and the Scotchman crawled into the chart-house. They flopped on the settees as a bullet smashed the glass of the forward windows. "A desperate gang—thrice Bolsheviks!" remarked Billy. "How'll we drive 'em out or make 'em surrender?"

The sailor laughed grimly. "They'll no surrender easy them chaps. They're a cauld blooded crowd. Ya shud he seen the way they did for the poor auld skipper and the mates. Juist stood aff and lilled them wi' lead—th' bluidiest piece o work I've seen in a dog's age—and that swah o' a steward standin' by smilin' wi' them bleedin' rat eyes o' his. There's only yin way I'd want tae drive them out, sir, and that's with a Mills' bomb some's we did in France."

SPENCER smiled. "We'll have to use different tactics here I calla'te. There ain't an bombs here I reckon." Then a thought struck him and he turned to the Scot. "You've bin a soldier I take it? Yes? Well, you take this gun and these clips o' cartridges and keep them guys from coming out of that donkey room. I'll slip below a minute." He handed the automatic over and slid out and down to the cabin. The ship was still heading on her course and the helmsman sheltered by the deck-houses, was able to steer standing up.

Below in the saloon the loyal hands were clustered forward watching the donkey room through the ports in the lore-end of the saloon bulkhead. They were armed with various weapons in the shape of iron belaying pins and hatch battens. Comstock had found another automatic in the second mate's room and a supply of cartridges.

"Look, Mr. Comstock, I have an idea!" said Billy. "Dirty weather's a-comin' and we've got to get those jokers out of that donkey room. I'm afraid to rush them—they're too well armed. But we've got to be able to work the gear or something'll happen when the wind comes down. Now is there any way in which we could make a bomb same as the soldiers used in France when the war was on?"

The other paused from filling a clip of cartridges and showed interest in the suggestion. "Why, yes, it might be done if we had the chemicals." "Then let's overhaul the medicine chest in the mate's room," interrupted Spencer. Both man entered the deceased officer's berth and Comstock opened the large mahogany chest found therein. He examined the labelled bottles with professional interest. "We've got saltpetre and sulphur here," he murmured hopefully, "and here's a little nitric acid. There's a jar of glycerine and by Jupiter! here's sulphuric acid."

"Could you do anything with them distreen rockets up in the chart-room?" queried the skipper.

The other turned to him with an exultant smile on his face. "Get them," he said quickly, "also some small tins or jars. Leave me for a while and I'll mix up something devilish enough to blow these fellows out of that place and into the middle of next week."

The skipper left him busy with the chemicals and the rockets and went up on the deck to the chart-house. "I just ripped the ear off o' yin o' them blighters," growled Scotty. "They were gettin' gay."

"We're again' to make some bombs," interrupted Billy, "my friend's a chemist and he's busy manufacturin' something that'll do the trick."

Andy gave a pleased chuckle. "You juist let me fling them three bonks and I'll show you how we did it in th' bombing squad o' the Argyll an' Sutherlan Highlanders. I c'd chuck yin leae hers that'll has them Bolshies oot o' yon hoose in wee bits o' red meat, b'Gean!" And he grinned with bloodthirsty gusto.

Spencer was perturbed by the look of the weather. The barometer was tumbling down and the sky was piling up with black clouds to the westward. The wind was light and flickering and the canvas slatted and shivered against the masts. "It's again' to blow," he remarked to his companion. "Call the hands and we'll try and get some of the after sail off her."

Sheltered by the quarter-boats the hands slacked off sheets and halliards and coaxed clew-lines, down-hauls and hoist-lines and through careful manoeuvering managed to get the mizzen royal, mizzen topgallant and mizzen-topper-topsails confined in their gear. The *Gregory* was well-fitted with hoist-lines and the sails were snug enough for squalls so far as the mizzen was concerned, but if it blew hard it would be necessary to go aloft and make the canvas fast to prevent it from being slatted to ribbons.

SPENCER was somewhat relieved when the after canvas was reduced down to a lower-mizzen-topsail. "We'll head her east and take this squall dead aft," he said to Andy. "Let's square the main-yards now if we can. We'll have to let the fore-yards take care of themselves as we can't get to the fore-braces."

They squared away under a hail of bullets from forward but as long as the men crouched low none of the shots could take effect. Nobody dare approach the fore-end of the poop without crawling. It was an odd situation and Spencer with the threat of the weather occupying his thoughts glanced anxiously at the great squares of canvas on the fore and main. "With all that muslin on her," he murmured to himself, "she'll jump the sticks over the side if the wind comes on us but-end first. But until we can muzzle those murdering devils for'ad, we too do no more than we have done in stripping her for heavy weather."

Below dinner, a heavy puff of wind whirled down and sent the *Gregory* scampering east with her clewed-up mizzen canvas flogging in the gear. It soon died away and while they munched a cold dinner, the ship lay rolling in a windless swell.

At one o'clock great drops began to fall on the decks from an overcast sky and Spencer whistled at the sight of the low barometer. "Cursed!" he muttered anxiously, "we're again' to get some dirk!" And he mentally quoted the old sea ditch—

"When the rain's before the wind
Topsl'-sheets and halliards mind!"

It was coming down in torrents when Comstock crawled into the chart-room with four innocent-looking condensed milk cans strapped and bound with wire in his hands. "I've got something real devilish here," he said prideffully as he deposited them carefully upon the settee. "I used the chemicals in the medicine chest and some of the ingredients in those distress rockets. They're vicious—so be awfully careful with them."

The ex-soldier picked one up and scrutinized it with professional interest. "A luse bomb—juist like them jam-pots we used in France afore they give us the proper hand grenades. Anything in it 'sides explosive?"

"Tacks, screws and bits of steel," returned Comstock. "The fuse is timed for a three hours the rail yonder."

"I'll chunk yin at them noo if ye like, Captain."

Spencer pursed his lips. "I don't like the idea of wiping these out altogether," he said. "It's a terrible thing to kill a man."

The Scotchman lavored him with a grim smile. "Captain," he said solemnly, "ye don't need to waste any sympthy on thrm blighters. El you d'ha seen the cruel nauld blinded manner in which they kill't the skipper and mates aboard here, ye'd wipe 'em out withoot any scruples. They riddled the auld skipper wi' bullets—every wan o' them shootin' intae his body—and yon o' them went up tae the young second mate an' blew th' lace aff him while he was on his knees begging for a chance tae live."

Spencer nodded. "I reckon you're right. How about cheer guns? You're liable to get plugged goin' lor'ad."

The other smiled. "I'm no fear'd o' bullets," he said drily. "I've heard a wheen o' them in my time." He bit off a chew of tobacco and continued. "But you have now and watch me mop up yon donkey-room pill-box in style." And he slithered out into the rain with the wire-bound condensed milk can clutched in his fist.

The men, in their sodden clothing crouched around the poop and watched the Scot with palpitating hearts and anxious eyes. Some, ever eager to see, exposed themselves and brought a fusillade of bullets zipping and whining. Andy turned around and raised the careless arse with biting oaths then like a stranded seal endeavouring to make the water, he crawled on his stomach over the slanting planks towards the poop-break. He reached the standard compass and cautiously peered forward in the direction of the donkey room from which the automatics were spitting virtuously. Then squatting on his heels behind the binnacle stand he struck a match to ignite the fuse. The spectators sat held their breath. It was a tense moment.

THERE came a muttered curse from Andy. The match had gone out in the downpour. He struck another and the audience, with nerves stretched to breaking almost shouted aloud at the delay. Had the fuse become wet? The second match went out. He opened the door to the compass stand and clumsily struck a light therein. Twice he started, and the crowd winced with his. They could almost hear the fuse sputtering.

Suddenly the Scot leaped to his feet. His right arm swung back, then forward and the gleaming tin spun—terribly slowly it seemed—through the air. In its parabola it grazed a stark hoist-line and lobbed downwards to the opening in the donkey room. The warriors awe-struck and dumb with excitement traced themselves for what would follow. Bullets were clanging against the mast and the ship was rolling quietly in the swell with the rain pelting down from the brooding skies. It seemed an eternity since the missile of death was thrown.

Expected, yet unexpected, mind and eye and ear comprehended a swift and terrific vision of red and yellow flame which illuminated the dripping masts and spars and transformed the pattering rained ropes into globules of blood and gold. Then came instantaneously a stunning ear-splitting detonation followed by the clatter and clang of iron. The ship trembled to the shock, an acrid smoke belched up and a man was shrieking.

Out on deck jumped Spencer. "Fire aid with yon lellers," he roared and down the poop ladder he leaped with the helder hands at his heels.

Bulged and twisted iron plating and a gaping hole in the roof of the donkey-room testified to the power of Comstock's grenade. Inside the place, misty with curling wisps of smoke, a man where they recognized as the bo'sun was screaming and tearing burning rags of clothing from his body. His face was blackened and bleeding. Two more were squirming on the shattered concrete floor—moaning and clawing amidst those silent black and smouldering heaps.

"Square the lore-yards!" howled Spencer—glancing apprehensively at the track of the squall along the water. The men were pulling desperately at the fore-braces when the wind came screaming. Bang! The main royal burst and a raffle of canvas cogs slashed from the yard and lostanner the stays. Legge yer royal ne' t'gallant halliards!" shouted the skipper as he ran for that of the main-upper topgallant-sail and left run. He and Andy manned the down-hauls and brought the yard down to the topmast cap.

For an hour the short-handed crowd toiled aloft making the canvas fast while the *Gregory* ran before the squalls under six topsails. "This is the breaking up of our fine weather," growled Spencer dismally to Comstock as they stood on the poop in the wind and rain, "and we're runnin' rant like a hound!" Billy was thinking of that Victoria estate and every mile the old ship romped to the eastward lessened his chances of making a bid for it. He had less than seven whole days to reach the Pacific coast city. Here he was two hundred and sixty miles east of Boston and heading for Europe on an uncertain sailing wind-bag. He squatted to windward and growled a sailor's anathema on the weather murmuring. "But I'll soon fetch you up my lady, when the squalls ease off."

Comstock went below and did not appear on deck during the afternoon. Billy thought the rolling of the ship had affected him but he had no time to find out. The weight of the wind blowing compelled him to strap the fore and mizzen upper topsails all her. A big sea rose under the impetus of the wind and the ship rolled and plunged heavily amidst the roaring combers. Night shut down black, with the stars obscured by sullen clouds and at eight bells Billy decided to make the mizzen lower and mizzen upper topsails last.

The English cabin boy managed to rustle some food on to the table for supper and when he came down to the meal Spencer noticed, with surprise that Comstock had shaved his beard off. He was seated at the table and apparently unaffected by the ship's motion. "Yes," he explained. "I did so before interviewing Friend Kowalsky. I had a pleasant hour with him. He recognized me quick enough."

"Was he scared?" enquired the skipper.

"He has too much control of his feelings to express surprise at anything, but it jarred him though. I could see that."

"How about the confession?"

"Laughed at me with his cursed cackle," answered Comstock "and started to bargain. Said he'd give me a confession to the Fenzer job if we'd put him aboard an eastbound ship. I told him that he was in no position to bargain and that I would see him switched into Eternity for his work aboard here. He dared me to prove that he had anything to do with it. He's a hard case, but I'll get him yet. He'll sing gladly before I'm through with him."

Spencer made a hasty repast and left for the deck—leaving the other to his own resources.

AFTER supper, Comstock showed considerable activity and spent some time carefully drafting out a paper for Kowalsky to sign. Then he carried the pen and ink and the paper to the prisoner's berth and after lighting the army lamp there on the small desk in the room, Kowalsky, lying in the bunk, and lashed up with small log line from head to heels, favored him with a baleful glance from his dark eyes. In the light of the lamp his heavy bulging jaws and his gloating malevolent gaze gave him an appearance strangely akin to a snake of the flat-headed deadly species.

"Well, my friend Comstock Brown," he jeered truculently, "what is your mind now? That confession I presume?"

"Yes," answered the other calmly. "the confession I've written it out for you to sign."

Kowalsky, laughed in his irritating manner. "Let's hear it, Comrade Comstock. Read it to me Brother. It will while away these tedious houseful captivity."

"You'll not only hear it Kowalsky," remarked Comstock grimly, "but you'll sign it with some haste after I get through with you."

"That's a threat, is it?" the other smiled derisively. "Say your little piece, Comrade, the audience awaits."

Comstock read and the other listened with a supercilious expression upon his pallid face to the somewhat lengthy and all-embracing composition. Comstock was leaving no loop-holes.

"And I hereby declare and admit," concluded the reader, "that the bomb used was planted by me and that I entered the Fenzer premises on the night of the bombing disguised to represent the said Comstock that I larged Comstock a hand-waiting in a threatening letter sent to Arnold Fenzer that I arranged for Comstock to be in the vicinity of the plant at the time of the bombing by means of a false message and that all my acts were designed to throw the blame for the crime on the said Edgar Comstock." Comstock paused and added grimly. "That's what you're going to sign!"

The captive cackled mockingly. The contracted pupils of his tawny eyes betokened the repressed hate and savagery which possessed him yet he controlled his feelings admirably. "What a nasty piece of dirtethun for a man to append his name to! he flouted. "Come?—you say? I refuse to acknowledge such a word for the end justifies the means. It was better for you to be the instrument than I for I am the master. You were a handy tool. No. I don't like your literary effort. I could have made a masterpiece out of such a commentous document. You as made a botch."

"Never mind its deficiencies," interrupted the other coldly. "It'll serve the purpose when your name's at the foot of it."

Kowalsky favored Comstock with a scornful flash of his tigerish eyes. "And my name will never appear at the foot of it," he said with cold decision. "so you may tear up your little address of welcome and try something else."

COMSTOCK took no notice. He was unrattlingly calm. After arranging the paper and ink and pen on the desk, he went to the large port hole in the side of the berth and screwed it up as tight as the clamps would permit. Then bearing his body to the rolling of the ship he gave the room a careful scrutiny and turned to Kowalsky. "When you are ready to sign, let me know. I won't be far away."

With eyes narrowed to slits the captive drawled countingly. "Take your self off, you poor fool. The prison odor clings to you. You are melodramatic. You make me weary, Mr. Brown-Comstock."

Comstock turked the door carefully and clambered up on deck to where Spencer stood in the lee of the chart-house. It was black dark and running big seas were breaking phosphorescently in the gloom, and the ship hove-to under fore and main lower topsails and fore-topmast stay sail was plunging and rolling while the gale whined in her rigging as the masts swung to windward.

"I'm preparing to give Kowalsky a dose of third degree to make him sign a paper I've drawn up," he said to Billy. "I'd like you to come below when he's ready to sign."

"You're losing no time, Mister. Wither don't stop an does it?"

Continued on page 46

The ship was pushing along with thunderous roarings of outraged water thrust from her shearing bows.

MADE IN MONTREAL?

By J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY JOE SKUCE

But if he would cast aromy all would be forgiven

WHEN the last chapter of this political history closed W King, Esq was modestly fitting his hat to the Canadian Crown and carefully selecting those it would be his delight to hanar Ernest Lapointe stood at his right hand W S Fielding was on his left and away out towards the setting sun his emissary was carrying the terms of an offensive and defensive alliance to our T A Crerar known to his colleagues and contemporaries as the Hired Man's Horn

Ottawa was testing its old-tried eyes on a new political harmony and the while the Boy Premier smote his breast and declared "I will give to Canada a government that will be representative of all corners of the Dominion and all classes of her people"

And men marveled one with the other and whispered "Behold a greater than Laurier has arisen"

For more than a week Ottawa gazed and the wonder grew. Could it be that the young man who had looked so stupid in opposition was to be a veritable Samson among statesmen the moment the electorate had shown its appreciation of his so-lar undiscovered greatness? Moreover and further were the powers who had lured Arthur Meighen into an election and bed sent Wm King to North York to be massacred tastefully by and allow the fruits of all their scheming to slip through their fingers without even putting in a protest?

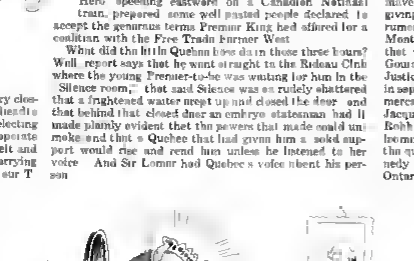
Yes, for a time it looked as if they were Day after day the Boy Premier grew in stature And as he grew his personal followers became louder in their declarations that Gouin was a myth that Ernest Lapointe carried Quebec in the hallow of his hand and that a new Liberal Party was dawning Occasionally a faint moan came from the French Press that Quebec was being betrayed that the spoils were not going to the victors. But the small dark man with the what an haven we held' face sat back and never uttered a word

Finally all was set for the grand climax. Crerar had read the King proposals in his Western Progressives assembled at Saskatoon and had so far received their approval that he was on the way East presumably to close the deal The Chateau lurly radiated with the smiles of the younger Grit statesmen And on a fateful Friday night the west wind forth—Crerar will be here in the morning the cabinet will be sworn in in the afternoon.

Sir Lomer On The Scene

BUT that same Friday night a C P R train brought two important passengers from Montreal One was short and stout dark in forbidding of visage To me he has since to remember him as For Sir Lomer Gouin is not the type of statesman that plays on people's heart strings He suggests first rather than appeal and the suggestion is absolutely correct In organism an acute-looking gentleman with a frown rather than a smile to match was easily recognized rather than friend well known in Montreal financial circles

Sir Lomer's story most not be told Suffice it that the era of foolishness was over and the time for a man had come He jammed down his hat, set his chin at a determined angle, curt Come on Jess we're waiting Sir Lomer shouldered the Senator and strode out into the night



And men marvelled one with the other and whispered "Behold a greater than Laurier has arisen"

And Crerar Came—And Went

ANYWAY Crerar came in the morning There were no brass bands to welcome him. There were no Grit statesmen to acclaim him the deliverer of his country from the toils of the powers-that-be in Montreal As a matter of fact he was met with doubts and fears when he had been led to expect acclaim and ovation. Also there was a nightmare in the air His benchman Hon A B Hudson who had been on the ground for some days was probably able to interpret for him the change in temperature Anyway there was nothing to do but retire as gracefully as possible Crerar did it and trying to still wear his cheery smile. But it would be interesting to know the Bess Farmer's private opinion of a certain young statesman who is presently Premier of his country

This Saturday that was to have been so full of rejoicing was sadly changed Early in the day Crerar King & Co went into consultation while around the Chateau corridors and in the privacy of rooms upstairs waiting statesmen waited anxiously Was it Dr Reinhal who first rang up his leader if they must keep on waiting or if they could catch their afternoon trains for home and Christmas? Anyway the word wafted back was "Better stand by for a few moments longer" And so the faithful waited on. But as the day drew on bright smiles grew piece to anxious looks and as daylight faded into the dusk of evening hope died and bags were packed Seldom has so sad a crowd moved down the stairs to the Central depot It was the most sorrowful Christmas Eve many of them will ever know For they had expected to carry home portfolios in their gripsacks Now they could not tell the waiting loved ones whether they were real statesmen or busted politicians

The next three days there was suffering in silence and seclusion There was hardly a statesman in sight. It was even whispered that the cabinet-making industry had been moved to Montreal and that one Sir Lomer Gouin was giving it his personal supervision Antling on this quiet rumor an enterprising journalist finally rang up a friend in Montreal and was rewarded by getting a new cabinet slate that was practically correct. It showed that Sir Lomer Gouin had succeeded Ernest Lapointe as Minister of Justice and that Ernest had been punished for his temerity in aspiring to the lawyer's heaven by having the Ballantyne mercantile fleet washed on him. It also showed Hon Jacques Bureau nursing a large fat portfolio and James Robb who was almost overlooked in the early ghoulie hours rip as Minister of Trade and Commerce. And the question as to whether Charlie Murphy or W C Kennedy was to be the Irish Catholic representative from Ontario was answered unphonetically "Both!"

And What Is The Result

AND all the time the Premier-elect was disgreedily silent. He had learned wisdom at a or across, Sir Lomer Gouin's knee. And when the great day finally arrived so did the selected statesmen Also the train from Montreal bringing Sir Lomer Gouin Hon William Lyon Mackenzie King was allowed to buy the new Bibles on which they were sworn in

Suffice in brief, in the story of the making of the Liberal cabinet of 1921 Mr King proposed Sir Lomer Gouin disposed For a while the Boy Premier was allowed to play with his blocks But when it came to the pinch the same powers that had brought on the election and fought the campaign dictated the cabinet slate—and Mr King and his admirers took it without a whimper

And what have we got as a result? Well nothing to throw up your hat for And nothing to tear you hair over It is not a pukkin ownership cabinet But neither was the late Meighen outfit—nor the one that preceded it These new ministers are all pretty decent fellows even if they are not intellectual giants. No doubt their families love and respect them and there is evidence to the effect that their constituents do not entirely disapprove of them. They would not look out of place in a county council and it may be that there are county councils who would fill their places quite acceptably It might be well however to start at the low of the ship of state and examine them individually and separately

Hon William Lyon Mackenzie King was allowed to buy the new Bibles on which they were sworn in.

Of course Hon W L M King is the figurehead. And as you look at him your first thought is "What a pity titles have been abolished Wouldn't he have made a nice little Knight" Then you pass on to his qualifications for his position and you are forced to the conclusion that he has all that are absolutely necessary He can make a cute little speech Brains, too? You ask. What has he for brains? What is Sir Lomer Gouin there for? Wasn't he specially selected as business manager of the Government when it was first promised? Didn't he show his ability to take charge when cabinet building was the duty of the hour?

So keep your eye on Sir Lomer and watch how he pans out For though as a director of corporations he has proved his worth, though as a provincial politician he puts quite a swath you never can tell how these provincial wanders work out in the Federal field. You'll remember what a reputation Jim Calder brought to Ottawa. And it only lasted until he opened his mouth Bob Rogers too! he was better than James at that but somehow his name clings somewhat precariously to the scroll of fame So the little blonk man from Quebec may also have been bitten off too large a mouthful Sure it is he'll never be a popular idol As said before, to see him once is to remember him always—but not for his winning ways or sunny smile "It's said indeed that he only smiles at funerals—that he smiled when Willie King mentioned his intention to face suspected political suicide in North York and not again until he had arranged the details of the funeral of the King-Crerar alliance

No Dummy Director In Gouin

BUT Sir Lomer cannot be described as lacking in force You can imagine him disciplining a Premier with the same calm assurance that he would fire an office boy You may disagree with the little boss but you have an uneasy feeling that you would rather be on the other side of the House when you did it—a feeling that to disagree with him is to invite trouble You know that he is director of numerous corporations And never for a moment do you harbor a suspicion that he is one of those directors who don't direct And as you look over the cabinet you don't have to ask who is boss—you know So do the cabinet Sir Lomer Gouin knows they know

Hon W S Fielding Minister of Finance, needs no introduction The little grey man from Nova Scotia has been with us for a long long time—for so long that there is a grave doubt as to his physical strength to handle so trying a department. But Sir Lomer will have an under-study in training Any time Mr Fielding ever hints that he would like to be relieved Hon Walter Mitchell Sir Lomer's henchman, will be ready, aye ready to take his place In fact Mr Mitchell as parliamentary secretary to the minister is more than a probability That makes him heir-apparent to the financial throne.

Ernest Lapointe, who was Minister of Justice and court favorite while Willie was King but who became Minister of Marine when Gouin grabbed the reins in the youngest man in the cabinet. That he is Laurier's successor has yet to be shown. Certain it is that he has grown wonderfully in the affections of the habitant But he has not yet learned to unbend in himself not to the extent anyway of braving the wrath of the crowd who own the Quebec press furnish the campaign funds and issue the liquor licenses. If King courage had been a companion number to the King family and the Premier had tied up to Crerar it would have been interesting to note just how far the Lapointe influence goes in Quebec—just where it breaks off and the Gouin command

To a polite enquiry as to whether he would come a call in the morning he replied "No. I guess we'll have to sleep in the morning"

take precedence But when his leader bowed the knee there was nothing left for Lapointe but to do likewise for the present at least

But the day will yet come when Ernest Lapointe will go to the mat with Lomer Gouin They love each other not Nor is Lapointe likely to forget that Sir Lomer afraid to leave him entirely out of the cabinet line-up handed him the portfolio in which he would show to the worst possible advantage For to make a landlubber minister of Marine is bad enough to appoint to a constitutional lawyer the unpleasing of deep sea deficits is still worse and to hand a Quebec statesman a department which looks like an patronage but from which the patronage has been carefully separated is worst of all

No, Lapointe will not forget. He can afford to wait Moreover he knows that also waiting, also thirsting for Sir Lomer's gore is one T A Crerar who would be his natural ally to any revolt he might head against what is popularly known as the "Montreal clique"

Fine Western Specimens

WHEN you get away from the aforementioned laurel truth to tell this cabinet does not amount to much from a political point of view To be sure you have a friendly feeling for W R Motherwell and Charlie Stewart The former will make a pretty good Minister of Agriculture. If he doesn't think himself out of the cabinet before he gets a chance to properly function. For besides his benevolent latitudy name W R is said to be stubborn as a mule and moreover his honest. And a man who is both stubborn and honest is the worst kind of material a patriotic boss can possibly have unloaded on him.

Charlie Stewart too, is a fine big healthy westerner In official parlance he is Hon Chas Stewart formerly Premier of Alberta, now minister of the Interior in the Federal Government But at present his's the lost Charlie Stewart wandering around the Province he once owned trying to get a Progressive to get out and give him a seat And the Progressives are not polite In fact this is not one of the bases in which politeness would pay For you see as things stand at Ottawa, the Progressives hold the balance of power If one of them

But it would be interesting to know the Bess Farmer's private opinion of a certain young statesman who is presently premier

stepped out and gave his seat to Mr Stewart the Liberals would have a majority of one Not much of course But it would be breaking a tactical advantage for the Progressives to move And they are not anxious to move, not any one of them

It is told that when Premier Greenfield was chosen for his present job he lacked a seat in the House and it took him two months to coax one of his loyal followers to make room for him So chances are Hon Charlie Stewart will elect to represent Alberta in the Cabinet but to sit for Argenteuil Que There is a vacancy there caused by the death of the late Peter McGibbon

Ontario's Contingent

THEN there is the Ontario contingent Graham Kennedy and Murdock. Of course you know Geo. P Graham the man of resounding voice and infinite gest It was thought that during the crisis of 1917 George had wabbled his way out of public life But Cabinet material in Ontario is scarce Moreover George sits for Essex lives in Brockville and has his business in Montreal—just the kind of combination Sir Lomer could use So there he is.

Kennedy Hon W C Kennedy Minister of Railways to be polite is the best dresser in the cabinet All he knows about railways he learned riding in a lower berth and bouncing the private cars in which Mr King made his first western trip But any old portfolio looked good to W C and Montreal could be depended on for all the railway lore required And while the buttons are straining at their leashes as William's must let us look on him with a certain charity It is not often that man finds his way from the bank benches to a position near in one curtailed session of parliament and with unproven business ability as his only political asset.

All he knows about railways he learned riding in a lower berth

Mr Murdock as Minister of Labor can be depended on for more than the usual amount of noise He has already uttered a short sharp bark in the general direction of Hon F B Carvell He promises indeed to talk much—whether he says much or does much remains to be seen

The balance of the Quebec delegation runs to good fellowship rather than brilliancy Hon Jacques Bureau is as merry a little chap as ever rodin on a C P R pass or said his prayers in a C P R office He loves Ernest Lapointe almost as David loved Jonathan and if it ever comes to a showdown between Ernest and Sir Lomer it may break James' heart

Dr Beland is one of those men who just can't help being a gentleman in the true sense of the word If there is a trace of bile in his nature it never comes to the surface. The Dr is Minister of Health but is far better title would have been Minister of Happiness.

Hon James Robb Minister of Trade and Commerce is a solid business man who by some strange freak of nature is also one of the most popular men in parliament Hon James is also a good Liberal and yet conservatism enough to excite the admiration of the Montreal Gazette Somewhat of a paradox isn't he? But nevertheless one of the quiet substantial men whose fine journal papers love to describe as the backbone of the country

The Bluenosers

A B COPP of New Brunswick has been described as a statesman who studied oratory in a correspondence school for auctioneers. But if he would quit oratory all would be forgiven For truth to tell Mr Copp came through the Cabinet pinking ordeal for better than most of the middlebots He blew in from the Bluenose country announced that he would like a portfolio but added that if he didn't get one he didn't think the country would go to rack and ruin Then he sat down and waited When he became Secretary of State he hardly cracked a smile It was all in the day's work and there was nothing [illegible] rip about. And when it was all over the [illegible] left wondering Hon A B Copp is [illegible] than he has been given credit for

Of course D D McKenzie was [illegible] You'll notice that the candidates [illegible] in 1919—King Graham Fielding [illegible] McKenzie [illegible] safely housed in the Gouin cabinet [illegible] Generals job that D D drew But he also [illegible] member of the cabinet without portfolio [illegible] would have a voice in the council [illegible] Hon D D will

ODETTE ELOPES

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Philippe met us at the door

I MET Odette at the Ritz by appointment—her appointment. I had telephoned her house as soon as I had breakfasted, only to find that I could not speak to Philippe for the very good reason that he had gone over to London for two or three weeks' business. I felt somehow an annoyed to have passed him evidently in mid-channel for I looked forward to seeing him on my occasional trips to Paris. Frenchmen are not always particularly in my line but Philippe is a good fellow, and during the time I had spent in Paris, attached to the British embassy, he and I had become close friends.

"Very well," I said, to the polite servant who had answered the telephone. "I am only here for two or three days so I shall almost certainly be gone by the time Monsieur Talbaud returns. Tell him that Captain Emerson was in town and was sorry not to see him."

Not more than ten minutes later I was leaving the hotel with the idea of paying a visit to the embassy, to see how many familiar faces I would find there when I was called back to speak at the telephone.

"Are you there?" I began from force of habit.

A voice which I should have recognised in a thousand as belonging to Odette said laughingly.

"Oh, yes! English! Yes I am here. But I shall not be here much longer. For soon I am going to put on a pretty costume and then I am coming to have lunch with you."

I was silent. Was I expected lightly to disregard the fact that Odette's husband was away? I did not doubt that Philippe would be delighted to have me take Odette to lunch to help pass the time while he was gone. I pondered staring fixedly into the mouth-piece of the telephone as if it contained the answer to this riddle. Considering the fact that my regard for Odette in the early days of our friendship before Philippe came upon the scene had caused a good deal of comment—as I discovered later—it seemed a little unwise, under the circumstances to agree to this sudden whim of hers.

"It is not nice of you to be so unfriendly," she said when my silence was becoming almost rude. "Here am I all by myself so lonely. And you—you telephone and when you find that Philippe is away you think, 'Now I will run away,' and Odette shall not know I am here. Are you not ashamed to be so unkind when I am dying to be amused?"

This was quite enough for me. I had in vision of Odette's black eyes snapping with displeasure and I was instantly overcome with the desire to please her, to soothe her and make her smile in the quick, vivacious way she has. Where another woman's tears might melt me into abject submission I had invariably found Odette's compelling eyes most disarming.

SO THE upshot of it all was that I returned to the Ritz from the Embassy in time to meet Odette. She was several minutes late. It was not the first time I had waited like a patient dog, for her to keep an engagement. Philippe is one of the most punctual persons I know, but Odette always considered it an unnecessary effort to be on time. Men waited, and even though time did not come could always take the rest out.

She was radiant, and for a moment I felt a sharp return of the old fierce envy of Philippe. He was a lucky devil! But after all, it was not precisely his fault that Odette had preferred him to me. His chief offence had been in appearing at all.

Odette was wearing a delightful little hat turned up all the way round, with a jaunty little ball of cog feathers perched airily on the edge of the brim on one side. My first impression of a woman is always influenced by her hat. I have to take in the other details of her appearance slowly and gradually, turning them over in my mind like delicious morsels, so to speak.

"You are looking very chic!" I complimented her after we had sat down at a small table.

"This frock—ah! I will tell you a secret! It is fresh from le couturier, and I am wearing it first for you in your honor."

It was of some soft black stuff—I do not know the names of all the fabrics in which le Parisienne attires herself—and it hung loosely and gracefully, and had a wide sash of vivid green.

"Philippe—will he like it?" I asked.

Odette tossed her head, and the cog feathers quivered violently.

"Philippe will have to like it. He would not dare to question the judgment of Madame Lamonte, who dresses me."

And I could not answer for Philippe. I offered her a cigarette and sat about ordering something to eat. We chose some dish or other with or appetizing name, and a bottle of Graves to accompany it.

Odette had brought Frou Frou. For some obscure reason, brown only to herself, she was extremely attached to this foolish white bundle of French poodledom. I had known her of old. Then as now, she had chaperoned as, but I had always been rather pettish in minding from sharing my true opinion of her when her mistress was present. I have reason to believe that Philippe suffered in the same way, though he had never unbridened to me the tale of his feelings towards Frou-Frou.

"I suppose Artanette and Frou-Frou are tremendous friends," I said, when I had disposed of the waiter.

Odette's face became instantly alive, and she smiled across at me, patting Frou-Frou who sat at her feet.

"You have not seen Antoinette for a long time? Not for several months, at least, is it not so? They say she grows more like me every day.

"I was sore she would become more beautiful all the time so I am not surprised," I said.

Odette laughed a little and dropped her long lashes.

"She is four years old now," she said. "I am getting old and bored, Basil.

We spoke partly in French-partly in English, as the spirit moved us. I wish, however, that I could reproduce the charming sound of my name as she pronounced it.

I appealed to the child, in desperation.

Suddenly she leaned towards me with a serious face. I was used to her quick changes of mood, but I was not prepared for what she now said.

"Listen, dear friend. Do not tell me that I am foolish. I am thinking of eloping."

"What!" I exclaimed, wondering for one wild moment if I were now to be cajoled into an elopement as I had been into a luncheon engagement.

"You do not have to help me—if you would rather not." Here she smiled at me sweetly, but became serious again seeing my shocked expression. I was thinking of Philippe and imagining his feelings when he should discover this impending disaster.

"I would be so grateful," she went on, speaking quickly, as if she were a little afraid of not being able to convince me. "It after I have gone—with him—you would stay on in town for a little while. So you see? You could keep Artanette happy and amused. She adores you, and if you were to take her for a walk every day without her house—oh, just a little one, into the Jardin du Luxembourg or to the Tuileries she would be so happy. She would not miss me, then—very much."

I was struck dumb for a while. I sat foolishly, watching the flash of the only ring Odette wore, a great emerald in a plain and exquisite setting of platinum.

"What about Philippe?" I asked finally. It seemed to me I was constantly having to remind her of the existence of Philippe.

"I was coming to that," explained Odette, hurriedly, and leaned back in her chair with downcast eyes. "I thought perhaps when Philippe came home, you might explain to him."

When Odette drops her eyelids she somehow achieves a very innocent expression, so that I found myself quite unable to come to the point of lecturing her as she deserved.

"What would there be to explain to him?" I asked in a hopeless voice. I did not relish the idea of being the one to have to break the news to Philippe. There was also the danger that he might imagine I had in some way aided and abetted this wild and most amusingly escapade. I put myself in his place. How should I like to come home from a business trip to London, to find my wife far away and a man who although he was an old friend, waiting to greet me with, 'Oh, I say, by the way your wife left the other day and she asked me to be sure had tell you she had eloped and she said she hoped you wouldn't mind.'

There would probably be a duel, out in some lonely spot on the edge of the city. Either Philippe or I or both of us would fall gallantly there, all because Odette chose to be unreasonable—to put it very mildly.

Before I could hear how and what I was to explain, the waiter re-appeared and hussed himself at our table. Odette and I sat silently, she looking about her cheerfully, nodding and smiling at many acquaintances among the people who filled the tables all about us. I was lost in deep thought. Clearly it was my duty to avert a catastrophe, and knowing the perverseness of woman in general and Odette in particular, I did not envy myself the task. Moreover I disliked the prospect of making Odette unhappy and causing her, perhaps, to spurn my friendship forever. I cast about for a solution of the problem, and finally hit upon a plan which I unfolded to Odette after the waiter had departed. In my desperation I was clutching at a straw.

"When did you intend to carry out this—er—scheme?" I asked.

"Oh to-morrow," she replied, in the same tone in which she would have informed me that she was thinking of going for a drive to-morrow if the day was fine.

I WHISTLED softly, involuntarily.

"Love!" I said, "you aren't wasting much time! He must be in a dream of a hurry! You don't have to rush away quite so fast, you know. Where Philippe will be gone a fortnight or more!"

"Now you are teasing me," she said, softly. "I thought her mouth drooped a little.

"Really, Odette," I exclaimed, "you are—you are—very naughty!"

She clapped her hands in delight.

"Oh I love to hear you say I am naughty! Just as if I were Antoinette."

I longed to remark that Antoinette would probably have more sense than to rush headlong into such a foolish error, but I returned and said impressively:

"I had intended going to Longchamps this afternoon. A friend of mine is racing some of his horses there, and I am rather keen to see them had take a bit of a flier, don't you know?"

I was not looking at Odette, but out of the tail of my eye I caught her quickening of interest.

"I don't know if you'd care to go," I continued, "but if you would—"

Odette was all smiles.

"Oh, but I adore horses!" she exclaimed.

"I thought so," I said. "and that being the case, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go out there this afternoon, and we'll let the horses decide your fate for you."

It was Odette's turn to look astonished.

"—I do not quite understand," she murmured.

I bent over my plate to hide the amusement which I felt must be showing plainly in my face.

"I will explain," I said. "You shall choose a horse to back in one of the races. If the horse you have chosen wins, you shall elope to your heart's content. If not—then Philippe is a luckier man than he realizes at this moment."

Odette had been watching me intently while I was speaking. She rewarded my brilliant inspiration by gazing at me with sparkling eyes and lips parted in admiration of such a spider did sporting chance.

"Yes," she said, "we will do that. How clever you are to think of it!"

I accepted this praise with due modesty.

"Now!" I went on, "since that is settled, will you tell me something. Why do you want to elope?"

Odette made a little impatient moue.

"You are very foolish," she said. "Why does one usually elope?"

"Can't say," I assured her, "I've never accomplished it."

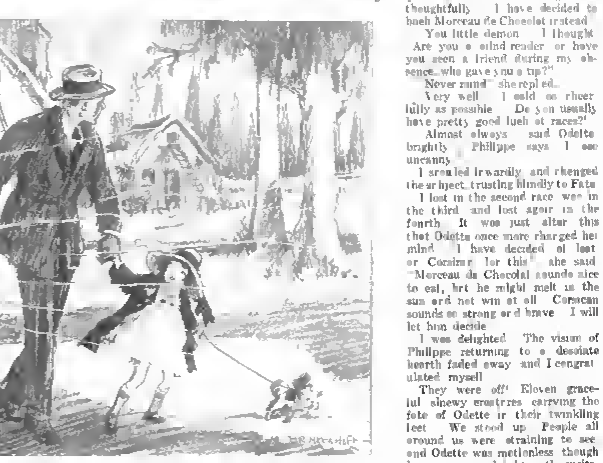
"One elopes," said Odette, "because one loves the person who elopes with one."

"Does one?" I asked absently.

We lapsed into silence. I fell no farther along than I had been in the beginning, and Odette looked thoroughly unrepentant. In spite of the responsibility which sat heavily upon me, however, I felt cheerful and quite happy in Odette's company. There was such an air of joyous irresponsible youth about her every movement and in her conversation, that I felt immensely entertained and caught myself wondering if Philippe appreciated all he had. But he might not have it much longer—

The rest of our meal was constantly interrupted, which annoyed me a good deal. The Marquise de Chambière stopped to speak to Odette. I had met her once at some diplomatic affair, a reception or something, but she had always seemed to me more like a very beautiful statue than a real, flesh-and-blood, friendly person.

"She is so clever," said Odette when she had passed on.



Antoinette and I spent several hours each day together

Madame Victor Rousseau Lateurelle also stopped to chatter, introducing her companion Paul Gerard. She was not impressive like her name and I longed to stem the tide of gossip with which she regaled us. I tried to talk to Gerard, but as he had eyes and thoughts only for Madame, I did not find him very interesting.

Afterwards, we got into the splendid new car that Philippe had given Odette, and their chauffeur, who looked as wooden that I was almost surprised to find he had the gift of speech, drove us away through the crowded streets out towards the Bois de Boulogne. A heavy pall of mist and smoke hung over the city, but there was sunshine and fresh wind blowing in the Bois.

LONGCHAMPS has a great fascination for me. The crowds that gather there are very diverting, they occupy one's attention well between the races. Many an afternoon I have amused myself watching the best-dressed women in Paris sauntering to and fro and noting their unconcealed interest in the appearance of monsieur et madame the various famous *cocottes*.

This time, however, I found the crowd an old story and Odette far more amusing. I procured race-cards, and together we consulted, standing in the shade of the grand stand, in the midst of the usual raucous noises. The first race was about to begin and we postponed our momentous decision until after it was over. Then we tackled the problem in earnest, scanning the names of the horses entered in each event. Eventually Odette chose the fifth race.

"There is a big field," I said. "You will have a hard time to choose your horse."

After a moment she announced, "I have decided on 'Cornelius.'"

My heart leaped within me. Cornelius belonged to my old crony, Colonel Carruthers, who was racing his string at Longchamps and I had reason to be sure that he was out in the running in this event. I said nothing, carefully maintaining a non-committal expression.

"What do you think?" asked Odette, looking at me intently.

"It is for you to say, Madame," I said, bowing in my best style.

"You are unkind," pouted Odette. "Go away and back one of the horses in the next race. If he wins, then perhaps you will feel more charitable to me."

I found a seat for her and then went off to do what my mother has always called "wasting money on those poor dear horses."

I found that general opinion was still firmly against Cornelius and that in the fifth race Morceau de Chocolat was an odds on favorite.

I returned to Odette. Chivalry prompted me to lie to her, at least that Cornelius had not a chance, but I reflected that this would be nothing more nor less than driving her into the arms of the claimant whoever the matched fellow might be.

As usual however Odette took the matter into her own hands.

"I have changed my mind," she said, looking at me thoughtfully. "I have decided to back Morceau de Chocolat instead."

"You little demon," I thought. "Are you a mind reader or have you seen a friend during my absence, who gave you a tip?"

"Never mind," she replied.

"Very well," I said, as cheerfully as possible. "Do you usually have pretty good luck at races?"

"Almost always," said Odette brightly. "Philippe says I am uncanny."

I scrolled irwardly and changed the subject, trusting blindly to Fate.

I lost in the second race, won in the third, and lost again in the fourth. It was just after this that Odette once more changed her mind. "I have decided at last on Cornelius for this," she said. "Morceau du Chocolat sounds nice to eat, but he might melt in the sun and not win at all. Cornelius sounds so strong and brave. I will let him decide."

I was delighted. The vision of Philippe returning to a desolate hearth faded away and I congratulated myself.

They were off! Eleven graceful sleepy creatures carrying the fate of Odette in their twinkling feet. We stood up. People all around us were straining to see, and Odette was motionless, though her eyes were bright with excitement. Someone barb of us on the horses rounded the far curve of the course said, "Look! It is Corsican that is gaining."

I looked through my field-glasses and found this to be very true. Morceau du Chocolat was still in the lead but seemed to be losing ground steadily to Corsican. I felt a dull throb in my throat, and watched as they swept on to the winning-post. There was one last effort in the final hundred yards, and Corsican romped past winner by half a length while the crowd surprised and excited shouted his name and turned his victory into a bedlam.

"You look as if you would like to say 'Damn!'" said Odette, smiling sweetly up at me as we threaded our way towards her car.

"I should not only like to," I answered her, "but with your permission I will say it—Damn!"

"Ah," she said, "you are a very bad loser—and besides, I did not give you permission to say it."

I was silent reflecting that a man is foolish who thinks he can guess what a woman is going to do or what inspiration she will have about anything.

"Now," continued Odette, "you shall take me somewhere to dine, and we will discuss your plans, and then I shall say *au revoir*."

SHE laughed, the little imp, and I groaned inwardly at my helplessness in her hands.

We reached the car and Frou Frou, who had been spoiling the afternoon in charge of the wooden chauffeur, greeted us with joy and shrill barks. The wooden person did not look very pleased with her, he would have preferred to have seen the races instead of playing ransomaid to a curly poodle.

"You could have taken Frou-Frou with you," I remarked to Odette after we had started, because she is not a real dog." I added thinking of my two Irish terriers, my Gordon setter, my Aberdeen terrier and several varieties of hounds.

Odette did not suspect me of meaning this speech unkindly and exclaimed, "She is an angel, really!"

We went to the Savoyard, to the Arcade, off the Boulevard des Italiens, for dinner. It was early, so there was not yet crowded.

"What will you have?" asked Odette.

"I laughed at her though I longed to lash her to ribbons. "You thought you could persuade me to back a horse that would not win, is that not so?" I asked.

"Yes," I admitted sadly.

"Bien! I merely did lest luckily my mind changed."

"Odette," I said earnestly, "tell me

Continued on page 50

Her eye-lids dropped and she replied so softly that I had to lean over the table to hear her

SLEUTHS OF THE WILDERNESS

By R. G. MACBETH

THE BIG stampede for the Yukon started in 1897-98 and to cope with the rush north there was a whirlwind series of movements by the mounted police which seemed to anticipate every contingency, head off all manner of calamities, make provision for protecting the boundary line against infractions of the customs regulations and generally see that law and order should prevail all over the wide area that was soon teeming with a not discreet heterogeneous population of excited gold hunters. Two of the big men of the force, Superintendents A. B. Perry, a masterly organizer, and S. B. Steele a determined enforcer of law, were called on to go up to the north and meet the unprecedented situation.

With these two from the beginning was a group of very able officers; Superintendent Z. T. Wood, Inspectors F. C. H. Primrose, C. Starnes, F. Harper, W. H. Scarth, A. E. Strickland, R. Belcher, A. M. Jarvis, F. L. Cartwright, Surgeons W. E. Thompson and S. M. Fraser. Non commissioned officers like Tucker, Macdonnell, Parker, Bates, Graham, Hyles, Cornell and Raven were amongst those in charge of early detachments or attached to hospital bases in the first year of the big rush and these with the help of an able and resolute body of men as ever were uniform created a new world record for policing a new country.

Along Comes "Soapy" Smith

IF PHYSICAL conditions were bad with storm and cold, moral conditions, from the coast up to the summits were worse. The authorities on the United States side seemed to accept as a sort of axiom the statement that a frontier had to be lawless. Among the boundary road men' problems was 'Soapy' Smith, a notorious gunman and gambler who was eventually killed in a pistol duel with a United States marshal who was trying to arrest him. Both men fired at the same instant and both fell mortally wounded. Early in the history of the gold rush, 'Soapy' Smith, with a big gang of desperadoes, terrorized Skagway and the trails for months. Murders, robberies, shell-games and the like were practised without cessation. *Up to the Mounted Police line* on the summits where they suddenly ceased because things of that sort would not be tolerated for a moment.

At that point even bad men put their guns away and went quietly about their business. One finds it difficult to account for this difference unless by the assumption that immigrants into the American republic had taken advantage of her wide proclamation of the ideal of liberty and had abused the ideal by turning it into license. In this way nests of law breakers and anarchists were allowed too much opportunity, by local officials, where in a similar case a compact national force like our mounted police with its local strings on it and imbued with intense sentiment for the honor of the whole force, never permitted a situation to get root of hold in any locality, however remote from the centre of government.

Rev. Dr. A. S. Grant, a Presbyterian missionary, who recently headed the referendum campaign in Ontario went in over that White Pass trail with a pack on his back. He could stand it better than most men for he was broad shouldered and powerfully built. Grant as a missionary, he was a man of peace, but he would not allow anyone to be imposed on by bigger men. Hence one day when a bully elbowed a gray haired man roughly into the snow, Grant interposed and, meeting gently, but laughingly the bully a lesson he did not forget. The credit of the bully, he it recorded, he took his medicine and shook hands with the man of peace who believed in protecting the weak.

Grant had taken a course in medicine while preaching gospel value on the trail and during the early days a

Chief Bear, one of the "bad Indians" who was killed by the Dog Men during the Riel Rebellion

attention but because dead men tell no tales "the others had to share his terrible fate and O'Brien, at an opportune time in a camping place as afterwards proved, shot all three men first through the body—and then through the head to make sure. There was no human witness of the event but when these men did not turn up at the next Dawson. He was of that resolute type, equipped to meet the difficulties of the pioneer.

Keep Track of All Newcomers

UP IN the Yukon when Superintendent Z. T. Wood took command of the territory, he had with him Inspector Courtland Starnes in charge at Dawson and Superintendent F. C. H. Primrose at White Horse and Assistant Surgeon Fraser on Dalton trail. Besides these officers there were Inspector J. A. McGibbon, W. H. Routledge, W. H. Scarth, A. E. C. McDonnell as well as Assistant Surgeons Parr, Modere and Hardman.

It was a time of general and reasonably stable prosperity as evidenced by the fact that the man in Starnes division collected well up to a million dollars in royalties in the mining areas the banner section being Grand Forks including Eldorado, Bonanza and tributaries where Staff-Sergeant (later Inspector) Reven gathered nearly $620,000. The government was spending freely for the oversight of the Yukon but was getting back big dividends.

How close an oversight was kept by the mounted police as to the movements of people in that wild country is evidenced by the fact that men could not "disappear" between the police posts or elsewhere without their case giving rise to swift inquiry. If they left one point for another and did not arrive in a reasonable time the fact came to the knowledge of the police and they immediately started to trace the missing parties to see whether they had "become lost through missing the trail as had been done to death by the hands of murderous characters.

For instance there was the famous case of one O'Brien who was tried and executed at Dawson for one of the most cold-blooded crimes imaginable.

That O'Brien had murder in his heart previously is more than likely because when his trial came off a "Bowery tough," who had been in prison with him in Dawson for some other offence, testified that O'Brien had proposed that they should, when freed, go along the river and find a lonely spot. Here they should camp about men who were coming out from Dawson with money, put their bodies under the ice and thus cover their tracks. This was too cold-blooded a program for even the Bowery tough but it illustrates O'Brien's disposition. O'Brien, however, seems to have decided to hunt that trail until he could make a killing and he appears to have doubled back after leaving Hansen and landed at Fossil's road house. From there he started out with three men on Christmas of 1899. The three men were Olsen, a Swede who was a telegraph line repairer, and two men from Dawson, F. Clayson, of Seattle, and L. Relphe who had been a "caller-off" in a Dawson dance-hall.

No doubt all the time, O'Brien who had black murder in his heart and was cold bloodedly planning by what cunning he could snuff out the lives of his companions and carry off their wealth, made himself the life of the party, for on of his experiences in the North he had a fund of adventurous tales with which to entertain fellow-travelers on the trails.

A Cold-Blooded Christmas Murder

CLAYSON was known to have a large sum of money on him and he became the particular object of O'Brien's wolfish attention, but because dead men tell no tales "the others had to share his terrible fate and O'Brien, at an opportune time in a camping place as afterwards proved, shot all three men first through the body—and then through the head to make sure. There was no human witness of the event but when these men did not turn up at the next point on the trail and O'Brien did the police began immediate investigation. If there were no eye-witnesses in the case a web of circumstantial evidence would have to be woven around the figure of the fourth man of the party. If the facts that would emerge justified it. This was done with consummate skill but with absolute fairness by the mounted police. Inspector Scarth officer commanding at Fort Selkirk, was the directing hand. Corporal Ryan took care of important details, and Constable Pennecuick was the "Sherlock Holmes" genius whose keen detective instincts and erudite work won high praise from the judge at the subsequent murder trial.

Big Bear, an Indian leader of note, who also campaigned under Riel. He and Poundmaker were both captured alive by Mounted Police Scouts.

The police kept close tab on travellers by trail or river for the sake of their safety and a few days after O'Brien, Clayson and O'Brien left Fossil's road-house at Minto, Sergeant Berkey, who was in charge at Five Fingers, and who had been notified of their departure, arrived at White Horse that the party had not been heard of since. Wires were kept hot in all possible directions and patrols were sent out to locate the missing men. Nearly ten days after Christmas the police at Tagish post observed a man with horse and sleigh making a détour of the trail in passing their quarters. This aroused their suspicions and they gathered in the men and his outfit after pulling them out of a hole in the ice. The man said his name was O'Brien but he was sullen and would say no more. The police brought him before the commanding officer, who sentenced him to six months for vagrancy. Several big bank notes were found on his person and packed in crevices on the sleigh, as well as a strange nugget of gold, shaped like a human hand holding a smaller nugget. It was learned that O'Brien had displayed this nugget as a curiosity at a road-house a few nights before and later on it was found that Relphe, one of the men who had vanished, had a penchant for nugets and amongst them had this nugget and an especially odd coin.

Things were beginning to look interesting, and, as Inspector Scarth wanted a man who answered O'Brien's description for robbing the cache of a Mr. Hansen at Wolf's island, O'Brien was sent up to Fort Selkirk and held on that charge. Then Sergeant Holmes—rather a curious coincidence in detective names—was sent on detachment to Fossil's road-house with Constable Pennecuick to see if there were any traces of the lost men.

Pennecuick proved himself a veritable sleuth. In a short time he discovered a place on the river bank where someone had climbed, although snow had fallen plentifully since. This location had a clear view of the river up and down for miles and on investigation the policeman found that trees had been cut down so that a lookout could be kept. He examined the tree-stumps closely, and discovered they had all been cut with an axe which had three flaws in it, one at one end and two near together. He kept pertinent of the wood and later on discovered that when O'Brien had been released from jail in Dawson some months before he had been given back certain belongings and the police sergeant testified at the trial that he had furnished O'Brien with an axe in place of one that had been lost. The sergeant said "It was a spare axe and I sharpened it for him and gave it to him with a sort of apology because it still had three rather large nicks in it, one at the top and two close together at the bottom". Of course Pennecuick did not know about this axe when he found the trees chopped down but his examination of the stumps shows that he omitted nothing in his scrutiny.

When Pennecuick hunted for the traces of a trail and found such traces leading to the river he got a boat and swept the whole way down. Klondikers recall Christmas '98 as cold in the morning and freezing at night. So marks made that morning would stay and Pennecuick found that some heavy body or bodies had been dragged down to a place in the ice where though now frozen over, these bodies had been put in the river. Pennecuick reasoned that if O'Brien was going to kill these men he would not do it on the river where he might be seen. So the sleuth went back up into the bush and swept away till he came to some evidences of blood, then he found three 32 calibre revolver bullets and one in the earth from a 45 calibre rifle.

Next day as Pennecuick came back to work he met a dog on the river. Dogs crop up all over the Northern history and many times they are important links in the chains of evidence. Pennecuick recognized the dog as O'Brien's which had been kept in barracks at Dawson by the police and fed and petted when O'Brien was in jail there before. The dog recognized the uniform, fawned on the wearer of it and when Pennecuick said "Go home, go home" the dog turned and trotted up the bank and then turned aside where some slight trail showed. Pennecuick of course followed and came to a tent cabin in which he found the 45 calibre rifle. Raking in the snow he discovered that clothing had been burned, for he found some buttons bearing the name of a Seattle firm. Then he went in and searched the stove and found more relics.

But he felt that probably O'Brien had emptied the pockets of his victims' clothes before he burned them and likely had thrown the things away from the fire that might lead to his identification with the murder if he kept them. So Pennecuick did the same thing with articles out of his own pocket, watching where they fell. Then he carefully swept again and found not only his own things but a key that fitted Clayson's safe in Seattle and the strange coin that Relphe had carried.

When the spring came the bodies were found on sandbars and were easily identified even by the fitting of some fragments of teeth that Pennecuick had found where the axe had been shot in the head by the revolver after they had fallen. At the trial, also, the large bills that had been found in possession of O'Brien were identified as having been the property of Clayton. The nugget and coin were shown to have been Relphe's.

There were other items of evidence, the exhibits nearly exhausted the alphabet and there was a very long list of witnesses brought from many quarters. The Crown Prosecutor was Fred C. Wade, K.C., now Agent-General for British Columbia in London and he handled the case with wonderful ability. His address to the jury was a marvel of logical, irresistible emphasis on every point of evidence. Inspector Scarth gave Mr. Wade most valuable assistance during the long trial. The prisoner, O'Brien was ably defended but there is no evidence so strong as circumstantial evidence when it is compactly pieced together and the jury took only half an hour to reach the verdict of "Guilty."

O'Brien, after the death sentence, spent a lot of time before his execution in cursing the mounted police who as another outlaw once said "would give a gunman no chance in this blessed Canada country." It was a long and costly effort on their part, extending nearly two years in the case of O'Brien, but it gave notice to the world that Canadians would not tolerate lax views on the sacredness of human life.

Dog Betrays Murderer

A VERY remarkable case in 1904 was that in which after an extraordinary display of mastery over difficulties the police under Staff Sergeant K. F. Anderson, now an Inspector, brought Charles King to justice for the murder of his partner, Edward Hayward, near Lesser Slave lake in Northern Alberta.

In October Moos Toos, the head man of the Indian reserve at Sucker creek came to Sergeant Anderson and told him that white men were cutting rails on his reserve. Anderson immediately went over with the chief and found men employed by a very prominent firm of contractors cutting rails. The sergeant stopped them at once and made them pay the Indian for what they had already cut.

This of course, was pleasing to Moos Toos, who, on returning home with Anderson told the Sergeant that same days before two white men with four peak horses had come from Edmonton and camped on the reserve near a slough. They had remained three same three days or so and then one of them left but there was no sign of the other. An Indian boy had noticed that the dog that had come with the white men would not follow the man that left. Then some Indian women as is their custom, went over to the place where the men had camped to see if anything was left that might be of service. One Indian woman noticed that the camp-fire place was much larger than required for ordinary use. Another Indian woman stood at the edge of the fire place and looking up noticed or the underside of the leaves of a poplar tree globules of lot where the thick smoke had struck the cool leaves and the evaporating lot had condensed. She said "He was burning flesh in this fire." These two things added to the fact that a shot had been heard by other Indians in the direction of the white man's roup made them suspicious. They told Moos Toos, their headman, and he in recognition of the goodness of the police to him told Anderson about it and added that he thought something was wrong. Anderson and Constable Lowe went down to the place.

They raked in the ashes and found fragments of bone and other substances which they carefully sealed up and kept for analysis. Moos Toos, who was on hand with some of his Indians to help, found a large needle with the rye broken, then by going barefoot into the slough where the water was four feet deep, discovered a campkettle which some of the Indians had seen in the white men's outfit. Later on Moos Toos and Lowe found in the slough a pair of boots in one of which was stuffed a rag with various articles including the other part of the broken needle. Immediately afterwards Anderson got into touch with the surviving white man at the home of a trader some distance away and asked for his story.

This man who gave his name as King said that his companion was a man he had overtaken on the trail over the Swan hills. His name he said was Lyman and he had been on the way on foot. King said Lyman had left the camp on foot for Sturgeon lake and that he supposed he was on the way there. Anderson sent out in that direction but there was no trace of such a man at any point and a Hudson's Bay employee who had just come from Sturgeon lake met no one on foot and there was no trace on the trail of any one so traveling. Anderson and Lowe then arrested King on suspicion and held him while they pursued further investigations.

Anderson was convinced that the bed of that slough if uncovered, could unfold a tale. And as he hired the Indians to divert it by digging a ditch that would drain it into Sucker creek a half mile away. It was quite an undertaking but the Indians who have lots of time on their hands in the summer and fall, offered to do the work for a hundred dollars. The work was well done and Anderson was not disappointed. He found amongst some minor articles a sovereign case which was fairly conclusive evidence that the man who had vanished from the earth was an Englishman. The sovereign case was traced back to the manufacturer in England and to the man who had sold that number to a certain Mr. Hayward a year or two in years then deceased. The clue was followed up and a son of Mr. Hayward was found who recalled that his father had presented a sovereign case to another son when that son left for Canada. The son who had gone to Canada was known to be in the Edmonton and northern country but the people at home had not heard from him for some time.

Regardless of expense and without delay the police brought Hayward all the way from England to Edmonton for the trial. He identified the sovereign case as the one given by his father to the missing man, Edward Hayward. A specialist in analyzing had been brought from Eastern Canada who pronounced the blood brains and bones found in the ashes of the camp fire to be human elements. There were some twenty witnesses in the case, those called by the police being J. K. Cornwell, George Moran and the best bull breeds and Indians. Once more the police had the chain of circumstantial evidence welded solidly link by link. King was declared guilty but on a legal technicality a new trial was ordered. By this time the witnesses were all back home. But they were brought back including the brother of the missing man from England. The verdict again was guilty and King paid the penalty on the scaffold.

A very curious thing in the trial was the sworn statement of Hayward the witness from England that his sister had told him three the morning after the shot was heard by the Indians near the Lesser Slave Lake that she dreamed their brother Edward had died by violence in Canada.

Nude Fanatics Start Trouble

IN THE middle west nearly two decades ago the mounted police had difficulty with people whose type of religion being unmixed with intelligence led them into fanatical excesses. The Doukhobors or 'Spirit Wrestlers' as their name means were a body of people who had come from southern Russia where they had not enjoyed anything like liberty. When they arrived in Winnipeg where I recall speaking to the first band through an interpreter, they sent back a cablegram to their friends which was shown to me at the time by Mr. McCreary, commissioner of immigration at that point. The cable read "Arrived Canada safe are free." The change was a little too much for them and they did not realise that they were not free to become nuisances to others. They were ignorant and illiterate but had the merit of being conscientious and being willing to suffer for conscience sake. This latter characteristic always prevented me from condemning them wholly. Once their ignorance was removed they would become industrious and orderly citizens.

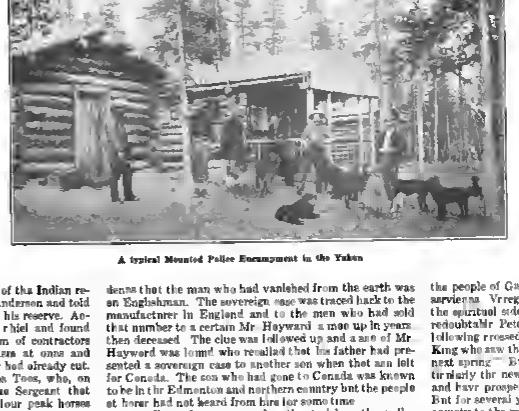
But in the early stages they were fanatics and used to go on pilgrimages, they said in search of Christ. Inspector Jonget, Sergeant Spalding and others of the Police had a lot of trouble in rounding them up, giving them food and preventing them from shocking communities by their parades. The police used great tact and in the end succeeded in impressing these strange people with some sense of responsibility.

In the midst of the difficulty, a had-crazed man named Sharpe crossed from the States with some others. He said he was the "Saviour" going to "God's people, the Doukhobors" but as he was heavily armed and threatened to shoot any one who tried to stop him, his claim was naturally rejected. Inspector Tucker and a detachment went to see Sharpe and reported that an arrest could not be made without shooting so it was decided to wait and watch. Sharpe sent the following letter to Tucker: "To save bloodshed use some judgment. I will not give up alive so some of us would be shot. If I have to continue amongst sinful men I had rather die. No one can say that Jesus is the Christ only by the Holy Ghost. The spirit came to Christ in the form of a dove. It came to me in the form of a lion. When the Doukhobors receive me then the Lord will prove me and your eyes can open wide."

But the Doukhobors were getting their eyes opened and the police rather than kill any one, pursued a waiting policy with close supervision.

Finally Peter Veregen the counselor leader of the Doukhobors, warned the Doukhobors not to receive Sharpe. This non plussed the lunatic who had come possibly with an eye to business. He expressed disgust at the way the Doukhobors were in subjection to Veregen "but they must be saved" he said "or they would not be in subservience." Veregen has a fine graft and I would like to run the spiritual side of the business for him." However the respectable Peter wanted no partner as Sharpe and his following crossed back to the States informing Constable King who saw them safely across that they would be back next spring. But they came not. The Doukhobors particularly the new generation have made much progress and have prospered in establishing some useful industries. But for several years they were a source of a good deal of anxiety to the red-coated riders who were doing guard duty to better conditions without hurt to sensitiveness. Events have justified the attitude of the police.

Of course these law-enforcers still had the ordinary class of offender to deal with. Horse stealing



A typical Mounted Police Encampment in the Yukon

Continued on page 49

The House of Appledore: The Writer's Story

By "Sapper" H. C. McNEILE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

ON a certain day in the year of grace 1921 there came into being a Special and Very Select Club. There was no entrance fee and no subscription which is where it differed from All Other Clubs. Its membership was limited to five: the Artist, the Barrister, the Doctor, the Ordinary Man and the Writer. Each in his own particular trade had achieved what the World calls fame except the Ordinary Man who was only Ordinary. The only rule of the Club was that on certain nights to be mutually agreed on the member who set them it was should get up the remaining members on Exceedingly Good Dinner after which he should tell them a Story connected with his own Trade that should be of sufficient interest to keep them awake.

And the only penalty of the Club was that if the Story was not of sufficient interest to keep the audience awake the Offending Member should pay the sum of Ten Pounds to a Deserving Charity.

No rule was deemed necessary as to the quality of the Dinner the Members had elected themselves with discretion.

And the Ordinary Man having told his story it came to the turn of the Writer.

I AM NOT certain strictly speaking that my story can be said to concern my trade. I began the Writer after he had seen his guests were comfortable. But it happened that little adventure of mine as the direct result of pursuing my trade so I will interpret the rule accordingly. And my starting point is the Largest Pumpkin Ever Produced in Kent. It was the sort of Pumpkin which gets a photograph all to itself in the illustrated papers—the type of atrocity which is utterly useless to any human being. And yet that large and unpleasant vegetable proved the starting point of the most exciting episode in my somewhat prosaic life. In fact, but for very distinct luck that pumpkin would have been responsible for my equally prosaic funeral. The Writer smiled reminiscently.

It was years ago, in the days before a misguided public began to read my books and supply me with the necessary wherewithal with which to keep the wolf from the door. But it was young and full of hope and Fleet Street seemed a very wonderful place. From which you can infer that I was a journalist and similar compels me to admit—a damned bad one. Not that I realized it at the time. I regarded my editors' complete lack of appreciation of my merits as being his misfortune not my fault. However I pottered around doing odd jobs and having the delicacy of seeing my carefully-penned masterpieces completely obscured by blue pencil and reduced to two lines.

Then one day I was sent for to go to the inner sanctuary. Now, although I had the very lowest opinion of the editor's abilities I knew sufficient of the office routine to realize that such a summons was unlikely to herald an increase in pay with parchment certificate of appreciation for services rendered. It was far more likely to herald the order of the boot—and the prospect was not very rosy. Even in those days Fleet street was full of unemployed journalists who knew more than their editors.

The news editor was in the office when I walked in, a kindly man was old Andreas. He looked at me from under his great bushy eyebrows like a few moments with cut speaking—then he pointed to a chair.

"Grehan," he remarked in a deep bass voice, "are you aware that this paper has never yet possessed a man on its staff that writes such unutterable slush as you do?"

I remained discreetly silent; to dissent seemed tactless, to agree unnecessary.

"What do you propose to do about it?" he continued after a while.

"I told him that I hadn't realised I was as bad as all that but that I would do my best to improve my style and give satisfaction in the future.

"It's not your style so much," he conceded. "Years ago I knew a man whose style was worse. Only a little—but it was worse. But it's your nose for news—my boy, that is the worst thing that ever came into Fleet Street. Now, what were you doing yesterday?"

"I was reporting that wedding at the Brompton Oratory, sir," I told him.

"Just so," he answered. "And are you aware that in a back street not three hundred yards from the church a man died through eating a surfeit of winkles, as the result of a bet. Actually while you were there. He that man die by the winkle barrow—and you knew nothing about it. I'm not denying that your report on the wedding isn't fair—but the public is entitled to know about the dangers of winkle eating to excess. Not that the rights of the public matter in the least, but it is the principle I want to impress on you—the necessity of keeping your eyes open for other things beside the actual job you are on. That's what makes the good journalist."

I ASSURED him that I would do so in future, and he grunted non-committally. Then he began rummaging in a drawer while I waited in trepidation.

"We'll give you a bit longer, Grehan," he announced at length and I breathed freely again. "But if there is no improvement you'll have to go. And in the meantime I've got a job for you this afternoon. Some public-spirited benefactor has inaugurated an agricultural fete in Kent, somewhere near Ashford. From what I can gather he seems partially wanting in intelligence, but it takes people all ways. He is giving prizes for the heaviest potato, and the largest egg—though I am unable to see what the hen's activity has to do with her owner. And I want you to go down and write it up, half a column. Get your details right; I believe there is a treatise on eels and manures in the office somewhere. And put in a paragraph about the paramount importance of the Englishman getting back to the land. Not that it will have any effect, but it might help to clear Fleet street."

He was already engrossed in something else, and dismissed me with a wave of his hand. And it was just as I got to the door that he called after me to send Cresswell to him—Cresswell, the star of all the special men. His reception, I reflected a little bitterly as I went in search of him, would be somewhat different from mine. But he had got to the top of the tree—and was on a really big job at the time. He did all the criminal work—murder trials and so forth, and how we youngsters envied him! Perhaps, in time one might reach those dazzling heights, I reflected as I sat in my third class carriage on the way to Ashford. Not for him mammoth tubers and double yokers—but the things that really counted.

I got out at Ashford where I had to change. My destination was Appledore, and the one item Ashford on was crowded with people obviously bound, like myself, for the agricultural fete. It was a part of Kent to which I had never been, and when I got out at Appledore station I found I was in the flat Romney Marsh country which stretches inland from Dungeness. Houses are few and far between except in the actual villages themselves—the whole stretch of land of course must once have been below sea-level—and the actual fete was being held in a large field on the outskirts of Appledore. It was about a mile from the station and I proceeded to walk. The day was warm the road was dusty—and I—I am bound to admit—was bored. I felt I was destined for better things than reporting on beastly flower shows, much as I loved flowers. But I like them in their proper place, growing and arranged for show in a stuffy tent and surrounded by perspiring humanity. So when I came to the gates of a biggish house and saw beyond a garden which was a perfect riot of color, involuntarily I paused and looked over. The house itself stood back about a hundred yards from the road—a charming old place covered with creepers, and the garden was lovely. A little neglected, perhaps—I could see a respectable number of weeds in a bed of brises close to the drive—but then it was quite a large garden, probably belonging to some family that could not afford a large staff. I reflected and at that moment I saw a man staring at me from between some shrubs a few yards away. There was no reason why he shouldn't stare at me—he was inside the gate and presumably had more right to the garden than I had—but there was something about him that made me return the stare in silence for a few minutes. Whether it was his silent approach over the grass and unexpected appearance, or whether it was that instinctively he struck me as an incongruous type of to find in such a sleepy locality, I can't say. Or perhaps it was a sudden lightning impression of hostile suspicion on his part, as if he resented any one drawing to look over his gate.

Then he came towards me, and I felt I had to say something. But even as I spoke, the thought flashed across my mind that he would have appeared far more at home in a London bar than in a rambling Appledore garden.

"I was admiring your flowers," I said as he came up. "Your irises are wonderful."

"He looked vaguely at some lupins, then his intent gaze came back to me.

"'The garden is well known locally,' he remarked. 'Are you a member of these parts?'

"No," I answered, "I come from London—and it seemed to me his gaze grew more intent.

"I am only a bird of passage,' he said easily. 'Are you just down for the day?'

"I informed him that I had come down to write up the local fete, being young and foolish. I rather think I implied that only the barest request of the organiser for me in particular had persuaded the editor to dispense with my invaluable services even for a few hours. And all the time his eyes, black and inscrutable, never left my face.

"The show is being held in a field about a quarter of a mile further on, he said when I had finished. 'Good-morning.'

"He turned abruptly on his heel, and walked slowly away toward the house, leaving me a little annoyed and with a feeling that not only had I been snubbed but worse still had been seen through. I felt that I had failed to convince him that editors tore their hair and bit their nails when they failed to secure my services. I felt indeed just that particular type of ass that one does feel, when one has boasted vainglariously, and been listened to with faintly amused boredom. I know that as I resumed my walk towards the agricultural fete I endeavored to restore my self respect by remembering that he was merely a glorified yokel who probably knew no better.

"The Writer leaned back in his chair with a faint smile.

"That awful show still lives in my memory," he continued after a while. "There were swing boats, and one of those ghastly shows where wooden horses go round and round with a see-saw motion and The Blue Bells of Scotland emerges without cessation from the bowels of the machine. There were places where you pitch cocoanuts and people peering through horse collars to have their photographs taken, and over everything an all-pervading aroma of humanity unsuitably clad in its Sunday best on a warm day. However the job had to be done, so I bravely plunged into the marquees devoted to the competing vegetables. I listened to the experts talking around me with the idea of getting the correct local color, but as most of their remarks were incomprehensible I soon gave that up as a bad job and began looking about.

"There were potatoes and carrots and a lot of things which I may have eaten but completely failed to recognize in a raw state. And then suddenly through a gap in the asparagus, I saw a vast yellowy-green object. It seemed about four times the size of an ordinary Rugby football, and a steady stream of people circled slowly round it and an ancient man who periodically groomed it with a vast colored handkerchief.

"SO I steered a zig-zag course between a watery-eyed duck on my right and a hand-holding couple on my left, and joined the stream. At close quarters it seemed even vaster than when viewed from the other side of the tent, and after I'd made the grand tour twice I thought I'd engage the ancient man in conversation. Unfortunately he was stone deaf, and his speech was a little indistinct owing to the regrettable absence of teeth—so we managed between us to rivet the fascinated attention of every human being in the tent. In return for the information that it was the largest pumpkin ever produced in Kent I volunteered that I had come from London specially to write about it. He seemed a bit hazy about London, but when I told him it was larger than Appledore he appeared fairly satisfied that his pumpkin would obtain justice.

"He also launched into a voluble discourse, which was rubbed of much of its usefulness by his habit of holding his false teeth in position with his thumb as he spoke. Luckily a local interpreter was at hand and from him I gathered that the old man was eighty-five and had never been farther afield than Ashford, forty-eight years ago. Also that he was still gardener at Cedarlime, a house which I must have passed on my way from the station. Standing well back it was fine flower gardens—but not what they was. Not since the new gentleman came—a year ago. Didn't take the same interest—not him. Anyhow they said, it was rrotes and rretes of books had come to the house—things that envy that they think three and four man to lift them.'

"He rambled on, did that interpreter, while the ancient man polished the pumpkin in the time-honored manner and wheezed spasmodically. But I wasn't paying much attention, because it had suddenly come back to me that Cedarlime was the name on the gate where I had spoken to the inscrutable stranger. Subconsciously I had noted it as I crossed the road—saw it was brought back to my memory.

"'Is the owner of Cedarlime a youngish man?' I asked my informant. 'Dark hair, rather sallow face.'

"He shook his head. 'The owner of Cedarlime was a middle-aged man with grey hair, but he often had friends stopping with him who came down from London so he'd heard tell—friends who didn't stop long—just for the week-end, maybe four or five days. Probably the man I meant was one of these friends.'

"My informant passed on to inspect a red and hairy gooseberry, and I wandered slowly out of the stuffy tent. Probably a friend in fact, undoubtedly a friend. But try as I would to concentrate on that confounded flower show my thoughts kept barking back to Cedarlime. For some reason or other that quiet house, and the man who had come so silently out of the bushes had aroused my curiosity. And at that moment I narrowly escaped death from a swing boat which brought me back to the business in hand.

"I suppose it was about three hours later that I started to stroll back to the station. I was aiming at a five o'clock train, and intended to write my stuff on the way up to Town. But just as I was getting to the gates of the house that interested me, whom should I see in front of me but the venerable pumpkin polisher. He turned as I got abreast of him recognised me with a thirsty chuckle and promptly started to talk. I gathered that he had many other priceless treasures in his garden, wonderful sweet peas—more pumpkins of colossal dimensions. After a while I further gathered that he was suggesting I should go in and examine them for myself.

"For a moment I hesitated. I looked at my watch, there was plenty of time. Then I looked over the gates and made up my mind. I would introduce this ancient being into my account of the fete write up. In his own setting, this extraordinary old man who had never left Appledore for forty-eight years. And in addition I would have a closer look at the house, possibly even see the scholarly owner.

"I glanced curiously round as I followed him up the drive. We went about half-way to the house then turned off along a path into the kitchen garden. And finally he came to rest in front of the pumpkins—he was obviously a pumpkin manior. I should think he conducted a monologue for five minutes on the habits of pumpkins while I looked about me. Occasionally I said 'Yes' occasionally I nodded my head portentously for the rest of the time I paid no attention. I could see half the front and one side of the house—but there seemed no trace of any occupants. I was just going to ask the old bird who lived there, when I saw a man in his shirt sleeves standing at one of the windows. It was not the man who had spoken to me at the gate, it was not a grey-headed one either, so presumably not the owner. He appeared to be engrossed in something he was holding in his hands, and after a while he held it up to the light in the same way one holds up a photographic plate. It was then that he saw me.

"NOW I have never been an imaginative person, but there was something positively uncanny in the way that man disappeared. Literally in a flash he had gone and the window was empty. And my imagination began to stir. Why had that man vanished almost instantaneously at the sight of a stranger in the kitchen garden?

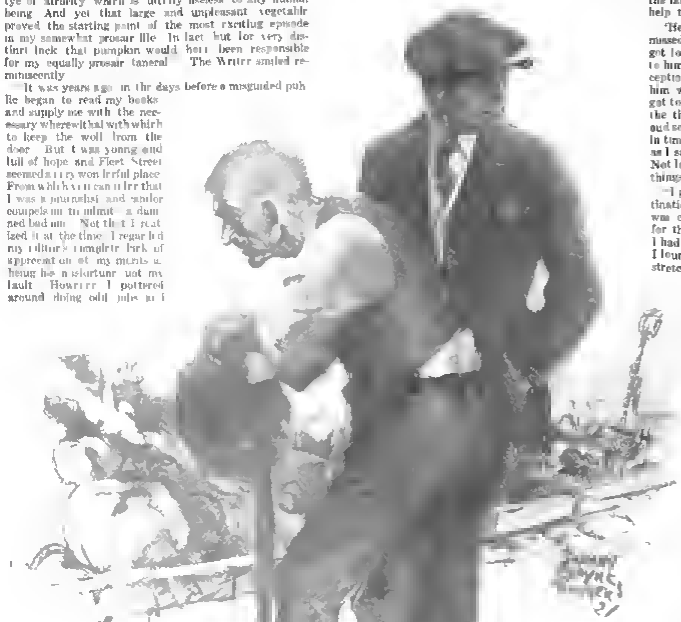
"And then another thing began to strike me. Something which had been happening a moment or two before had abruptly stopped—a noise, faint and droning, but so steady that I hadn't noticed it until it ceased. It had been the sort of noise that if you heard it to-day you would say was caused by an aeroplane a great way off—and quite suddenly it had stopped. A second or two after the man had seen me and vanished from the window that faint droning noise had ceased. I was sure of it, and my imagination began to stir still more.

"However by this time my venerable guide had exhausted pumpkins and, muttering strange words he began to lead me towards another part of the garden. It was sweet peas that time, and I must say they were really magnificent. In fact, I had forgotten the disappearing gentleman at the window in my genuine admiration of the flowers when I suddenly saw the old man straighten himself up, take a firm grip of his false teeth with one hand and touch his cap with the other. He was looking over my shoulder and I swung round.

"Three men were standing behind me on the path, one was the man I had spoken to that morning, one was the man I had seen at the window, the other was grey haired and I assumed the owner of the house. It was to him I addressed myself.

"'I must apologise for trespassing,' I began, 'but I am reporting the agricultural fete down here, and your gardener asked me in to see your sweet peas. They are really magnificent specimens.'

"The elderly man stared at me in silence.



"Why had that man vanished almost instantaneously at the sight of a stranger in the kitchen garden?"

"He fade vanished from the window when he saw me looking up."

"When I came to, I was in a strange room, feeling infernally sick."

"I don't quite see what the sweet peas in my garden have to do with the fête!" he remarked coldly. "And it is not generally customary, when the owner is at home, to wander round his garden at the invitation of his gardener."

"Then I can only apologize and withdraw at once!" I answered stiffly. "I trust that I have not irreparably damaged your paths!"

He frowned angrily and seemed on the point of saying something when the man I had spoken to at the gate took his arm and whispered something in his ear. I don't know what it was he said, but it had the effect of restoring the grey-haired man to a better temper at once.

"I must apologize," he said affably, "for my brusqueness. I am a recluse. Mr.—ah—Mr."

"Graham is my name," I answered partially mollified.

"He hewed. A recluse Mr. Graham—and my garden is a hobby of mine. That and my books. I fear I may have seemed a little irritable when I first spoke, but I have a special system of my own for growing sweet peas, and I guard it jealously. I confess that for a moment I was suspicious enough to think you might be trying to pump information from my gardener!"

"I looked at old Methuselah still chuthing his false teeth, and smiled involuntarily. The elderly man guessed my thoughts and rallied me.

"I am apt to forget that it takes several months to interpret old Jake," he continued. "Those false teeth of his fascinate me, don't they? I shall never forget the dreadful occasion he dropped them in the lily pond. We had the most agonizing search, and finally persistence triumphed. They were rescued unscathed and restored to their rightful place."

AND so he went on talking easily, until, half unconsciously, I found myself strolling with him towards the house. Every now and then he stopped to point out some specimen of which he was proud, and without my realizing it twenty minutes or so slipped by. It was the sound of a whistle at the station that recalled me to the passage of time, and I hurriedly looked at my watch.

"Good Heavens!" I cried. "I've missed my train. When is the next?"

"The next, Mr. Graham, I'm afraid there isn't a next till to-morrow morning. This is a branch line, you know."

"Zounds!" I swore inwardly. After what old Andrews had said to me only that morning, to go and fail again would finally cook my goose. You must remember that it was before the days of motor-cars and with the fête in progress the chance of getting a cart to drive me some twelve miles to Arblard was remote—anyway, for the fare I could afford to pay.

"I suppose my agitation showed on my face, for the grey-haired man became quite upset.

"How stupid of me not to have thought of the time," he cried. "We must think of the best thing to do. I know," he said suddenly—"you must telegraph your report. Stop the night here and telegraph."

"I pointed out to him rather miserably that newspapers did not like the expense of wiring news unless it was important, and that by no stretch of imagination could the Appledore flower show be regarded as coming under that category.

"I will pay the cost," he insisted, and waved aside my refusal. "Mr. Graham," he said, "it was my fault. I are weal thy man. I would not dream of you suffering for my wrongdoing. You will wire your article—and I shall pay!"

The Writer smiled reminiscently.

"What could have been more charming?" he continued, "what more considerate and courteous? My stupid half formed suspicions which had been growing bitter and bitter as I strolled round the garden with my host had by this time vanished completely. When he loaned me pens, ink and paper, as they say in the French exercise book, I stammered out my thanks. He cut me short with a smile and told me to get on with my article. He would send it to the telegraph office and tell his servants to get a room ready for me. With another smile he left me alone, and I saw him pottering about the garden outside as I wrote.

"I don't know whether it has ever happened to any of you fellows"—the Writer lit a cigarette—"to harbor suspicions which are gradually lulled, only to suddenly have them return with redoubled force. There was I, writing peacefully my account of the Appledore fête—while meanwhile my host, an enthusiastic gardener as he had told me, pursued his hobby. Could anything have been more commonplace and matter of fact? He was engaged on the roses at the moment—spraying them with some solution, presumably for green fly, and unconsciously I watched him. No—I referred it couldn't be for green fly, because he was only spraying the roots, and even I, though not an expert, knew that green fly occurs round the buds. At that moment I caught a momentary glimpse of the two other men. They were roaring with laughter, and it seemed to me that my host was the cause of the merriment. He looked up and saw them, and the hilarity ceased abruptly. The next moment they had disappeared, and my host was continuing the spraying. He went on industriously for a few minutes, then he crossed the lawn towards the open window of the room where I was writing.

"'Nearly finished?' he asked.

"'Very nearly,' I answered. 'Green fly had this year?'

"'Green fly,' he said a little vaguely. 'Oh! so-so.'

"'I thought you must be tackling them on the roses,' I pursued.

"'Er quite—quite,' he remarked. 'Nasty things, aren't they?'

"Is it a special system of yours to go for the roots?' I asked.

"He gave me one searching look, then he laughed mysteriously.

Continued on page 49

FAR NORTH REALLY LIVEABLE

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

IT HAS been commonly supposed that snowfall in the North is heavy, but I have shown that the snowfall of Virginia or Germany is heavier than that of northern Canada or of northern Alaska. Of course the snow of Virginia or Missouri remains on the ground only for moments or days or at the most weeks and is then turned into delightful mud and slush. But on the north coast of Canada the snow that falls in September lies on the ground beautiful and clean and white till May. But it is so far from being everlasting that it is entirely absent from vast areas north of the Arctic Circle for five months in the year and from even the most northerly islands for at least a month or two. It is permanent on the high mountains, but that feature applies to high mountains in every part of the world.

I have pointed out that the growth of grass and other plants is measured not by the length of the summer in months but by the number of hours of sunlight, and that there are as many hours of sunlight in three months of arctic summer as in six months of a tropical summer, giving the plants, therefore, in reality twice as long a growing time as the careless reasoner assumes them to have. This is one of the fundamental considerations which explain the universality and luxuriance of vegetation in the North that is always so startling to the traveler who goes North with a mind furnished with ideas derived from the school geographies.

It seems to be light rather than heat that makes a plant grow fast. But if it were heat, the polar plants would not be badly off. A fairly simple mathematical calculation shows that from the first week of June to the second week of July the earth at sea level receives from the sun more heat per square mile per day at the North Pole than at the equator. In mountainous regions such as Greenland there is left over from winter stored snow to counterbalance locally this tremendous downpour of heat upon the polar regions, but on the far more extensive polar lowlands of Siberia, Canada, Alaska and the Canadian Arctic islands there is no stored up snow to temper the summer heat, which explains the stories travelers from these regions tell of the unbearable swelter of the arctic summer and explains such Weather Bureau records as 100 degrees in the shade for Fort Yukon, Alaska.

I have reviewed in previous articles the chief beliefs as to detrimental qualities of the North and have shown that at least ninety per cent. of them are merely misimpressions inherited from the Greeks, Romans and the rest of our ancestry.

But there still remains the fact that the polar winter at its coldest is about as cold as the winters of Montana, Manitoba, or Russia and that they are even longer, and I accordingly still have to deal with people who say that no ordinary Europeans or Americans will ever live in large numbers in a climate where the winter lasts through considerably more than half the year.

When the West Was "Cold, Unknown"

MY FATHER moved into Manitoba several years ahead of the railway and at a time when the Government in England had about the opinion of Manitoba that Grant's administration had of Alaska. The Canadian Pacific Railway was being planned, however, and the question arose in Great Britain, whether Manitoba might possibly prove a suitable country for British colonists. To determine the facts in the case a commission of learned men was selected. It sat in England and had the power to summon witnesses from Manitoba and the Canadian West generally to determine the climate and resources of those districts and to decide the probability of their ever becoming the home of a considerable number of British colonists. Those witnesses were explorers, trappers, traders and missionaries who had most of them spent several years in the Middle West of Canada and who testified about the climate and resources truthfully from ample knowledge.

To inquiries about the minimum temperature of winter the committee received the answer that the thermometer drops to fifty and fifty-five degrees below zero occasionally. "This," said the judges, "is typical polar temperature," and that is correct. Forty years of Government weather bureau observation of the north coasts of Alaska and Canada have confirmed this committee on their opinion that minimum winter temperatures there are no lower than in southern Manitoba.

With regard to the storminess of winter the witnesses testified that now and then there are dreadful blizzards. At the beginning of the storm the ground may be covered with a foot or two of leathery snow. In the violence of the gale this snow fills the air so thickly that if you hold your hand before your face you cannot count your fingers. Of course you could count them if you had goggles on. When anyone says you cannot count your fingers in a blizzard he means that the instant the eyes are opened they are filled with the flying snow and have to be closed again. This testimony was correct. There are such storms in certain parts of the northwestern prairie states and of the midwestern Canadian prairie provinces, not every year but once or twice a decade. The committee were justified in concluding that the blizzards of Manitoba and Saskatchewan are typical polar blizzards. Many others have verified that and I can add my testimony, for after spending twenty years in North Dakota and ten north of the Arctic Circle, it is my best opinion that at least one blizzard which I remember from North Dakota was worse than any that I have yet seen in the Far North. This is testimony amply confirmed by the men from Dakota, Montana and Manitoba who now live in northwestern Alaska or northern Canada.

No Place for Average White, but—

ON THE basis of reliable testimony which fills a huge volume, the British committee concluded in substance that the climate of southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan is unsuitable for colonization by average Europeans and that in such a country no people will live permanently except for a time because they are eccentric missionaries, because they are self-sacrificing, and Indians because they do not know any better. But since then there has grown up in the country which was the very centre of all the testimony the city of Winnipeg with more than two hundred thousand people, the third largest city in Canada, the Chicago of the Canadian west, and growing as rapidly and substantially as any city in Canada.

The truth to be deduced from all this is that people will live in any place if the financial returns are adequate. If I could promise the readers of this article a twenty-five per cent. increase in their wages or a twenty-five per cent. increase in the profits of their business a considerable proportion of them (by no means all of course) would move to Winnipeg. However that city is at present having almost, if not quite, its share of the prevailing commercial depression, and I make no recommendation of any general migration to Winnipeg.

It seems reasonable that even a commission of wise men in Britain would be more easily deceived about the true future of Manitoba than the Government of Canada itself at Ottawa. But eastern Canadian opinion even in 1922 is being swayed by great newspapers, the editors of which in some cases have never been west of Lake Superior, and in other cases have never been there except in summer. It is not in reality remarkable, therefore, that the Government of Ottawa in the 70's was misinformed. Even to-day one has to appreciate the principle that the South has always been misinformed about the North and fearful of it, to be able to realize that some of the speeches made in the Canadian Parliament against the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway were at the time seriously intended and generally believed to be sound. We must get that opinion, however, not only in order to have a true view of the history of that time but also to understand and to honor as they deserve the pioneers of the Lord Strathcona group who had the vision to build the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Blake's Unconscious Humor

THE speeches in Parliament of Sir Edward Blake and others are now classics in Canada and are three the best known examples of unconscious humor. The English language was taxed to its capacity in showing the absurdity of the building of the railway. The argument said in substance that the expense of building the road would be so great that even were we to accept the most optimistic view of what the resources of the prairie province might develop into, even on a reasonable freight tariff for carrying them to the Atlantic would never pay for the axle grease of the freight cars. Opponents of the road were willing to concede that if anybody had the incredible folly to squander that much money the road could be built. They admitted further that it could undoubtedly be operated in summer, but they submitted that it was preposterous to suppose that it could be operated in winter and there followed the self-evident conclusion that the railway could never be profitable, for "no enterprise can be profitable if it is operated only half the year."

It is hard now to realize that this argument was applied in good faith to the district which is now with some justice called "the bread basket of the world" and to a railway which is commonly conceded to be the greatest of all railway systems. Few investors in railway securities are more fortunate than those who own Canadian Pacific shares. The enterprise made many of its builders fabulously rich, laid the basis of a prosperity on the average high for tens of thousands of homes and maintains passenger and freight schedules as reliable and service in every respect as good as any of the great railway systems of the world.

It seems to be about the most fundamental proposition in politics that we like what we are used to. Strong people of a southern origin, it follows from the principle that on the average we prefer

Upper picture: Moving the first ice-floes. Lower picture: Three belles of the Arctic and two males of the rising generation.

warm climates, for most Europeans and Americans live in countries where there is summer more than half of the year. There is also in such places as Italy and Florida a carefully planned campaign to "sell climate" to the rest of us. It is, therefore, not strange that the words "a good climate" should be synonymous with "a warm climate" in the public mind. But when one stops to think about it there appear at once doubts of the appropriateness of this manner of speaking and thinking.

On the principle of "fly their fruits shall ye know them" climates should be judged no less than cabbages and kings.

Leaf Where it is Warm

WHEN we stop to analyze the expression "a good climate" we find that what we really mean is a good climate for loafing. Secondarily we mean a climate where all sorts of vegetation flourish rankly. Without denying the value to the world of coffee and cotton and sugar, we are constrained to admit that the most important crop of any country is the people. No climate can truly be considered good, though bananas and yams may flourish, if men decay. Human energy, mental and physical, is developed to the highest degree in the northern climates. It may also in some cases be developed to a high degree in southern countries notably on plateaus and where the sea breezes blow freshly.

On the principle of aesthetics referred to above—that generally speaking we like what we are used to—we would expect to find a substantial majority of the population preferring summer to winter in any country where we have summer more than half the year and a substantial majority preferring winter to summer in any country where we have winter more than half the year. If you make due allowance for the powerful effect of the organized advertising of the South through certain personal weaknesses and the unintended glorification of the South through the fact that the literature we have inherited was mostly composed in southern countries—when you have made these and some other just allowances for forces that influence opinion you still see in a canvass of any country that summer or winter are preferred by the population roughly in accord with the principle laid down. So as not to burden the argument with too much proof we shall consider merely the two typical northern communities the information about which is most readily accessible to the readers of this series of articles. We shall take one community from the northern prairie and another from the northern forest.

Judge John G. Lemen has recently been appointed by President Harding judge for the Western District of Alaska. He is a typical American born in the Middle West educated at the State University of Iowa and was for some time a resident of Minnesota and a member of the Legislature of that state. But he had the pioneer spirit, and the fever of the 1900 gold rush got into his blood, so he moved to Nome, Alaska and has lived there for twenty years. A year ago I had a conversation with him from which I gained the information about to be given. For fear my memory might not be quite correct, I have checked it by submitting the draft of the present article to his son Carl Lemen, who has also lived in Nome for twenty years but who happens to be now in New York.

Climate of Nome and Dawson

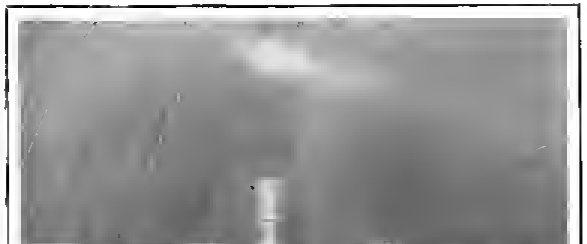
AT THE peak of the gold rush Nome was a city of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. Later when substantially normal conditions prevailed it was a city of ten thousand or more. Property passed gradually into the hands of larger and larger corporations and machinery began more and more to take the place of hand labor reducing the population of the community correspondingly. Then came the war with its rise in prices of goods which means a drop in the value of gold and their had to follow an exodus from the gold country.

When Nome had dropped to a town of about two thousand inhabitants it was as well known to Judge Lemen that his correspondence and inquiries practically amounted to a taking of a vote of the whole population as to whether they preferred winter or summer and he assures me that while no actual count was made the opinions expressed to him indicated that with men, women and children all voting, at least three out of four would have cast a ballot in favor of the winter climate of the North as compared with the summer climate. It must be remembered that in point of birth and ancestry of its citizens Nome is a typical American town—its people born in the United States Canada, and the various European countries. There are also a few Negroes and Asiatics.

There are many who have business in Alaska but who live in San Francisco or other southerly places. It is common to hear these people say that the summer climate of Nome is delightful but that they would not for any money live there in winter. They have either never tried it or have wintered there only once. No one will like a northern climate the first year who is brought up in a southerly one and it is merely in accord with our principle that these people would not like their one northern winter. That they do consider the summer climate pleasant is the significant thing, for the people who have lived in Nome for fifteen or twenty years and who know the winter as well as they do the summer are seventy-five per cent. in favor of winter. If you admit the testimony of those who have been in Nome only in summer to prove that the summer climate is pleasant, you will have to allow the testimony of those who have lived there many years to prove not only that the winter is to them pleasanter than summer but also that the winter is entitled to be considered from an absolute point of view a pleasant season.

Nome has in summer a climate strongly affected by the ocean. In winter Bering Sea is in the main frozen over and at that time the climate is that of a northern prairie or substantially that of Dakota. The temperature is in fact nearer to that of South Dakota than of North Dakota, for fifty below zero is rarely recorded and there are few winters that go lower than forty-five degrees below zero.

But the city of Dawson in the Yukon is in the mountains and in a forest. The temperature there in winter drops about fifteen degrees lower than it does at Nome and lower than any inhabited part of the United States except certain cities and towns in Montana. In talking with the "sourdoughs" of the Yukon you may get the impression that seventy and even eighty degrees below zero have been recorded but the Canadian weather bureau which has maintained observation stations there for more than twenty years will vouch for nothing lower than sixty-eight below which is the same figure as that given by the American weather bureau for the village of Gladstone, near Havre, Montana. Dawson then has the "continental" type of winter climate and it also has that type of summer climate for the thermometer goes to the vicinity of one hundred in the shade. Thus is the time when flowers and vegetables grow so rapidly at Dawson that their development seems magical even to those who know the tropics.



Evening before the lovers-up in the Land of the Midnight Night.

Mr. Cameron's Opinion

THE weather bureau records of Dawson are not significant from our present point of view for they are in sixth figures and these have no direct bearing on the question of whether people do or do not like the weather. I have talked with hundreds of men who have lived there, but shall quote the typical opinion of D. A. Cameron today the manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Toronto but formerly for many years, manager of the branch of that bank in Dawson. Being a great city, Toronto has a climate that is well known. It is generally considered to be similar to that of Cleveland which many consider better than Chicago, for instance. At dinner in Mr. Cameron's home I once inquired whether he preferred the winter climate of Toronto to that at Dawson and received the reply: "There are no two opinions in this family. My wife and daughter agree with me we all prefer the climate of Dawson." Mr. Cameron went on to say that that was the general opinion of those whom he knew who had lived in Dawson two or more years, or in other words had lived there long enough to get over the prejudiceation in favor of a summer climate they had brought with them from a country where summer is longer than winter.

While we have for Dawson no systematic inquiry like that of Judge Lemen for Nome upon which we can base a statement of probable percentage of a vote as between the climates of summer and winter, we have for Dawson adequate evidence to show that not only do the residents prefer the polar winter to winter on the Great Lakes in such places as Toronto and Chicago, but they also as a matter of personal comfort prefer the extreme cold of the Yukon winter to the extreme heat of the Yukon summer.

Obviously the reason why those who are used to both prefer extreme cold to extreme heat is not that cold is in itself pleasanter. The reason is rather that we have made nearly perfect a series of inventions which protect us against the cold. Within doors and even without we can neutralize the cold by lighting a fire, we can shut it out by building houses and by putting on clothes, and we can keep warm by eating suitable food for internal fuel and by taking exercise to speed up the bodily functions. But what run we do against the heat? We may wear a helmet or carry a parasol; we may dress in palm beach suits and live mainly on tomatoes and lettuce and even at that there are few who bear the heat of midsummer without complaint whether it be in Texas or Iowa, in Winnipeg, Edmonton or Dawson. The poorest hovel has a suitable means of dealing with the winter cold, but there are not half a dozen of the most luxurious hotels in the western hemisphere that have an adequate cooling system to meet the distress of July. Even the poor can fight the cold successfully; it is only the rich whose circumstances allow them to flee the heat.

It is my experience that when I tell a man that two thousand people in Nome prefer winter to summer, I thereby do not succeed in proving to him that winter is pleasant, but only that there are two thousand exceedingly eccentric people living at Nome.

Some Annoying Questions

ANY one who is a specialist is continually astounded by the colossal ignorance of the whole world upon specialty, be it epidemiology, electricity, or polar research. On railway trains I ride in drawing rooms, which I cannot afford, and in hotels I shut myself up in my room to avoid answering everlastingly the same series of questions, one of the most obnoxious of which is whether I do not suppose that I like the North chiefly because I am of Norse descent. For one thing, my descent is partly Irish and that much at least of my blood is not particularly northerly. For another thing there is no real reason to suppose that Norwegians or Swedes or any other northern nationality get along better in the North than those from southern countries, except insofar as they are less obsessed by a fear of the North and are in the beginning a little more familiar with the technique of how to remain comfortable in that sort of climate. And still it cannot be supposed that people brought up in Norway or Iceland would know how to dress themselves to really cold weather for they do not meet cold weather in their own countries, except perhaps a few who live in the higher mountains.

If you want any evidence to show how little Norwegians understand about being comfortable in polar climates take the narratives of their polar expeditions. The best example is Nansen's "Farthest North," a delightful book, full of adventure and illumined by literary charm. By his own telling Nansen must have been extremely uncomfortable in the North and it that is clear it is no less clear that his discomforts lose nothing in the telling. Then turn to Peary whose immediate preparation for his northern work

Continued on Page 48

ON THE JOB

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

AS BILLY CAVERS, better known in police circles as the Swallow, labelled his last beat for the day and ambled in alongside a row of its kind he knew for an absolute certainty that somebody was watching him, from behind.

"Good evening, Jenkins," he spoke pleasantly without turning.

The night-watchman grunted something unintelligible and moved silently on his rounds.

The Swallow straightened up, laughing softly as he rubbed the cramp from his cold fingers. It was not the first time he had caught the furtive Jenkins spying on him. After all, Jenkins was an more suspicious of him than were the others who knew him—and his past. There were perhaps but four people in the world who believed in his desire to run straight: those were Benjamin Stroud, his employer, Crown Attorney Hughes, Judge McDoel and Nellie Nolan, the girl he was soon to marry. Oh yes there was "Sleek" Daniels—pal of days shot behind him, companion of old paths of lawlessness and dangers, pal still and always well of the underworld who had reformed because the Swallow had reformed; good old Sleek who would hold with him to the open or as quickly go down to hell at his bidding. And then, of course there was himself. But is our ever quite sure of one's self?

The Swallow was too optimistic to believe that everybody outside of those loyal few were against him; but he did know that the police were against him. He had earned their enmity by refusing to submit to their tyranny. Milligan, one of their number, had persecuted him; had tried to railroad him into jail. And he had snared the detective in a noose of his own devising.

Milligan was now serving a long term in the prison he had hoped to see the Swallow occupy. Milligan the crafty, the clever, the man whose part had been to give the poor devil who had erred, and who desired to run straight no chance, had for once made a mistake. He had over-rated his own power and underestimated that of his quarry; he had carried his method of criminal graft too far.

Failing to get him by fair means, Milligan gangster and traitor at heart, had planned to get the Swallow by foul. The result was that Milligan had been caught in the trap of his own setting. The Swallow not to be found napping had effectively turned the tables upon the detective, proving him a criminal of lowest order and showing the entire police service of the city to be a graft-polluted fabric more of a menace than a protection.

There had followed, at the instigation of the County Crown-Attorney, a thorough investigation of the police.

CHIEF OOWNEY had been summarily dismissed. Blarney, his first lieutenant, had been reduced to the ranks and the entire force had been voiced a warning sufficient to make each individual member quake in his carefully soled shoes. With one exception. Langtry, whose colossal strength and inability to properly estimate danger had earned for him the appellation of "Battler Jim," had simply laughed when admonished by Downey's successor to henceforth do more tapping with his baton and less with his knuckles when his was the beat of the Wharf-Circle that dimly lighted area of under-world in which low gambling dens thrived and low saloons still sold vile concoctions called whisky. Langtry having learned that a knock on saloon door or darkened window meant good, if tainted, dollars, while one of his baton on the sidewalk invited bullet or knife, had resigned that he read law in the face of his superior and had inwardly cursed him for a yellow coward.

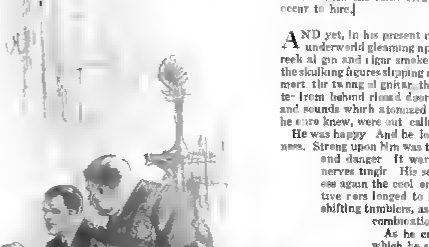
"I'll go my own way, I guess," he had retorted.

"You'll do as I say, Langtry, or get to hell out of here," Timbers, the new chief, leaned-faced, leaned-framed, had snapped. "Hereafter you'll do a little more walking and less loitering with your palm out. See? There have been some unsavory reports sent in from the segregated district about you. Get this Langtry, and get it straight. You're simply on probation here now, the same as several other members of the force. I've been put here to see that this city gets honest and efficient police service and I consider myself man enough for the job. Now I guess that's about all for to-day."

Langtry, his blonde face red, an ugly gleam of impotent malice in his small eyes, had saluted and had retreated muttering to himself.

THE Swallow respected the new chief of police as can a his lights alone respects another of his kind. Timbers was young, clean-minded, fearless. But for the policemen themselves he held the contempt of an animal for the pack who pursues it. He knew them as a cat knows the dogs of its alley and, like the cat, he had always been able thus far to outwit them.

To-night as he hung his cap on its nail and doffed his and coat, he was wondering if he would be able to outwit them always. He was, he knew, a marked man; his gains



Langtry whispered in his ears "Looks black for pretty boy. Even his gal has deserted him."

for them or their henchmen. Langtry had told him to his face that he would make him pay for what he had done to Milligan. Langtry he would watch—Langtry under whose guise of stupidity lay the cunning of a fox, the treachery of a wolf. Not that he feared him either. The Swallow possessed six feet two of steel muscled fighting force, science to use it—and a brain. But Langtry—a true name, he knew was Berlin, and he had made it his business to learn something of the German antecedents. Yes, he would watch Langtry.

As the Swallow went out into the early Winter twilight the brooding shadow left his eyes, the face lifted to the snow-spitting clouds was glad and hopeful. Below him, like a great snake, coiled the grey underworld of the Wharf-Circle through which twice a day, it was necessary for him to pass. Beyond its sordid dreariness, a blue-dark strip of sea gleamed up for an instant like an alien voyager that has strayed from its liner of magnetism then disappointing, hungry shore, nests, mirror and swollen edit and like bleary, sin hardened eyes, lights twinkled up through a twilight which marked the dawn of the underworld in which crimes were committed nightly and low, browed gangsters meshed together drinking, gambling, plotting.

The Swallow knew that in this place lurked dangers and although for him danger had always possessed a certain fascination, he was quite cognizant of the fact that safety to himself lay in perpetual rancun.

Nevertheless as he made his way down the narrow street eyes and brain alert, he was hoping that he would not be lured by a pearl he could not know ruined—a danger born of the exhilaration of supreme happiness. For the Swallow was happy. Had not his little pal-sweetheart, Nellie promised to marry him just as soon as he had prepared a nest? And the bungalow among the shore-beeches had that day been completed.

The Swallow sang to his first dinner, joy possessing a pagan, deep throb in a voice of treachery, that through its stimulating influence he sometimes forget vows—drunkards pledges, gamblers promises.

He would have laughed at the idea of this new treasure which was his, counselling recklessness. That he was too in love with the rosy critical period of his life did not occur to him.

AND yet, in his present mood, the yellow lights of this underworld gleaming up through the long, the heavy reek of gin and cigar smoke drifting from the grog shops, the skulking figures slipping noiselessly along the shadowed, mart, the twang of guitar, the shrill quickly hushed laughter from behind closed doors, the hundred and one scents and sounds which atomized the sordid soul of that world he care knew, were out calling to him, beckoning to him.

He was happy. And he longed to celebrate that happiness. Strong upon him was the old craving for excitement and danger. It warmed his blood and made his nerves tingle. His sensitive fingers craved to caress again the cool, smooth dial of a safe, his sensitive ears longed to hear once more the music of shifting tumblers, as these sure fingers worked the combination.

As he crossed the street to an alley which he sometimes took as a short cut to the upper town, the door of a disreputable saloon was thrown open and a man was hurled forcibly to the pavement. He lay where he had fallen. The Swallow ran forward and raised the injured one to his feet. It was nothing unusual to see some human derelict pitched from one of the low grog dives in the district. It meant that his money was spent or that he had offended one of the "strong-arms." In evidence always at such places.

But the Swallow, gazing into the face of the man, dazed either by liquor or his fall, knew instinctively that he did not belong to the dives who herd in such places as Stettich's. Still this might be but a clever ruse to get him, the Swallow, off guard. He stepped warily back. As he did so, his eye caught the silhouette of a bulky figure against the drawn blind of the saloon window. "Langtry!" he exclaimed beneath his breath.

He turned quickly, his scowling gaze meeting and holding the stupefied amphibrating eyes of the man he had assisted.

"What happened in there?" he asked crisply.

The other shook his head. "I don't quite remember," he answered dully. "I met a policeman and asked to be directed to a good hotel. He took me there."

"They sandbagged you, eh?"

"I guess that's the answer." The man had recovered somewhat, was groping in his pockets.

"Get your wed?"

"Looks like it, anyway, it's gone."

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Come with me." The Swallow grasped the arm of the victim and dragged him into the sheltering darkness of the alley.

"You wait here and don't stir an inch until I get back," he remonstrated. "I'm going after your money."

He drew off his overcoat and threw it over the shivering form. There was something of contempt in the smile on his thin lips as he stepped through a gap in the board fence and left his way cautiously along the rear wall of the saloon, pausing at length beneath a window through the torn blind of which a sickly light was glimmering. His eye glued to the fissure in the blind was sweeping that dim, disorderly room.

Before a rusty safe was kneeling a man of typically Jewish cast of countenance. Close beside him, watching him intently, stood the policeman, Langtry.

Through a lower, glassless section of the window, a wad of rags had been placed probably as a protection against the north wind. These the Swallow deftly removed. He was now able to hear as well as see what was going on inside.

Langtry's voice sullen, bullying, came to him.

"Don't forget, Stettich, that hell that motes hell's gates for me. I'm trusting you with this night business. I could be pulled up on the carpet at headquarters any minute and it wouldn't do to be found in a big wad of green. I couldn't explain. See?"

"God in Heaven!" whined the Jew, "as though I could for one moment forget—I do not swear to me friend Berlin?"

He shrank back trembling before the fury that leaped to the policeman's eyes. "I forget," he gasped. The name slipped from my lips.

LANGTRY, who had drawn his hatchet, slipped it back in its scabbard. "That grew," he growled, "but let this work in Scottish. Any funny work, and your scabby soul goes house-hunting on the jump. You know me. I'm still German Scottish. By God! I get what I want in my own way. And I pay in my own way, too. Remember that."

The Jew cringed and wring his hands. "It shall easy be to do this thing you have planned," he whined. "You may trust me."

"Yes," sneered Langtry, "about as much as I'd trust a snake. You'd double-cross me just as you've double-crossed others. If you weren't a devil-in hell sure I'd get you'd you tried it."

"But—"

Langtry gripped his arm. "That's enough. Now you keep still and listen to me. Here's the plan of action for to-night."

What followed was spoken in tones so low that strive as he would the Swallow could catch but fragments, a word now and then forced by compressed excitement above a whisper— "Ten Thousand dollars." "Express Messenger." "Red Houdon." "At Twelve o'clock." "This place raided at three." "Alibi." "We'll get him." "Watching you." "Stottich." "Fall me, and—"

The dim light in the room went out. A door opened and closed. The Swallow drew back from the window.

"Ten thousand dollars," his stiff lips murmured. "I wonder if you'll get it, Langtry? I wonder?"

He laughed voicelessly, and lithe as a cat swung himself to the narrow ledge of the window. Another moment and he was inside the room. Unerringly, noiselessly he crossed the floor to the door communicating with the inner room and halted it. Then he crept to the old-fashioned safe and knelt before it.

Five minutes later, he was standing before the stranger in the alley. "Here's your money," he said shortly, giving him the package. "Come, I have you safe for so far safe ground."

After what seemed an interminable time to the stranger they came out into a narrow street of the upper town. The Swallow pointed to a cab.

"That will take you straight to the Y," he said, and, ignoring the other's outstretched hand, wheeled and strode away.

It began to snow, soft, starry flakes that gleamed up and disappeared as they touched the pavement. The ochre haze of the street lamps faded to the silvery sheen of star-dust. The waking voice of a night-living city grew muffled and subdued.

The Swallow, oblivious to his surroundings, hailed a taxi. Through him was surging a mad intoxication which he had thought forever extinguished. Fate had forced him to enter again that old fascinating world which he had believed forever behind him. He was like a drunk and who, having fought away from temptation, has been forced to taste of the cup which hurls him backward into the vortex of helplessness.

"Where to?" asked the driver of the taxi.

"Just drive," said the Swallow. "I'll let you know later."

He sank back against the cushion and closed his eyes. Again he heard Langtry's voice speaking close to the ear of the Jew.

"Ten Thousand Dollars."

He laughed and sat erect. What would Sleek Daniels have to say about it? He wondered. Sleek, who, in the good old days, had played with him the dangerous game. He knew what Sleek would say. Trust he can trolled him body and soul. Then there was Hope and Peterson. They, too, would sanction whatever he proposed.

He lifted the speaking tube and gave the driver a number. Twenty minutes later, he alighted from the taxi. "Remain here," he told the chauffeur. "I shan't be long."

The man on the driver's seat nodded.

He proceeded to muffle up and make himself comfortable but just as he got nicely settled away a door opened and his face and a girl with golden hair came out on the porch.

The chauffeur stirred, sat up.

The girl's voice had come to him frightened pleading. "Oh Billy, I'm afraid. You promised me you would never go back."

"Hush, sweetheart!" The driver straining his ears, heard the other's voice in warning. "There's no help for it. Ten thousand. You and I. After this, never again. Remember, dear, do what I've asked you to do. You mustn't see us until. You trust me, Nell?"

"Oh Billy, yes. And I'll stick—"

The driver grinned. "Wonder how the dam fool got in wrong," he murmured and to relieve his feelings started to whistle tunelessly.

He did not so much as glance at his fare when he turned. He simply nodded as the Swallow gave him another number, and threw the gear into high.

At the end of twenty minutes last driving, the car drew up before a house in another section of the city. As before the driver was asked to wait. Half an hour passed. The street was covered with a glittering cloak of Winter's first snow, when the patient chauffeur saw another car swing up to the curb, saw a man alight and go up the steps of the house which his fare had entered. He lit a cigarette and turned the collar of his coat closer as it his ears. It was all the same to him. He would have a nap. Meanwhile, his metre was registering minutes for which somebody would have to pay.

When at length the Swallow returned to the car, he shook the drowsy chauffeur awake and spoke incisively.

"Wedgewood and Harper Streets, son, and step on her tail."

At Harper Street, the swallow alighted, paid the fare aggressively demanded, plus two dollars, without demur and was immediately lost to the crowd.

"Allars," reminded the taxi-driver, as he pocketed the money, "a guy what's been made to walk the plank by his Jane does one of two things. He either pays me too much or don't wanter pay me at all."

THE Swallow, after walking two blocks, turned down a dimly lighted street. This he followed swiftly, and after many intricate twistings and turnings came at length to a dilapidated building which bespoke desolation and emptiness. Glancing quickly about him to make sure that he was not being watched or followed— he slipped into a narrow passage and came out in the rear of the building. The grimy basement window swung back to his touch. Another moment and he was softly ascending the dusty stair of the disused distillery.

At the top of the second flight, he unlocked a door and entered a musty room. He moved soundlessly in the velvety darkness, like one sure of his ground. There was a faint click and the foggy glow of an incandescent lamp showed a rather spacious apartment, with a door opening into another room and windows closely blinded. A small table, two chairs and an old lounge as which the dust lay thick made up the room's furnishings. The place was damp, chill, vault-like.

The Swallow shivered as he seated himself on a broken chair beside the table. His face was flushed. The sight of the familiar objects about him exhilarated and at the same time depressed him. This place had been his den in the days when he was Swallow the dean of cracksmen.

By and by, he arose and crossed to a dark corner of the room. Bending, he lifted a loose board from the floor.

When he returned to the table he held a package wrapped in oiled silk. He unwound the wrappings, revealing a number of tools, which glittered sinisterly in the light: a "Jimmy," a thread like saw, a brown, wrench-like automatic. The pistol he examined closely, filled its clip with steel-nosed cartridges, and slipped it into his hip pocket. The "Jimmy" and other tools he put into other pockets. Then he drew off his overcoat and from a closet brought a heavy sweater and cap.

He was ready now. A city clock boomed nine. He reached up and turned off the light.

Half an hour later he was crouching against the wall of Benjamin Stroud's factory. Save for a faint glimmer in a corner of the lower floor of the building, the place was in blackness. That light, he knew, was in the office. Always a light was left burning there. He wondered if the shade on the glass door had been drawn. He hoped so. If not, he would be obliged to extinguish the light and that would perhaps arouse the suspicions of Jenkins the night-watchman, as he passed on his rounds.

He wondered just where to the building the night watchman was now. As he wondered, a faint star of light blinked for an instant through the southern wing of the factory. Good! Jenkins would not pass along the lower floor for at least half an hour.

He grasped the pipe running along the edge of the wall to the gutter trough beneath the roof, and swung himself on to the ledge of the office window. The coast was empty. He noted with a thrill of satisfaction that the shade on the glass of the inner door was drawn close. So far so good.

The Swallow tried the window. It was locked, as he was sure it would be. With an adroitness that had served him well in the days when he was a cracksman by profession, he forced the window by aid of his "Jimmy," and a second later twisted himself into the room.

As he stepped aside out of the range of the window, his eyes sought its fastening. He hoped he had not broken it. He sighed relevantly as he noted that the catch was merely sprung. He had always been careful of the little things, tell tale trifles which might prove damning evidence against him later. At imminent risk to himself he stepped forward and with a small screw-driver, quickly and firmly fastened the latch and slipped it home in its socket. When he left, it would not be by the window. Neither would there be any tell-tale marks to show that the dean of cracksmen had been on the job. Swiftly, soundlessly he crossed the room to the old safe in the corner, and knelt before it.

For the second time that night his sure, coaxing fingers caressed a knob of smooth steel, while his ear pressed close against the iron walls which held a package of platinum valued at ten thousand dollars listened for the tumblers to shift.

COUNTY CROWN Attorney Hughstis turned from the snow-splattered window as a knock fell on his office door. In the dim light of the winter morning his face looked haggard and worried.

"Sit down, Chief," he invited. "It was good of you to come. Thought we would have a better chance to talk here than at headquarters. Now then," as Timbers threw off his dripping raincoat and seated himself, "is this report I read in the papers this morning true?"

"It's true enough," returned the Chief of Police ruefully. "It's a bad business, Mr. Hughstis, no denying that."

"Tell me about it," Hughstis resumed his seat. "I don't put a great deal of dependence in newspaper reports, as you know."

"Well, sir, for once the reporters seem to have given a pretty true story of the

Continued on page 53

His eyes caught the silhouette of a bulky figure against the drawn blind.

THAT MAN FROM CARSTAIRS

As seen by NICHOLAS NORTH

HENRY WISE WOOD, president of the United Farmers of Alberta, is generally conceded to be the Power Behind—the hidden main spring of the agrarian effort to gain control of politics in Canada. A few days ago the members of the U. F. A. voted unanimously to keep him in the presidency for still another year.

The Farmers' Movement in Canada really dates back to December 18, 1901, when a small group of agriculturists, prominent among whom was W. R. Motherwell afterwards Minister of Agriculture in the Saskatchewan Legislature and now chosen Minister of Agriculture in the new Federal cabinet, met at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, and took the initial step towards the formation of a grain-growers' association. The deliberations of this small company brought into being the nucleus of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association which has now an active membership of somewhere about 3,500. The first attempt on the part of farmers to use organized effort to bring their particular needs before federal authorities was made in 1906, when eight hundred Grain Growers swooped down on Ottawa in a body to demand relief from what they deemed an excessive tariff and other reforms.

So far the farmers had only used their organizations to impress their needs upon existing law makers. It was not until the spring of 1916 that they entered actively into politics. Under the leadership of H. W. Wood, the United Farmers of Alberta made public announcement that they intended to enter the field of politics as a distinct political party. The election of a Progressive government to the Provincial House in Alberta was a direct result and the victorious sweep which the Progressive candidates made in the West during the recent Federal elections was an indirect one.

Wood during all these manifestations of the Farmer's growing power in politics seems to have preferred to be a power behind—a more or less anonymous colonel of campaign catchphrases and slogans. It has been common gossip that T. A. Crerar, Leader of the Progressive party, appropriated Wood's political thunder, adapted what was practical for present-day purposes and thus captured the West in the Federal elections. Perhaps "appropriated" is rather too drastic a word unless its significance is modified with an explanation that Wood was quite willing that Crerar should use such of his ammunition as he thought worth while and gave "T. A." his blessing while he was loading up with it for the party fray.

Wood became a common target for all manner of criticism during the election of last Fall. He was designated by opponents as almost every known form of malefactor from "the world-be Lenin of Canada" down to "that Yankee from Missouri." He was alleged to be the father of a new brand of Bolshevism which he was trying to palm off on Canada through the medium of the Farmers' Movement with stirring up class against class and seeking to "gas" the West with "Yankee ideas" calculated to bring about reciprocity, annexation and a number of other radical things. Some declared he was a wild dreamer—a visionary whose conceptions of methods to dominate competition in industry would cause a financial crisis, bring about endless strife and perhaps end in civil war if they were allowed to go into active effect.

In other terms it was alleged that Wood was conducting a political "blind pig", though he did not himself fully realize it; his group representation platform looked substantial and respectable enough from the outside but beneath it a "home-brew" concoction was being ladled out that had in it a terrible "kick" imported all the way from Russia. It was supposed to be a propagandist vodka, so to speak, that had power to put Canada to sleep while Wood and his henchmen delivered her bound hand and foot to the States.

All these accusations and others quite as heinous have had little smarting power so far as the nerves under the skin of the imperturbable Henry Wise Wood are concerned. When one meets Wood and learns what manner of man he is this attitude of his is quite understandable. He cares little what people opposed to him say about him personally so long as certain pet political plans of his seeking get further publicity. He has a patience that is remarkable and he is quick as light at good-natured repartee.

The story is told that Wood was once introduced to a sarcastic stranger who said with a thinly veiled sneer in his voice: "Oh, you're Wood from Missouri."

"I think you've got the guy mixed slightly," replied Wood. "The Wood from Missouri you're thinking of moved to Carstairs, Alberta."

The stranger started to mumble an apology about a "case of mistaken identity through similarity of names."

"It's all right, my friend," waived Wood. "I'm the Wood from Carstairs."

It happens that Wood took out his naturalization papers as a British subject in 1911 while a resident of Carstairs.

HENRY WISE WOOD
formerly "from Missouri," now from Carstairs; recently re-elected president of the U.F.A.

He makes no secret of the fact that he was born in United States. He will tell you the natal event took place in a rural community of the State of Missouri on the last day of May, 1850. His father was a farmer of English extraction, and his mother was of Scottish descent, both coming of pioneer American stock. Wood received his early education at a rural school and attended college at Canton, Missouri. He migrated to Alberta in 1905 during the big American influx to our West and bought a farm near Carstairs. His three sons are all farmers, one of them living on the homestead with his mother, while the other two operate farms nearby.

He's No Bolshevist

WOOD has always been a voracious reader of everything bearing on social betterment. He claims to be out of sympathy with radical Socialist and Bolshevist doctrines. The Lenin and Tretzsky experiment in Russia was never of any great interest to him, he says, because it was started on an unstable basis and made too sudden a disruption of existing authority. Wood has a dream of a Utopia all his own—a great worldwide permanent peace brought about through the elimination of strife and utter annihilation of Competition by Co-Operation. Civilization, he says, must destroy Competition or be destroyed by it. The agency by which he conceives Co-Operation may be brought to such a state of perfection that it will oust Competition from the commercial and industrial world is the Group System of Representation. The Group System is the burden of all his thoughts and theories. It appeals to him as the only road to a safe and certain Omega of strife and tribulation on this mundane sphere—it is the pathway to golden gates that will eventually open that the race may view with gladdened eyes the spectacle of a new heaven and a new earth.

The organization of groups, he contends, eliminates competition among the units of the individual groups themselves and the whole, in time, must, if the groups are made stable and efficient, resolve itself into one great harmonious group, known otherwise as the coming Brotherhood of Man—the heaven upon earth that the poets and philosophers have pictured for us. The Farmers' Group is but one phase of evolving conditions, which he says will not reach a stable and efficient whole till every human group, no matter how large or small, has been organized on a stable efficient basis.

Whatever virtues Wood may lack, modesty I am bound to say, does not appear to be of the missing. He affects no side whatever and calls himself just a plain everyday farmer who has done considerable thinking relative to the social life and well being of his fellows."

I went up to the modern and elaborately-furnished head offices of the U. F. A. at Calgary to meet the President. In the lobby of the general office a tall man of supple, powerful-looking build with a peaked cap pulled down close over his eyes was shuffling through a number of papers on the counter.

"Is Mr. Wood in?" I asked.

The tall man straightened, looked straight at me with a curious but not unkindly stare and said, "I am Mr. Wood. What can I do for you?"

Wood's voice is unforgettable. It has in it a vibrant, booming quality unlike that of any other person I have met—a sort of ominous rumble like the echo of distant thunder in the mountains. But there is nothing ominous about Wood's personality. He strikes one as kindly, charitable in his intentions and keenly anxious to be of service to his fellows.

Outside of his voice the most remarkable thing about Wood is his eyes. Those eyes—large, slow moving, brown eyes that alternately glow dully in concentration or flash brilliantly while he dictates a "purple thought" in crisp, concise English—betray the dreamer. Wood I would say, would not make a successful poker player; his eyes mirror his emotions too faithfully. When he is thinking deeply he has a habit of hunching up in his chair and giving his peaked cap a sideways twist down over his eyes so though conscious that his thoughts take instant expression there his command of language is exceptionally fluent, he seldom pauses for the right word to express his meaning but dictates in a steady, deliberate stream of phrases like an orator who has so completely trained himself to follow his best instincts for sequence and in extemporaneous expression.

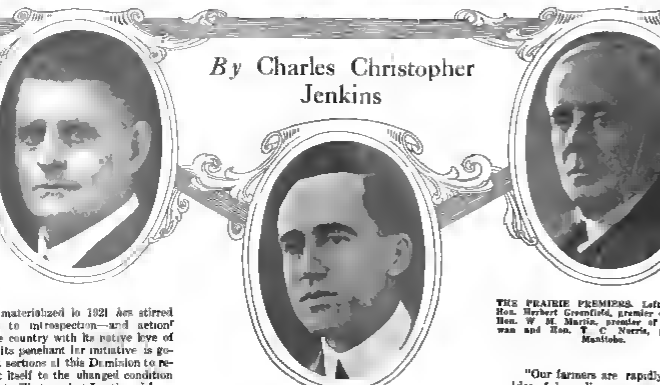
A Really Modest Man

IT STRUCK me Wood is absolutely sincere. I have said that he is modest. During our meeting he talked about the aims and objects of the Farmers' Movement and left himself out of the discussion, though when asked a direct question of a personal nature he invariably made a direct and complete reply without vanity, and with no affectation. "We in Alberta" is the stock phrase he used in substitution for the bristling and self-conscious first personal pronoun "I".

Continued on page 52

THE WEST WON'T STAY DOWN!

By Charles Christopher Jenkins



THE PRAIRIE PREMIERS. Left to right: Hon. Herbert Greenfield, premier of Alberta; Hon. W. M. Martin, premier of Saskatchewan and Hon. T. C. Norris, premier of Manitoba.

ADVERSITY that materialized in 1921 has stirred Western Canada to introspection—and action! The great prairie country with its native love of being up and doing and its penchant for initiative is going to be one of the first sections of this Dominion to reset in a hurry and adapt itself to the changed condition deflation is bringing about. That is what I gathered from the spirit manifested in all portions of the West during my trip from the head of the Lakes to the Rockies and back. The remarkable spirit of co-operation can fested in the statements of various western leaders whose opinions and observations provide the major portion of this article will sure y not escape the reader. Co-operation was the keynote of every address I listened to in the West, of every Western newspaper editorial and of every interview granted me whether it was from the premier of the province the superintendent of a great banking institution the head of a big mercantile or wholesale house, a rancher or a farmer. Each saw the situation from his own particular angle, but there was a remarkable similarity in the views expressed and a tendency in every case to co-operate with the grain-grower in stimulating better times.

Manitoba Premier's Remedies

HON. T. C. NORRIS, Premier of Manitoba thought that for the winter months the most pressing need was work for the unemployed in the larger urban centres, a condition which he believed would right itself in time.

"As for rural conditions," he continued, "if I were asked for the most pressing remedy I would first and foremost advocate improving conditions under which farming is done. Make farming as attractive that our Canadian youth will not be continually leaving the farm for the city. It can be done, and to lay the foundation of success along this line you must *make farming the basic industry of Canada.*

At anyrate farming must be conceded the industry that made this country and continues to maintain it. Our cities depend for their existence on what comes out of the land. And, if it wasn't for the land Winnipeg for instance, would not be worth the powder it would take to blow it up. Four things in particular are essential to elevate farming to the position it ought to occupy, and I would designate them as follows:—

1—Cheaper money for the farmer.
2—Lower freight rates.
3—Lower tariff.
4—Wider markets.

When you speak of the tariff, Mr. Norris," I asked "by how much would you advocate lowering it?

"I would say cut it in half," he replied.

"These are not the only remedies needed in these trying times," he went on. "There is for instance, the solution of our railway problems. We have not nearly reached the limit of expansion in the West. Less than twenty-five per cent. of our arable land is under cultivation. This year the West produced somewhere in the neighborhood of 250,000,000 bushels of wheat.

"In tonnage that crop was big enough to have made this one of the best crop seasons in the history of the country. But passing over that phase of the matter and returning to the first, if we have still more than double the amount of land available for agriculture than we have so far cultivated we should by an aggressive immigration and land settlement policy be able to treble that tonnage. Think what that would mean to transportation alone. That I hold is the real road to the solution of our railway problems."

Premier Norris is aggressively in favor of the natural resources of Western Canada being turned over to the control of the three western Provinces, on the same basis as that on which the older Canadian provinces now control their resources.

Martin Scores Freight Rates

HON. W. M. MARTIN Premier of Saskatchewan, fresh from the long drawn-out controversy with Messrs. Maharg and Langley entered into the discussion of Western conditions and Western needs with vim.

He explained that it was the high cost of producing and marketing the crop, with the heavy drop in prices, which was responsible for the depression not only left in Western Canada but reflected in every trade and industry in the Dominion. From this subject the Premier of Saskatchewan found a ready transition to the freight rate question. He considered freight rates the most vital question to-day that had a bearing on the welfare of Western Canada, and consequently the Dominion as a whole.

"There is more money being taken out of the people of the West to-day by means of excessive freight rates than there is being taken from them by tariff," he declared. "The increases of 1918 and 1920 placed us in a position where the commodity is not able to bear the traffic rates.

"In 1918, before the increases of that year the highest rate on one hundred pounds of grain from the remotest point in Saskatchewan to Fort William was twenty-five cents. The lowest rate to-day is twenty-eight cents. In parts of the province in 1921 it was not considered worth while threshing oats because after the threshing account and the freight bills are paid, there would be nothing left for the producer. Our staple commodity will not bear the rates that are at present in force. I believe that the freight question is to-day a far more important one to Canada as a whole, and Saskatchewan in particular, than the tariff question."

Mixed Farming Salvation

"WE HAVE in the Province of Saskatchewan between ninety-four and ninety-five millions of acres of arable land, less than one-third of which has been brought under cultivation," he reminded me. "We have billions of tons of coal and other natural resources which have not even been explored as yet, to say nothing of development. Ours is a very large province, exceeding in area any European country except Russia. It is more than double the combined area of the British Isles. Climate conditions, as a natural result of Saskatchewan's gigantic proportions vary widely in different sections. But it is an very rare occasions that we have such extremes of climate as prevailed last Summer and Fall, when rust took heavy toll of the crop in the eastern part of the province and drought did considerable damage in the western portion."

"I have been told, Mr. Martin that the farmers who have gone in for mixed farming and dairying have not been hit so hard this year as the ones who have clung to wheat and not growing exclusively," I remarked.

"Our farmers are rapidly getting away from the old idea of depending on a one crop," the premier replied, "and we take a pardonable pride in the showing made by the live stock exhibit from Saskatchewan at the Chicago International the past two years and the Ontario Winter Fair this year at Guelph, Ontario, when the live stock breeders of Saskatchewan captured several international and Dominion championships and this year alone won over one hundred prizes. The development of diversified farming has been very rapid in all Western Canada, and it promises well for the future."

Premier Norris of Manitoba, when I visited the Parliament buildings at Winnipeg a few days previous had predicted that I would find Hon. Mr. Martin of Saskatchewan and Hon. Mr. Greenfield of Alberta in accord with him on the natural resources question. It proved to be a fact.

"I would say emphatically that one of the most vital questions that could be settled permanently in one way only is the return of the natural resources of the prairie provinces to their rightful owners," observed Mr. Martin. "Sooner or later the movement that has been pressed in the province since 1905 for the return of our natural resources, I am convinced will be successful, and Saskatchewan with her sister provinces will be given immediate possession and administration of natural resources and the public domain within her boundaries.

"We have already created a Bureau of Labor," added the Premier, "and one of the important duties of this bureau is to secure all the information possible about the natural resources of the province and their industrial possibilities. Two expeditions have been sent into the northern part of the province and have secured a great deal of important information about the natural resources of our great hinterland."

Blames Some Slow Deflations

HON. HERBERT GREENFIELD, premier of Alberta, was ready to acknowledge that they had problems in that province that called for courage and initiative if they were to pull through to times when prices for farmers' necessities were more on a level with the prices which the farmers received for their products.

"One of the things which is holding back not only the West but the whole of Canada," said Mr. Greenfield "is the tardiness with which readjustment of prices on the part of the manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers is being brought about. The farmer feels that he has been forced to take his loss in the interests of deflation and the manufacturer and middleman should be prepared to take theirs immediately, so that prices for necessities may be lowered to a point in keeping with the reduced prices which the farmer is getting for his products. People in business circles apparently have not realized by how much they must reduce the cost of manufactured goods before the farmer will conclude that they are trying to be fair about assuming their share of the losses attendant upon readjustment. The present cost of building is a striking instance. No doubt you have noted the congestion that prevails in most of our western cities, yet though such one has its quota of unemployed. Little success seems to be attending the efforts made to get house-building under way. There is one prime cause for that—the cost of building is still out of proportion to what people in need of houses can afford to pay for it. Here again high freight rates on materials essential for building purposes help to prolong stagnation in the industrial fields."

Premier Greenfield was more disposed to discuss what was being done in his own province to meet the situation than to suggest remedies for the general situation. "Alberta early in the Fall took systematic steps to meet the situation in our crop failure districts," he pointed out. "A complete survey of conditions was made by Mrs. C. B. Waugen of the Provincial Red Cross and, while under this system each community is expected to take care of its own relief work, the Government guarantees the notes of the municipalities where such backing is needed. In the unorganized districts relief work is taken care of through the Agricultural Department. Last Fall we set aside one hundred thousand dollars to keep the schools in operation in crop failure districts where the school sections were not in a financial position to keep them running out of their own revenues."

One Way Out for Drought Districts

A GREAT deal of the hardship and distress in the crop failure districts Premier Greenfield explained, is due to year after year of drought and the situation as it obtains in such areas is one the Agricultural Department of which Hon. George Hoadley is Minister is looking into and making plans to meet. "It is too early yet to say just what action the Government will take," continued Mr. Greenfield, "but Mr. Hoadley has plans for inducing settlers on certain lands not adapted to wheat-growing to turn their attention to dairying, stock raising and general farming and the Government will render assistance in getting these started. Mr. Hoadley has started an educational campaign to introduce better farming methods, utilizing for one department of this work moving pictures of methods used with success under similar conditions elsewhere. We have our own gasoline making equipment and through the pictures we are taking the best lessons in agriculture and kindred pursuits right to the farm communities where such lessons will be of most benefit.

Regarding the acquisition and control of our natural resources, I would say there may be some difference in the claims set forth by the three western provinces, but Alberta is quite in accord with Manitoba and Saskatchewan that they should be turned over to us. Our province is just now in the midst of a complete survey of its natural resources which we hope will prove a thorough stock-taking of our provincial assets in forests, farms and mines.

"The arable land which we have yet available for settlement should be the strongest argument against any let-up in immigration," argued Mr. Greenfield, "and it seems to me that a more rapid peopling of this huge country is one of the most certain methods of bringing about better times and more business for our railways and the business enterprises of our urban centres.

Would You Move Some Farmers?

"IT MUST not be forgotten that we have still an enormous amount of development to proceed with in this western country. The total acreage of Alberta is 163,362,400 of which 32,810,400 acres is agricultural land. There was under crop this year 11,762,167 acres, while the acreage still available for homestead purposes is no less than 15,000,000. From those figures it may be seen that in this province alone we have less than half of our available agricultural lands settled and under cultivation, not to mention the development work that must be proceeded with in our mineral and forest belts. This latter will not be fully realized till our natural resources survey is completed. We will then also be in a better position to complete our provincial plans for encouraging the type of farming, dairying or stock-raising to which individual sections of the province are best adapted."

"It has been suggested that the farmers living in the crop failure districts where one bad crop after another has occurred for the past four years should be moved out to new territory where they would have a chance to make good," I remarked. "Is there a possibility of such action being taken by this Government or of its being suggested to the Federal Government?" I asked.

"That would be a tremendous undertaking for even the Dominion to undertake," replied Premier Greenfield. "Irrigation is more likely to be attempted where it can be carried out with success, and every assistance in the power will be given by the Government to encourage farmers to go in for mixed farming and dairying where their lands are more adapted to that sort of thing than wheat-growing."

IN CONNECTION with the suggestion mentioned above the head of a big mercantile institution and a bank manager who had studied the situation in the crop failure districts for some years had previously told me that about the only practical remedy for conditions in the crop failure districts would be to move the farmers away from those sections to others where they would have some chance to make good. There are two problems to be met in any such movement. The tremendous expense involved, as mentioned by Premier Greenfield and the difficulty that would likely be encountered in persuading some of the very settlers who have suffered that they should move. Many of them have investments in buildings alone that it would take more than ten to twelve thousand dollars to replace. What if they should up and move just at a time when a series of prosperous years should set in? Things like that have happened in the West before. At one time a movement was on foot to raise subscriptions to help settlers to move away from Indian Head, Saskatchewan because of like crop failure conditions and discouragement of the farmers. Bountiful harvests which followed in that very section settled the question and Indian Head made a record as a wheat producing area. The vagaries of climatic conditions in certain parts of the West are such that no man can predict what coming seasons will bring forth. It is significant, however, that the cattle men, when they were being pushed off the ranges in south western Alberta by incoming settlers, declared that "the Lord never meant that grass country to be turn up with a plow." In their experience they had witnessed periods when year succeeded year with scarcely any rainfall, and when the grass was gone they contended the drought periods would blow the cultivated soil into drifting dust. And that is exactly what has happened in scattered sections of Saskatchewan and Alberta. Whether or not such portions of the prairies as may be deserted by the farmers can be reclaimed for pasturage by ranchers and dairymen is another problem that remains to be solved.

AGRICULTURAL MINISTERS of the West. Upper picture: Hon. C. M. Hamilton, Saskatchewan; Centre: Hon. G. H. Malcolm, Manitoba. Lower: Hon. George Hoadley, Alberta.

THE farmers of the West who have come through the past season with fair crops and small profits are not pessimistic about the outlook but they all seem to agree that the average grain-grower is facing unusual conditions that his creditors must help him to meet by maintaining a sort of organized patience—otherwise there might be a crisis. Hereafter are reproduced compositions prepared by various Westerners representative of their particular industries and professions.

"Our creditors must come to some mutual agreement or we do too hard for what we owe," said a prairie grain-grower. "We feel that if undue pressure is put on us by those to whom we are indebted many of us will be driven out of business. If our creditor insists we demand his pound of flesh the others will take steps to protect themselves. If one judgment is given against a farmer others will follow until the farmer will be completely swamped with pressing liabilities and give up in despair. Even a good crop next year may only aggravate the situation if the creditors of the farmers attempt to collect all arrears. A great deal of discretion in making collections will have to be used for some years to come. If given a chance the grain growers will make good if they are pressed for payment they will be wiped out. The implement firms have shown great discretion so far in this regard. They have shown a disposition to be lenient and I believe the banks are likewise showing the right spirit for these trying times.

"On the other hand, the problem of finding measures for temporary alleviation of conditions can only be solved by a re-establishment of a reasonable parity of values between cost of grain production along with the things the farmer has to buy and the price which he receives from the sale of his products. Principal among the costs which must be reduced if the farmer is to make ends meet on present prices of grain are those of farm labor, threshing, freight, implements, lumber and clothing."

So far as the live stock men are concerned their problems are about on a par with the farmers' and the solution of them is outlined on a similar basis by live stock men.

The head of a large loan and mortgage association expressed satisfaction that the idea of seeking a general moratorium had not met with approval from wiser counsels among the farmers and stock men.

"So far as the interests of the mortgage companies are concerned," he related, "their investments must run into a good average of a hundred million dollars in each of the three provinces—perhaps more. No organization or combination of companies having that value of investment on the prairies is going to jeopardize its own welfare by attempting drastic measures with its debtors. The mortgage companies will as a matter of fact, extend every possible consideration to every borrower who, by reasons of conditions that exist is not able to meet his obligations this year. The mortgage companies are not asking for payment in full of their liabilities; they are asking for a payment of interest only. Each case, however, must be dealt with on its individual merits. We have found that there are many who could pay and made no attempt to do so. Into all such cases we are making a strict investigation.

"How can we find a solution? I would say that we should not be stampeded by conditions of this year or by a condition of depression any more than we have been made unduly optimistic by periods of undue prosperity. These conditions will pass, but we must make up our minds to lose a period in which the farmer will not receive high prices for his products. That being so the only solution comes from the other end—a reduction in the cost of production. This year the farmer has had to pay practically war prices for production. These prices must come down and an adjustment must be made to find some mark between the cost of production and the price the purchaser can pay. From twenty to forty and even fifty per cent. of his total receipts is the cost of getting grain from farm to market. Our freight rates must come down.

"Conditions to-day call for sympathetic consideration of the financial interests implement companies and all others concerned. So far as the mortgage companies are concerned their only desire is to promote such conditions as will encourage our farmers to remain on the land."

Banking System a Sheet Anchor

THE heads of the more important implement organizations expressed views identical with those of the loan and mortgage executive just quoted. They are ready to co-operate with the grain growers in solving their problems.

"If a farmer is a home-builder in Western Canada not a mere speculator, land-hog or long-distance grain grower who wants to run a garage in town while someone else looks after his section or half-section the financial interests of Canada are going to see him safely through these

Continued on page 41

"You are a fool. A dam' fool," continued Uncle Donald

MOSTLY SALLY

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

THERE is in certain men—and Bruce Carmyle was one of them—a quality of resilience, a sturdy refusal to acknowledge defeat which coils them so effectively in the villains of the heart, so to encounters of a starrier and more practical kind. As a lesser Bruce Carmyle resembled that durable type of pugilist who can give of his best only after he has received at least one substantial wallop on some tender spot. Although Sally had refused his offer of marriage quite definitely at Monk's Crofton, it had never occurred to him to consider the episode closed. All his life he had been accustomed to getting what he wanted, and he meant to get it now.

He was quite sure that he wanted Sally. There had been moments when he had been conscious of certain doubts, but in the smart of temporary defeat these had vanished. That streak of Bohemianism in her which from time to time since their first meeting had jarred upon his orderly mind was forgotten, and all that Mr Carmyle could remember was the brightness of her eyes, the jaunty tilt of her chin, and the gallant trimness of her. Her gay prettiness seemed to flash at him like a ship in the darkness of wakeful nights, leading him to pursuit. And quietly and scientifically, like a respectable well settling an the trail of a Red Riding Hood, he prepared to pursue. Delicacy and imagination might have kept him back but in these qualities he had never been strong. One cannot have everything.

His preparations for departure, though he did his best to make them swiftly and secretly, did not escape the active of the Family. In many English families there seems to exist a system of inter-communication and news distribution like that of those savage tribes in Africa who pass the latest item of interest from point to point over miles of intervening jungle by some telepathic method never properly explained. On his last night in London as he stooped to place the final collar in the last suit case there entered to Bruce Carmyle at his apartment in South Audley Street, the Family's chosen representative, the man to whom the Family pointed with pride—Uncle Donald in the flesh.

There were two hundred and forty pounds of the flesh Uncle Donald was in and the chair in which he deposited it creaked beneath its burden. Once, at Monk's Crofton, Sally had spoiled a whole morning for her brother Fillmore by indicating Uncle Donald as the exact image of what he would be when he grew up. A superstition cherished from early school days, that he had a weak heart, had caused the Family's managing director to abstain from every form of exercise for nearly fifty years, and as he combined with a distaste for exercise one of the three heartiest appetites in the south-western postal division of London, Uncle Donald at sixty two was not a man one would willingly have lounging in one's armchairs. Bruce Carmyle's customary respectfulness was tinged with something approaching dislike as he looked at him.

UNCLE DONALD'S walrus moustache heaved gently upon his labored breath like seaweed on a ground swell. "There had been stairs to climb. 'What's this? Whatto this?' he contrived to ejaculate at last. "You packing?"

"Yes," said Mr Carmyle shortly. For the first time in his life he was conscious of that sensation of hurt we guilt which was habitual with his cousin Ginger when in the presence of this large mackerel-eyed man.

"You going away?"

"Yes."

"Where you going?"

"America."

"When you going?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Why you going?"

This dialogue has been set down as though it had been as brisk and snappy as any cross talk between vaudeville comedians. But in reality Uncle Donald's peculiar methods of conversation had stretched it out over a period of nearly three minutes, for after each reply and before each question he had pulled and sighed and inhaled his moustache with such painful deliberation that his companion's nerves were finding it difficult to bear up under the strain.

"You're going after that girl," said Uncle Donald ponderously.

Bruce Carmyle flushed darkly. And it is interesting to record that at this moment there flitted through his mind the thought that Ginger's behavior at Eldon's College House on a certain notable occasion had not been so utterly inexcusable as he had supposed. There was no doubt that the Family's Chosen One could be trying.

"Will you have a whisky and soda, Uncle Donald?" he said by way of changing the conversation.

"Yes," said his relative in pursuance of a vow he had made in the early eighties, never to refuse an offer of this kind. "Gimme."

You would have thought that that would have put matters on a pleasanter footing. But no. Having lapped up the restorative Uncle Donald returned to the attack quite unsoftened. "Never thought you were a fool before," he said severely.

Bruce Carmyle's proud spirit chafed. This sort of interview, which had become a commonplace with his cousin Ginger, was new to him. If there were actions had neither courted criticism nor been subjected to it.

"I'm not a fool."

"You are a fool. A dam' fool," continued Uncle Donald specifying more exactly. "Don't like the girl. Never did. Not a nice girl. Didn't like her. Right from the first."

"Need we discuss this?" said Bruce Carmyle dropping, as he was too apt to do, into the grand manner.

THE Head of the Family drank in a layer of moustache and blew it out again. "Need we discuss it?" he said with asperity. "We're going to discuss it! Whatch think I climbed all these blasted stairs for with my weak heart? Gimme another!"

Mr Carmyle gave him another. "S a bad business," reasoned Uncle Donald having gone through the movements once more. "Shocking bad business. If your poor father were alive whatch think he'd say to your tearing across the world after this girl? I'll tell you what he'd say. He'd say—what kind of whisky is this?"

"O'Rafferty Special."

"New to me. Not bad. Quite good. Sound. Mellow. Where's get it?"

"Bilby's in Oxford Street."

"Must order some. Mellow. He'd say—well, God knows *what* he'd say. Whatch doing it for? That's what I can't see. None of as can see. Puzzles your uncle George. Baffles your aunt Geraldine. Nobody can understand it. Girl's simply after your money. Anyone can see that."

"Pardon me, Uncle Donald," said Mr Carmyle stiffly, "but that is surely rather absurd. If that were the case, why should she have refused me at Monk's Crofton?"

"Drawing you on," said Uncle Donald promptly. "Luring you on. Well known trick. Girl in 1881 when I was at Oxford tried to lure me on. If I hadn't had some sense and a weak heart—Whatch know of this girl? Whatch *know* of her? That's the point. Who *is* she? Where's meet her?"

"I met her at Roville, in France."

"Traveling with her family?"

"Traveling alone," said Bruce Carmyle reluctantly.

"Not even with that brother of hers? End!" said Uncle Donald. "Bad, bad!"

"American girls are accustomed to more independence than English girls."

"That young man," said Uncle Donald, pursuing a train of thought, "is going to be *fat* one of these days if he doesn't look out. Traveling alone, was she? What did you do? Catch her eye on the pier?"

"Really, Uncle Donald!"

"Well, must have got to know her somehow."

"I was introduced to her by Lancelot. She was a friend of his."

Lancelot! exclaimed Uncle Donald, quivering all over like a smitten jelly at the loathed name. "Well that shows you what sort of a girl she is. Any girl that would be a friend of—Upeek!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Upeek! Mustn't go on with this foolery. Out of the question. Find some girl make you a good wife. Your aunt Mary's been meeting some people name of Bassington-Bassington, related Kent Bassington Bassington's. Eldest daughter charming girl, just do for you."

> WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR—*Sally Nicholas engaged to Gerald Foster, playwright, falls heir to a fortune on her twenty-first birthday. Abroad she meets an English youth named Lancelot (Ginger) Kemp and his cousin Bruce Carmyle who follow her back to New York when she returns to see Gerald's play get its first run at Detroit. Meeting Sally is so pleased with the inefficient manner in which the show is being managed she buys it out and makes her brother Fillmore manager. She finds Ginger hiding at her boarding-house—broke—and gets him a job as assistant in Fillmore. Meanwhile Bruce Carmyle enters Fillmore's partnership in a gigantic move made to Sally's alarm. Ginger returns to town unwillingly. Sally tells that he met an old school mate in Chicago named Foster who was married just before he left the Windy City. Foster brings none other than Sally's fiancé, the playwright. Sally suddenly leaves for England, and Ginger receives letters from her at root intervals.*
>
> *Sally returns to find Fillmore at a sporting club and Ginger squaring partner for a pugilist. During a workout bout Ginger gives the pugilist a couple of real punks and pays the penalty for his folly. Sally rids Ginger up in business.*

OUTSIDE the pages of the more old-fashioned type of fiction nobody ever really ground his teeth but Bruce Carmyle came nearer to it at that moment than anyone had ever come before. He scowled blackly, and the last trace of sunnity left him. "I shall do nothing of the kind," he said briefly. "I sail to-morrow."

Uncle Donald had had a previous experience of being defied by a nephew but it had not accustomed him to the sensation. He was aware of an unpleasant feeling of impotence. Nothing is harder than to know what to do next when defied. "Eh!" he said.

Mr Carmyle, having started to defy, had evidently decided to make a good job of it. "I am over twenty-one," he said. "I am financially independent. I shall do as I please."

"But consider!" pleaded Uncle Donald, painfully conscious of the weakness of his words. "Reflect!"

"I have reflected."

"Your position in the county."

"I've thought of that."

"You could marry anyone you pleased."

"I'm going to."

"You are determined to go running all to God-knows-where after this Miss I-can't-even-remember-her-dam' name?"

"Yes."

"Have you considered," said Uncle Donald portentously, "that you owe a duty to the Family?"

Bruce Carmyle's patience snapped and he sank like a stone to absolutely Gingerian depths of plum-spokenness. "Oh, damn the Family!" he cried.

There was a painful silence, broken only by the relieved sigh of the armchair as Uncle Donald heaved himself out of it. "After that," said Uncle Donald, "I have nothing more to say."

"Good," said Mr Carmyle rudely, lest to all shame. "Cept this. If you come back married to that girl, I'll cut you in Piccadilly. By George I will!"

He moved to the door. Bruce Carmyle looked down his nose without speaking. A tense moment.

"What," asked Uncle Donald, his fingers on the handle, "did you say it was called?"

"What was what called?"

"That whisky."

"O'Rafferty Special."

"And where get it?"

"Bilby's, in Oxford Street."

"I'll make a note of it," said Uncle Donald.

AND after all I've done for her," said Mr Reginald Cracknell his voice tremulous with self-pity and his eyes moist with the combined effects of anguish and over-indulgence in his celebrated private stock—"after all I've done for her she throws me down."

Sally did not reply. The orchestra of the Flower Garden was of a caliber that discouraged vocal competition, and she was having moreover, too much difficulty in adjusting her feet to Mr Cracknell's erratic dance steps to employ her attention elsewhere. They maneuvered jerkily past the table where Miss Mabel Hobson, the Flower Garden's newest "hostess," sat watching the revels with a distant hauteur. Miss Hobson was looking her most regal in old gold and black, and a sorrowful gulp cramped the stricken Mr Cracknell as he shambled beneath her eye.

"If I told you," he moaned in Sally's ear, "what was that your uncle? Sorry! Don't know what I'm doing to-night. If I told you what I had against me that woman you wouldn't believe it. And then she threw me down. And all because I said I didn't like her in that hat. She hasn't spoken to me for a week and won't answer when I call up on the phone. And I was right too. It was a rotten hat. Didn't suit her a bit. But that," said Mr Cracknell morosely, "is a woman all over."

Sally uttered a stifled exclamation as his wandering foot descended on here before she could get it out of the way. Mr Cracknell interpreted the ejaculation as a protest against the sweeping harshness of his last remark, and gallantly tried to make amends.

"I don't mean you're like that," he said. "You're different. I could see that directly I saw you. You have a sympathetic nature. That's why I'm telling you all this. You're a sensible broad-minded girl, and can understand. I've done everything for that woman. I got her this job as hostess here—you wouldn't believe what they pay her. I starred her in a show once. Did you see those pearls she was wearing? I gave her those. And he won't speak to me. Just because I didn't like her hat. I wish you could have seen that hat. You would have agreed with me. I know he sense you're a sensible broad-minded girl, and understand hats. I don't know what to do. I come here every night."

Sally was aware of this. She had seen him often but this was the first time that Lee Schenstein, the gentlemanly master of ceremonies, had inflicted him on her.

"I come here every night and dance past her table, but she won't look at me. What," asked Mr Cracknell, tears welling in his pale eyes, "would you do about it?"

"I don't know," said Sally frankly.

"Not do I. I thought you wouldn't—because you're a sensible broad-minded—I mean nor do I. I'm having one last try to-night. If you can keep a secret. You won't tell anyone will you?" pleaded Mr Cracknell urgently.

"But I know you won't, because you're a sensible—I'm giving her a little present. Having it brought here to-night. Little present. That ought to soften her, don't you think?"

A big one would do it better.

Mr Cracknell kicked her on the shin in a dismayed sort of way.

"I never thought of that. Perhaps you're right. But it's too late now. Still, it might. Or wouldn't it? Which do you think?"

"Yes," said Sally.

"I thought so much," said Mr Cracknell.

THE orchestra stopped with a thump and a bang. Leaving Mr Cracknell slipping feebly in the middle of the floor, Sally skipped back to her table. Her late partner after an uncertain glance about him as if he had mislaid something but could not remember what, sagged off in search of his own seat. The noise of many conversations, drowned by the music, broke out with renewed vigor. The hat close on was full of voices and Sally, pressing her hands on her closed eyes, was reminded once more that she had a headache.

Nearly a month had passed since her return to Mr Abrahams's employment. It had been a dull, lean month, a monotonous succession of lifeless days during which life had become a bad dream. In some strange nightmare fashion she seemed now—sadays to be out off from her kind. It was weeks since she had seen a familiar face. None of the companions of her old boarding-house days had crossed her path. Filmore no doubt, from uneasiness of conscience, had not sought her out, and Ginger was working out his destiny on the south shore of Long Island.

She lowered her hands and opened her eyes and looked at the room. It was crowded, as always. The Flower Garden was one of the many establishments of the same kind which had sworn to popularity on the rising flood of New York's dancing craze and doubtless because as its proprietor had claimed it had continued unlike many of its rivals, to enjoy an varying prosperity. In its advertisements it described itself as a supper club for after theatre dining and dancing, adding that large, spacious and sumptuously appointed it was one of the town's wonder places with its incomparable dance floor, enchanting music, cuisine and service de luxe. From which it may be gathered even without his personal statements to that effect, that Isadore Abrahams thought well of the place.

The master of Monk's Crofton had placed his hand on her.

THERE had been a time when Sally had liked it too. In her first period of employment there she had found it diverting, stimulating and full of entertainment.

But in those days she had never had headaches or anything worse, this dreadful listless depression which weighed her down and made her nightly work a burden.

"Miss Nicholas."

The orchestra, never silent for long at the Flower Garden, had started again and Lee Schenstein, the master of ceremonies, was presenting a new partner. She got up mechanically.

"This is the first time I been in this place," said the man as they bumped over the crowded floor. He was big and clumsy, of course. To-night it seemed to Sally that the whole world was big and clumsy. "It's a swell place. I come from up-State myself. We get nothing like this where I come from." He cleared a space before him using Sally as a battering ram and Sally, though she had not enjoyed her recent excursion with Mr Cracknell, now began to look back to it almost with wistfulness. This man was undoubtedly the worst dancer in America.

"Give me I'd old New York," said the man from up-State unpatriotically. "It's good enough for me. I been to some swell shows since I got to town. You seen this year Follies?"

"No."

"You go," said the man earnestly. "You go! Take it from me, it's a swell show. You seen Myrtle Takes a Turkish Bath?"

"I don't go to many theatres."

"You go! It's a scream. I been to a show every night since I got here. Every night regular. Swell shows, all of 'em except this last one. I can't say pinched a lemon to night all right. I was taking a chance, yes, because it was an opening. Thought it would be something to say, when I get home that I'd been to a New York opening. Set me back two-seventy-five including tax, and I wish I'd got it right in my kick now. The Wild Rose," they called it, he said satirically, as if exposing a low subterfuge on the part of the management. "The Wild Rose! It sure made me wild all right. Two dollars seventy-five tossed away, just like that."

Something stirred in Sally's memory. Why did that title seem so familiar? When with a shock, she remembered. It was Gerald's new play. For some time after her return to New York she had been haunted by the fear lest, coming out of her apartment, she might meet him coming out of his and then she had seen a paragraph in her morning paper which had relieved her of this apprehension. Gerald was out on the road with a new play, and "The Wild Rose" she was almost sure was the name of it.

"Is that Gerald Foster's play?" she asked quickly.

"I don't know who wrote it," said her partner, "but let me tell you he's one lucky guy to get away alive. There's fellows breaking stones on the Ossining road that's done a lot less to deserve a sentence. Wild Rose! I'll tell the world it made me good and wild," said the man from up-State, an economical soul who disliked waste and was accustomed to spread out his humorous efforts so as to give them every chance. "Why before the second act was over the people were heating it for the exits and if it hadn't been for some one shouting 'Women and children first' there'd have been a panic."

Sally found herself back at her table.

"Miss Nicholas."

She started to rise, and was aware suddenly that this was not the voice of duty calling once more through the

Continued on page 44

Lee Sheenstein, the master of ceremonies, was presenting a new partner

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Lloyd George's Courage Wins

This Characteristic and Formidable Modesty Account for Premier's Success

P. W. WILSON

LLOYD GEORGE may seem like a 'Jonah' to the Independent Liberals of England, but he is worth more to the ship than all the rest of the crew, according to P. W. Wilson who contributes an interesting and intimate character sketch of the British premier to *World's Work*. His remarkable personal and political courage and his formidable modesty are two of Lloyd George's most outstanding characteristics says Mr Wilson. He writes, in part

At the heart of Lloyd George is an one word courage. It is his courage that explains everything.

'It does not mean that he is right—it does not mean that he is wrong—it does mean that he is unafraid. Albeit he only scrambled into Parliament by the skin of his teeth. His majority in Carnarvon Boroughs, his constituency, was merely a score or two of votes. To lose that seat might have meant permanent political extinction. Certainly it would have meant extinction for the time being. With Joseph Chamberlain at the height of his power as Goliath young David faced the battle, was all but murdered at Birmingham and all but obliterated everywhere else. It meant courage.

'As a Cabinet Minister it was courage that he displayed. In 1905 he took office. We spent the Session of 1906 over an Education Bill which the peers threw out. The party whips would not hear of an appeal to the country, meaning an early election. Many members would lose their seats and the great majority won by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would be reduced. Lloyd George wanted there and then to lose the issue.

'Majorities he would say to us. They are not political capital—meant to be invested in things worth doing. At that time he was however only a subordinate. The old gang won the day and the conflict with the Lords was postponed. When it came over the Budget Mr Lloyd George—rendered almost voiceless with strain and exhaustion of nerves—was the radium within the Liberal Party. His influence lay in this—that win or lose he never lowered or shrank from meeting public opinion. Criticised in the commons he answers 'Move your vote of censure' and on the straight vote he wins.

'It was the courage in Chamberlain in Campbell-Bannerman in Clemenceau in Foch in Winston Churchill that Lloyd George admired. Often he would tell us of the great scene in the Cabinet when alone of senior Ministers Campbell Bannerman insisted that full liberty be granted to South Africa. And then he who stands up to him and takes punishment with a brave face Lloyd George respects.

'Next to his courage the success of the man is due to his force full mode of. Of all the imperfections of statesmen the most latent in its effects is pseudo-tact. Among the living illustrations are frequent and well known that it would be cruel to enumerate them. Mr Lloyd George has avoided egotism of language and demeanor as he would avoid a plague.

'Place before him a pile of State papers and he will become restive. Officials must look through those. But give him a man to talk with and he will read his mind as he reads a monthly magazine. This means that on the psychology of nations he is seldom wrong. If he understands Ireland, it is because in those long nights at the National Liberal Club when he would sit up with T. P. O'Connor and Tim Healy until the lamps were turned out and the only lighter that illuminated the groups of gossips came from a little bundle of matches on the table about which they sat a bonfire replenished with matches from other tables in the room until all were exhausted, and in darkness the friends broke their comradeship and went to bed.

'This delight in conversation is Lloyd George's strength and his weakness. At times, I think, he has been much misled over the United States. Somebody comes to this country, reads the Hearst Press, hurries back to London, breakfasts at Downing Street and leaves the impression that the real America is hostile to Britain. One or two incidents over here, thus reported to one who loves an anecdote, leave a mark on his imagination of far greater permanence than their intrinsic importance would justify. At any given moment there are illusions in Mr Lloyd George's mind on one topic or another which are sometimes dispelled by persuasion and at other times only dispelled by experience. A certain crisis in his career he was almost ruined by his reckless taste for small talk. Looking back ten years one can appreciate the malicious exaggerations of the attacks on him over his flotter as it was called in American Memoirs. The ridiculous triviality of the affair is now apparent.

"At that period it is undeniable that Lloyd George displayed all the gay camaraderie of a hogard and a bohemian. He saw in England the terrible contrast between rich and poor. He wanted the poor to be helped and the rich to pay for it. When Lord Robert Cecil accused him of robbing the Welsh Church he chuckled scornfully across the floor of the House and dangerously rolling his letter. He ridiculed the noble lord, who comes to us with his fingers dripping with the fat of sacrilege—which reference to the plunderings of the monasteries by the Cecils rang through the country.

His personal modesty has had this interesting result. He has never cared what office he holds provided that he can get things done.

'To-day the Independent Liberals themselves want a reconciliation with the renegade 'Jonah,' said one of them to me the other day—Jonah is worth to us more than all the crew in our ship! And I imagine that despite his humility Jonah in his heart of hearts would agree that there is much to be said for this point of view.

Lenin Turns to Capitalism

Russian Leader Seeks Aid of "Capitalist Gentlemen"

NICOLAI LENIN

THE HEAD of Russian Soviet Government after having his fling at trying out communist theories on a great nation has made some vast discessions principal among which is the fact that communism in theory and communism in actual practice are two very different matters. Lenin in his recent speech to the Congress of Communist of Political Education dealt in an exceeding frank way with changes made in the Soviet Government's policy. Below are extracts from that speech as it was reproduced in *L'Europe Nouvelle*:—

"At the beginning of 1918 we calculated that within a certain time peaceful construction would be possible. When the peace of Brest-Litovsk was concluded we thought that the danger was averted. We were mistaken. In the year 1918 we had to face, in addition to the war, the Czecho-Slovak rising and the beginning of the civil war which lasted until 1920. Partly influenced by these events and the desperate position of the republic, influenced by these events and others by others of which I have no time to speak, we made a mistake, we resolved to carry out immediately the transition to communist production and distribution. We thought that the peasants would deliver bread to us by means of the system of requisition, that bread would then be distributed to the factories and workshops and thus we should bring about the profound economic and political crisis which broke out in the spring of 1921. From the point of view of our political policy that was a serious defeat and a retreat, and we cannot say, as in the case of the Red Army, that it was a retreat in perfect order to positions prepared in advance.

The new economic policy, in other words the substitution of the tax in kind for requisitions marks the transition to the re-establishment of a certain measure of capitalism. How great a measure we do not know. The concessions to foreign capitalists—very few of which have been agreed upon, it is true, in comparison with the number of offers which we have made—the leases granted to private capitalists, are nothing but the direct restoration of capitalism, and that is a radical part of our new economic policy.

"It is certainly beyond dispute that, in spite of the terrible scourge of the famine the standard of life of the people has improved just because of the change in our economic policy. On the other hand, if capitalism makes profits, industrial production will develop, and with it the proletariat will also develop. The capitalists will gain by our policy and will create the industrial proletariat which, through the war and economic ruin has lost its class character in our country and ceased to exist as a proletariat. By proletariat we actually mean that class which is engaged in the production of material values in large capitalist undertakings. As large capitalist industry has been destroyed, as factories and workshops have come to a standstill, therefore the proletariat has vanished. If capitalism is restored we shall see the proletariat restored with it, engaged in producing material values. Will the power of the proletariat prove capable, with the support of the peasants, of keeping the capitalist gentlemen under control, so as to guide capitalism with the idea of the State and create a capitalism subject to the State and willing to serve it?'

ARTICLES IN THIS DEPARTMENT

Lloyd George's Courage Wins	*P. W. Wilson*	32
Lenin Turns to Capitalism	*Nicolai Lenin*	32
Four Men Squander—One Saves	*Lord Beaverbrook*	33
Mexico Rapidly Regenerating	*Dr. E. J. Dillon*	33
Kitchener Was Not Betrayed	*Capt. Alfred C. Dewar, R.N.*	33
Still Stolidly Indifferent	*Sir Philip Gibbs*	33
Why Has Crime Grown?	*James M. Beck*	34
Is Our Insomnia Real?	*Manchester Guardian*	35
Is Race Mixture Inevitable?	*Charles Franklin Thwing*	36
Definitions Bewilder Pupils	*Alexander Hosowski*	36
Bryan-Lansing Blunder	*Burton J. Hendrick*	37
Prejudice Retards Women	*London Daily Mail*	38
The Ten Million Dead	*Charles Tirthmore*	38
Edison Updates Questionnaire	*Thomas A. Edison*	38
The Bee Sets Its Pace	*Frank H. Madson*	40

Four Men Squander—One Saves

Bad Times Really Prove Profitable Eras for "Him That Hath"

LORD BEAVERBROOK

THE habit of saving money is one of the most difficult for man to acquire, writes Lord Beaverbrook in *The Sunday Express* of London, Eng. Man who save, he adds, are the rulers of the world and the only men who plan to disperse their ruinship with them are those whose ancestors have saved for them. Lord Beaverbrook's calculation is that it is only one man in five who saves and from that number one must deduct the economists of those who save, not for the purpose of re-investment or increasing their capital, but as a matter of precaution and fear. They dread illness calamity and death and their saving is not that progressive saving which makes capital.

One type of man who save progressively he has noted, work continually with no thought of overtime. As long as there remains anything to be done they are ready to do it. They realize the rapidity by which a period of boom succeeds a period of depression and thus make their harvest out of both conditions.

The opposite type is easy to describe. He is the man who is fond of declaring that the world owes him a living. He is a parasite on society not even as useful as the worm for the worm at least performs a necessary function. He is wrong! It is not the world which owes him anything, on the contrary, he is indebted to human society for the price of his existence. If he labors at all it is for less hours a day in good times because work is at a premium of price, and for less hours a day in bad times because industry can supply no longer hours.

Of course there is an intermediate type who does not save just because he lacks the intention or because he has not got the chance.

'But we must return to the first class—the maker of money and material wealth who reverses the process practised by the waster. While a boom in on he will work double time to make all he can for during this period of inflation money is easy to get. Out of this abundance he will put his money by. He can do this in two ways—either by investment or by the actual saving of cash.

'In either case he can afford to view the subsequent period of depression with equanimity if he has exercised ordinary business caution. It is true that during depression the earning capacity of his investments will be lessened. But this reduction of income is a passing phase. The actual value of the capital remains the same and will recover its earning capacity in due course.

'In the second case, if the saving man has put his money by in the form of cash, he reward will accrue as soon as the boom ceases. When depression comes all that he has accumulated will be enhanced in value. A practical instance is not hard to find. The sovereign in 1919-1920 was worth far less in buying power than it is to-day. Depression has cheapened prices. The man who saved during the boom profiteers fixed these savings have greatly increased in buying power.

Further at the moment when the tide turns from depression to the upward movement is the great opportunity for the profitable employment of capital. The period of opportunity is the slack-water of commerce and industry. It is at that moment that the man who has saved will find remunerative employment for his capital. Those who work and save may profit, therefore both by bad and good times.'

Mexico Rapidly Regenerating

President Obregon Is Evidently Producing Order Out of Chaos

DR. E. J. DILLON

IN MARCH 1920 the writer of this article in the *Contemporary Review* was first in Mexico and he describes conditions there, telling how soldiers had to escort all trains lest brigands should blow up the carriages and kill, take or hold to ransom the passengers. The people were groaning down by crushing exactions, terrorised by rebels and in perpetual dread of what the morrow might bring. He then goes on to say:—

'Since May 1920 a complete transformation has been undergone by the country and it is interesting to note the people's mental reactions with the pure and exhilarating atmosphere created by the new regime. I had observed the beneficent change everywhere, among all classes and in all walks of life. I accompanied General Obregon on his various journeys. Our trains were not escorted by soldiers, we generally travelled in second class carriages mingled with the people listened to what they had to say, observed their demeanor towards the new authorities, and learned their grievances and aspirations.

'Already the Government is assiduously repairing the damage caused by its predecessors and their successors. The railways are being returned or about to be returned to their owners. Rebellions have ceased. Even Villa who for years was the incredible plague of the country has repented and found salvation, and he and his partisans have become ardent tillers of the soil. The Government is dealing magnanimously with all its enemies. Gambling hells have been closed peremptorily and without a day's grace wherever the writ of the Federal Government runs. The liquor laws are being rigorously enforced. The autonomy of the individual States—despite the undeniable results which it occasionally produces—is being respected by the Central Government. The army has been materially reduced. The law everywhere is being left to take its course. Travelling is once more perfectly safe and it looks as though in truth a new era had already begun. In a word this is the first of Mexico's recent revolutions after which to use one of Obregon's winged words, it is not necessary to liberate the nation from its liberators.

'General Obregon is confronted with perplexing problems drawn from every conceivable sphere, from the domains of foreign policy, internal legislation, constitutional law, national economy, railways and waterways, labor, finance, the army. And some of these are uncommonly delicate. True, the new President is gifted with an unusual stock of common sense, consummate sense with the rare quality of leadership and although still young, has vast stores of experience to draw upon. This is another striking instance of his personal luck. For experience, as the Turkish proverb puts it is usually a comb presented to us by destiny when our hair is all gone. But while genius in a statesman can achieve much it cannot achieve everything. The greatest leader of human wills when charged with constructive work depends for results very largely upon those to whom he lets it falls to translate his ideas into acts. Even an autocrat is not absolute and restricted in the exercise of his power just as a skilled artisan finds his natural limitations in the materials and the implements of which he disposes. And whether General Obregon will find enough coadjutors and subordinates of the right kind for a task of this magnitude remains to be seen.

'Of all the tasks awaiting General Obregon that which will most severely strain his ingenuity and resourcefulness is the transformation of the revolutionary Republic with which the world has so long been accustomed into a placid and well-ordered community. And it is by far the most urgent and momentous. Mexico must become an elective law abiding commonwealth, on pain of extinction as a sovereign State. The alternatives are as certainly these as of late had embodied them in a formal decree promulgated arbitrarily.

'If Obregon were suddenly to pass away to-day, his work and the best fruits of the revolution would vanish with him. The men in whom down to a few months ago the spirit of rebellion lawlessness and destruction was incarnate would more manifestly their swords round their shargers, and inaugurate anarchy—and this time the last and fatal—period of civil strife in Mexican history. As long as Obregon continues to direct the affairs of his country, peace and order may be deemed to be secure. That however is not long enough. The test of a great ruler is to govern the State and educate its members as ultimately to enable it to dispense with his services. Unless he does this he has accomplished nothing durable. His own ideal is a universal civil society constituted by justice and the belief in its ultimate establishment is unshaken by recent events. His native understanding and feeling of the whole jarred by a keen understanding of the integral parts, constantly impels him to [illegible] his country to [illegible] two can be distinctly [illegible] quality which [illegible] the best of his [illegible] energy entitles him [illegible] and warrants the hope [illegible] of his work by the [illegible] and appreciate [illegible]

'Two nouns [illegible] peculiarly [illegible] of the citizen [illegible] strengthening and [illegible] between the people and the [illegible] by the abolition of the [illegible] federal units and the substitution of [illegible] legislatures which [illegible] are inadequately reformed can dispense with [illegible] State functions much [illegible]

Kitchener Was Not Betrayed

War Office Bans Moving Picture Depicting Him Is Victim of Treachery

CAPT. ALFRED C. DEWAR R.N.

ONE by one the mystery stories in connection with the death of Lord Kitchener at sea in which treachery at home and espionage work by the Germans are related to have played a part, have been exploded as pure myths. The latest attempt to prove that Kitchener was a victim of a German plot which succeeded through information given out by a British officer to a sedentary Tuscan female spy made its appearance in the shape of a moving film produced in England and entitled 'How Lord Kitchener Was Betrayed.' This film appears with Lord Kitchener's departure for Egypt in 1914 and shows him again returning to England to take up the reins of the war office. Thereafter follow the raising of 'Kitchener's Mob,' and other dramatic scenes surrounding the gigantic growth of the armies that were to attend the onward sweep of the destroying Hun. In one of the sub-titles of this film the definite claim is made that the whole idea of the greatest invention of the war—the tank was conceived by Lord Kitchener on September 5, 1914 and carried out by Captain Bede Bentley who makes a momentary appearance on the screen in person.

The whole story is branded a myth by the British war office and the film has been barred from public exhibition, for all that one of the actors for the camera was at one time secretary for Lord Kitchener and later his biographer.

Several members of parliament who saw a private showing of the picture objected to the claim that the story was authentic, and another declared that the exhibition of such a film in public would be a scandal that should not be tolerated. General von Donop who said he had worked in close association with Lord Kitchener during the war described the story as a travesty of the true facts.

Writing to the *Daily Herald* following the publication of an account of the exhibition of the film, Captain Alfred C. Dewar R.N. (retired) has the following observations to make which seem to bear the stamp of authenticity:—

May I confirm your statement that the story of espionage in connection with the loss of the *Hampshire* and Lord Kitchener is a piece of silly fiction?

It is practically certain, however, that the mines which the *Hampshire* struck were those of U 75 (a large German sub marine mounting carrying 36 mines) and not of the Whitten mine-field laid by the *Moewe* farther to the westward.

U-75 laid her mines on May 29 as a preliminary part of the Jutland operations which were based on the idea of the German Fleet showing itself in the North Sea and enticing out the British fleet, which was then to be attacked by submarines lying off the Orkneys, Moray Firth and the Firth of Forth for the purpose.

The plan miscarried, as far as the submarines were concerned and they returned to Germany on June 1.

'Lord Kitchener arrived at Scapa on June 5. In ordinary circumstances he would have sailed by the east side of the Orkneys. But a strong northeasterly gale was blowing.

On account of the gale Lord Jellicoe decided to send him up the west coast—the element there above which in itself rules out the possibility of espionage for the mines were laid on May 29 and the choice was made a week later.

'The *Hampshire* struck a mine and was lost.

The rest of the mines were discovered as soon as the weather moderated. They were laid deep in a strong tideway and on a normal sea the *Hampshire* would have passed over them.'

Still Stolidly Indifferent

Sir Philip Gibbs Warns British of Social, Economic and Financial Perils

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

THE indifference of the average British citizen to the perils around him—in he—is driven home by Sir Philip Gibbs in an article in the English *Review of Reviews*. He says:

'Hard working folk in this country are woefully indifferent to the menace about them.

All the financial experts not only of this country but of the United States are convinced that unless Europe adopts a general agreement for the limitation of armies ruin is close at hand for all of us. Even our own statesmen, like the Prime Minister and Mr Winston Churchill, who supported a policy after peace which squandered millions of money in Russia, Mesopotamia and other countries, and who rearranged the economic state of Europe in a way that prevented international co-operation now see that unless economy is enforced upon us and that new Imperial ambitions must give way to hard realities, common-sense and the demobilization of armed force as a way of argument. Yet they do not tell the people plainly how they stand. Even now the Prime Minister is preparing grandiose plans for dealing with unemployment which can not be temporary expedients to stave off deeper distress unless at the same time there is a cordial understanding with the United States at Washington for naval limitations, a moratorium and indemnities from Germany, and some kind of rescue to Russia for their twenty million starving people whose labor is produced good grain which came to British ports.

It is time [illegible] interest in things more [illegible] the arrival of Charlie Chaplin, [illegible] Ireland, Russia and [illegible] should [illegible] ing Plan [illegible] interest [illegible] given [illegible] 90,000 [illegible] and [illegible] demobilization [illegible]

Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

The Carrotana Owner—Money talks but not as much as men talk money.—*Winnipeg Tribune*

Probably Does It First—The fellow who stops has sense enough to look and listen.—*Fredericton N.B. Mail*

Panic and Perspicacity—It is the girl with the prettiest ankles that sees the mouse first.—*Border Cities Star*

And Justly So These Days—In a small town an important citizen is any man who holds a few mortgages.—*Kitchener Record*

The Provident Prodigal—Wisdom suggests assurance of the chose veal before essaying the role of prodigal son.—*Brantville Recorder Times*

Catastrophe—Pity the poor man who forgets which set of books he is keeping for private use and which for income tax purposes.—*Winnipeg Tribune*

In Practice—And so Funds are being shipped into Ireland. Well practice in twisting the lion's tail should come in handy now.—*Kingston British Whig*

Love and Lunacy—Love is the quality that keeps a young man still guessing about after he discovers that his best girl is an awful liar.—*Sherbrooke Record*

Might Indicate Something Though—A little restaurant experience will teach you that the "T" in a T bone steak doesn't stand for 'tender'.—*Belleville Intelligencer*

Recognizing It Out—Some prudish critter has accused the girls who collect scalps of being lazy. It doesn't sound reasonable to us. We have always understood you couldn't speed in low gear.—*Border Cities Star*

A Hint to Songsters—The best thing with which to feather your nest is cash down.—*Kingston Standard*

Pretty Tough—About the only thing some men have to be proud of is the fact that their beards are tough.—*Sherbrooke Record*

An Established Beat—Even railroad bandits recognize spheres of influence. They never attack dining cars.—*Kitchener Record*

Sneaky—Still it must be confessed that the Yellow Peril was never quite so yellow as those who were alarmed about it.—*Kingston British Whig*

The First Universal Word—The language of universal brotherhood begins with a common understanding of the word "deficit".—*Peterboro Examiner*

For Value Received—When you hear a man bragging about what a wonder his wife is you may safely bet that she carries out the ashes.—*Nelson B.C. News*

Value Received—Those who bought German marks on speculation will be willing to admit they have had all the speculation they paid for.—*London Advertiser*

His Good Fortune—A Virginia man never saw an automobile until his 88th birthday last week and then luckily for him he saw it first.—*Vancouver Province*

That Sort Not Plentiful—If a girl remains single until her ideal man comes along the chances are her maiden name will adorn her tombstone.—*Hamilton Herald*

The Unexpected—When a great man does something sensible the headlines of commendation seem to contain some quality of astonishment.—*Belleville Intelligencer*

Thinking Big—You can say one thing for the war. It made "billions" a household word.—*Kitchener Record.*

Anathema—Nearly all feminine traits are charming except those you find in a nice little man who uses perfume.—*Kingston British Whig.*

No Self Determination—Man's attitude toward freedom is that of the parent who makes the kid take castor oil but chooses a substitute for himself.—*Brantford Expositor*

That Satisfies Everyone—When a married man turns out wrong his mother says his wife didn't understand him and his wife says his mother spoiled him.—*Fredericton N.B. Mail*

Too Short Notice—People once thought the world only 6,000 years old, but now they realize that no world could get in this kind of mess in so short a time.—*Brantford Expositor*

Let Him Ope While He Can—Another kind of optimist is a courting man who imagines his sweetheart will always be better-looking than her married sister.—*Fredericton N.B. Mail*

Pretty Nearly Succeeded Last Time—Nations keep on experimenting with poison gas. If they can't make war impossible they are determined to make it unpleasant.—*Peterboro Examiner*

Perhaps You've Felt With Him—Mike Savage says if he were rich he would build a whacking big tower and buy the biggest megaphone that was ever made. Then he'd sit on the tower all day and yell down at the people going by: "You can all go to the devil!" That is his idea of independence.—*Saskatoon Star*

Why Has Crime Grown?

U. S. Solicitor-General Beck Explains Interesting Unrest Theory

JAMES M. BECK

SOLOMON, King of Israel, wrote in his Proverbs: "Where there is no vision the people cast off restraint; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." Is the present pessimism of the world due to the almost universal revolt against established custom and authority? In the crime wave and the generation of a spirit of lawlessness the indirect result of the preaching of false prophets who, because there are not men of greater vision have secured the ear of the people? James M. Beck, solicitor-general of the United States, writing for the *Fortnightly Review* maintains that such a spirit of lawlessness has always existed but cold statistics prove that in recent years there has been an unprecedented growth in crime. "The streets of our cities," he writes, "once reasonably secure from crimes of violence, have now become the field of operations for the footpad and the highwayman. In Chicago alone 5,000 automobiles were stolen in a single year. To-day murder in our large cities is at almost daily occurrence. Life and property have seemingly become as insecure as during the Middle Ages." In commerce he goes on to say, the revolt is one against purity of integrity and business standards. In the greater sphere of social life there is found the same revolt against the institutions which have had the sanction of the past. Laws which marked the decent restraints of print, speech and dress have in recent years been increasingly disregarded. Nature itself is defied. "Thus," he accuses, "the fundamental difference of sex is disregarded by social and political movements which ignore the permanent differentiation of sexual function ordained by God himself. All these, he continues, are but distinctions of the general revolt against the authority of the past—a revolt that can be measured by the change to the fundamental presumption of men with respect to the value of human experience. To-day the human mind, apparently regards the lessons of the past as presumptively false—and the burden is upon him who seeks to invoke them.

The principle of "group control" of the state is one of the worst of modern menaces and he instances the attempt by that system to overthrow established authority in Britain.—

Even England, the mother of democracies and since the most stable of all governments in the maintenance of law, has been shaken to its very foundations in the last three years, when powerful groups of men attempted to seize the state by the throat and compel submission to their demands by threatening to starve the community. This would be serious enough if it were only the world-old struggle between capital and labor and had only involved the conditions of manual toil. But the insurrection against the political state in England was more political than it was economic. It marked on the part of millions of men a pattentious decay of belief in representative government and its chosen organ, the ballot box. Great and powerful groups had suddenly discovered, and it may be the most portentous political discovery of the twentieth century—that the power involved in their control over the necessities of life as compared with the power of the voting franchise was as 1 to 42 centimeters cannon to the bow and arrow. The end sought to be attained, namely, the nationalization of the basic industries, and even the control of the foreign policy of Great Britain, vindicated the truth of the British prime minister's statement that these great strikes involved something more than a mere struggle over the conditions of labor, and that they were essentially seditious attempts against the life of the state.

Nor were these altogether unsuccessful. For when the armies of Lenin and Trotsky were at the gates of Warsaw, in the summer of 1920, the attempts of the governments of England and Belgium to affect armistices to the embattled Poles were paralyzed by the labor groups of both countries, who threatened a general strike if those two nations joined with France in aiding Poland to resist a possibly greater menace to western civilization than has occurred since Attila and his Huns stood on the banks of the Marne."

As for the trend of public thought—

"There is no better evidence of this excessive thirst for pleasure than the newspaper press which is on the brief abstract and chronicle of the time, and which shows the body of the age, its form and pressure. What a transformation of human values the modern newspaper discloses! Once largely the record of man's higher achievements, in its discussion of literature, art and politics, to-day, its space is largely devoted to the ephemeral and the trivial. Pages and pages are devoted to sport, and even to ignoble forms of sport, while literary, art and musical reviews and scientific discussions are either omitted altogether, or are grudgingly given a little space once a week.

"What better illustration of this extraordinary revaluation of personalities and needs at than the recent fistic duel between two combatants in Jersey City—a duel which was in marked contrast to another fateful encounter on the heights of Weehawken more than a century ago. Nearly one hundred thousand men and women of all classes and conditions and from all parts of the world assembled in Jersey City on July 2 last, many of them only to gratify their jaded appetites for a new thrill, and for months and months before and for weeks thereafter the press devoted not merely columns, but many pages, to this trivial of struggle."

Mechanical inventions which brought as many labor-saving devices to man, he claims are partially to blame—

"The almost infinite multiplication of human power has tended to intoxicate man. The lust for power has obsessed him, without regard to whether it be constructive or destructive. He consumes the treasures of the earth faster than it produces them, deforesting its surface and disembowelling its hidden wealth. As he leverishly multiplied the things he desired, even more leverishly he multiplied his wants. To gain these, he fought the congested centres of human life. And while the world, as a whole, is not over-populated, the leading countries of civilization were subjected to this tremendous pressure.

"To-day, man has a cinematographic brain. A thousand images are impressed daily upon the screen of his consciousness and they are as fleeting as moving pictures in a cinema theatre. The American press prints every year, over 23,000,000,000 issues. No one can question its educational possibilities, for the best of all colleges is the University of Gutenberg. If it printed only the truth, its value would be infinite, but who can say in what proportions of this vast volume of printed matter are the true and the false.

"The evil is even greater.

"The specialization of our modern mechanical civilization has caused a submergence of the individual into the group or class. Man is fast ceasing to be the unit of human society, self-governing groups are becoming the new units. This is true of all classes of men, the employer as well as the employee. The true justification for the anti-monopoly statutes including the Sherman anti-trust law, lies not so much in the realm of economics as in that of morals. With the submergence of the individual, whether he be capitalist or wage-earner, into a group, they have followed the dissipation of moral responsibility. A mass morality has been substituted for individual morality, and unfortunately, group morality generally intensifies the vices more than the virtues of man."

The real naptha odor means sweet clean clothes

Clothes with the sweetness that tells they are clean through and through—*really clean!* The real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through every thread, makes the dirt let go, then vanishes, carrying all odors with it.

Because of the great help of the real naptha, less rubbing is needed with Fels-Naptha than with any other soap. After the little rubbing, douse the clothes, and the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes all the dirt away. Then what a delightful clean-clothes smell!

The combination of splendid soap and *real* naptha gives Fels-Naptha a double cleaning-value—the cleaning-value of soap and the cleaning-value of *real* naptha.

The only way you can get this benefit in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia

For laces and all fine things

Let good soap and real naptha—the excellent safe cleaner that dry cleaners use—clean your silken and filmy garments. The only way you can get this combination is by using Fels-Naptha. It loosens the dirt so gently that it makes the laces last longer. It washes fine white fabrics snowy white. It quickly restores the bright fresh look to all your lovely clothes.

Useful all over the house!

Fels-Naptha not only washes anything washable, but safely cleans everything soap-and-water will clean. It washes dishes and cut-glass free from greasy streaks, and leaves them sweet and glistening. It takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth draperies. Quickly brightens linoleum and painted woodwork. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, sink, refrigerator. Makes everything sweet and sanitary.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Is Our Insomnia Real?

Or Do We Only Imagine We Have Not Slept?

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

MOST medical authorities agree that sufferers from insomnia unconsciously exaggerate their trouble. The restless patient will solemnly assure the doctor in the morning that he has not closed an eye all night. The nurse, however, reports several hours of sleep that may have been quite heavy.

Thus the patient is quite unaware of having slept because his hours of consciousness seem to him to have been consecutive—a trick of consciousness of which the laity are as yet ignorant. People under an anaesthetic frequently imagine they have retained consciousness all the time. The victim of insomnia could not but for that sleep he enjoyed without realizing it here remained awake at all. His suffering is no less real. To him the effect physically is just as if he had not slept. Fancy not insomnia. Is it work here.

"There is no doubt," says a medical expert in the *Manchester Guardian*, "that for some reason the victims of such insomnia are on the increase—evidently the air is more exhausting than the one that preceded it. Perhaps the subconsciousness is more stirred because we are more aware of it. This prevalence of insomnia however unreal the disease is having important social consequences. The medical expert proceeds.

"The harassed man who cannot sleep soundly awakes more harassed in the morning. He is less competent in his business, whatever it may be and on his nerves increase and he becomes less able to withstand them. Thus his chances of regaining normal sleep become less. This is certainly one factor in producing the terrible common mental and moral condition popularly and wrongly described as 'nerves' or 'neurasthenia'. It probably contributes to that acridity of temper that has manifested itself in our post-war politics and general unrest. It certainly encourages alcoholism and other drug habits.

"It is in some form of mental treatment, of auto-suggestion, that the best hope of overcoming the habit of insomnia lies. The practice of reading in bed intelligently used, renders many people independent of the horrors of sleeplessness. Careful arrangements however should be made. The light should not be bright enough to illuminate the room or cause a glare on the page. Two ordinary candles a foot or two from the book are sufficient. The bed should be arranged so that the book can be held without fatigue. The slight eye-strain involved has itself a hypnotic effect which is most important but the book should be one in which an intelligent person can be interested one which it necessary he can read all night without boredom. Good fiction that has been read before in which the *denouement* is already known is one of the best forms of literature for the night. But it is important that one should read for the sake of reading. To set up to read one's self to sleep is fatal. Sleep comes when it is not wooed and with a good book and the body at rest in bed one may safely bid sleep keep away. If the book is interesting enough to occupy the mind you are getting three-quarters of the advantages of sleep and if you satisfy yourself you can do without sleep and still enjoy your night's rest and reading, sooner or later sleep will wait you an uninvited but welcome guest.

"Another reason against the white policy lies in the fact that that policy represents the permanent servitude of a portion of the white race. In case only white men and women are found in a population some white man and women inevitably are obliged to belong to the servant class.

"With these arguments for and objections against the white policy in Australia and New Zealand what method can be adapted which shall worthily promote the highest aims of those who demand that these islands shall be maintained as white populations and also of those who believe that the world interests require a less exclusive policy?

"In answer I beg leave to suggest whether a certain number or proportion of immigrants should be allowed to come in a proportion which should promote the development of the industries of the islands, but which should not be so large as to overwhelm the white population. The United States has in force a form of quota limitation.

"Could a similar policy be adopted in respect to Australia and New Zealand?

"Such a solution as well as the significance of the whole question becomes the more important by reason of the increasing ease of the transfer of peoples from one part of the globe to other parts. The world shrinks. In a unique sense, the oneness of all peoples in external relations becomes greater. The facilities of transportation of persons and goods enlarge. The manufactures of one nation are sold to and are consumed by all nations.

"That the present is illusiry is an illusion. If there be a God—a belief to which most thinking men assent—He is eternal and of good intent. Therefore, from the writer and the mixture of peoples, no less than from the purity of racial strains, He the Eternal Goodness will bring forth a better result than the perplexities and darkness of the present day can intimate. In such a conclusion such rationalists as Herbert Spencer and Frederick Harrison and poets as Tennyson and Browning unite.

Is Race Mixture Inevitable?

Australia and New Zealand Dread Possibilities of Asiatic Influx

CHARLES FRANKLIN THWING

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand are determined that the future civilization of those island continents shall be white. The first reason for this determination lies in the general hold, social or sociological and, according to Charles Franklin Thwing President Emeritus of Western Reserve University, which the question "Will Australia Stay White" in an article in the New York *Times* it represents a class interpretation of the word "white". For he adds the voters of Australia and New Zealand are almost as much opposed to the coming of their own white Aryan brothers and of their other brothers of the same race as they would be to the coming of the black man. A second reason is an economic one and has its basis in the simple fact that the immigration of Japanese Chinese and Hindus would reduce wages. The number of the colored race who would be willing eater if the bars were let down is unlimited. The third reason set forth for the exclusion of the colored races is biological. Certain race mixtures result well and others result ill. There is one instance in which a mixture is bringing forth good results. It is found in the Hawaiian islands. The marriages of the native Hawaiian women with Chinese men is giving families which represent the best qualities of both races. But the more outstanding examples give evidence of bad results. India with her Eurasians gives striking proof. The Eurasian seems to be possessed of the less worthy qualities of both the native and the immigrant race. The fourth reason takes in whatever force lies in the three reasons already stated and it is found in the moral results affecting the family. The family is the unit of present civilization, as well as its foundation. Furthermore the family takes on diverse forms: the Chinese family, for instance is unlike the Anglo-Saxon. Mixture at such source. It is believed breaks down and desecrates the family altar. Such a desecration would carry to a disastrous end the social, the economic and the best biological attainments of civilization.

Such are the chief reasons for the attitude that the island continents of Australia and New Zealand should remain white. Mr Thwing in part sets forth reasons against such a policy as follows:—

"It is argued that both as a fact and as a form or method of civilization the white policy represents individual and national selfishness. With it its altruism of speech and of deed manifest in provincial activities in conquered provinces and by Christian missionaries in foreign lands it must be confessed that the white race contains a big strain of selfishness.

"It is also plain that the white people now dwelling upon these Southlands are determined to keep the number of the white men, Aryan dwellers small. The population does not increase in any worthy proportion, by either birth or immigration. Upon the immigration of the white man is thus cursed by the workers and by the unions into which most workers are organized.

"Such a policy must be denominated as the policy of selfishness. Will the world allow such selfishness to hold? Will the world allow Australian fields to be untilled and New Zealand plains to be unoccupied?

"There is, however, a form of this problem not so broad, so sentimental and perhaps far more immediate. Australia recognizes that she could not by herself keep out the Japanese. The British navy and army form her defense. For let it be supposed that a day should dawn as it may when in order to retain her friendship with Japan the British Government should decline to confirm and to promote Australian white policy. Is it not in the range of possibility that the British might be willing to sacrifice Australia and her white policy for the sake of friendship with Japan?

"There is also the climatic reason. Queensland and Northern Australia touch in their northern parts, latitude 10 degrees. It is said that the white man cannot live and rear a family properly strong in such a climate. But it is also said, in opposition, that the white man can live in any part of the tropics if he will adopt a proper method and mode of life. He can live it is declared between the Equator and the Tropic of Cancer or the Tropic of Capricorn as well as the man black or the man brown. The difficulty of his living in these torrid zones lies in the fact that he has been ignorant of the proper methods of living.

"But whatever may be said regarding the possibility of the white man making his home and rearing his family beneath the Equator, it is clear that the reasons for keeping New Zealand a white man's country are far stronger than for keeping Australia a white man's country. For in every part of the smaller island the white man can live and work and thrive. For Northern New Zealand latitude is 36 degrees, and the southern part is about 47 degrees. It represents a climatic condition if not the best surely one of the best in the world for the white race. Mountain and plain, salt water and fresh wind and rainfall and all other conditions are the most favorable for living, rearing and working.

"A further reason against the white policy lies in the fact that that policy represents the permanent servitude of a portion of the white race. In case only white men and women are found in a population some white man and women inevitably are obliged to belong to the servant class.

"With these arguments for and objections against the white policy in Australia and New Zealand what method can be adapted which shall worthily promote the highest aims of those who de-

Definitions Bewilder Pupils

Einstein Maintains Modern Educational Systems Begin The Wrong Way

ALEXANDER MOSZKOWSKI

IS THE average adult a lifelong dislike for anything in the nature of complicated mathematics due to mistakes made in his early tuition? The normal man it is contended by philosophers of the age is by nature a mathematician, more or less and the conspicuous ignorance and dislike of mathematics be ordinarily exhibits are due principally to the extremely unintelligent method which he has been taught. Einstein, the great scientific philosopher, has decided views on the subject of education particularly as education bears on the development of mathematical talent. In an individual Einstein, who bases his philosophy on higher mathematics reckoned painstakingly to everyday terms finds himself in a world where people are most remarkably unable to reflect. Einstein the Sceptic, Alexander Moszkowski points out that Einstein continually finds that people make assumptions that need not be made. There are logicians who live in a state of angry amazement at the world's insensitiveness to the laws of thought. Einstein lives in a state of mild bewilderment at the world's credulity. The logician points out that an argument does not follow. Thousands of people, he finds, do not begin. Since people are as abnormally unreflective it must be, of course, that their education is responsible. And here Einstein points out that the dominant aims of modern day education lies in the importance it attaches to memory. The whole apparatus of both humanistic and scientific studies exists Einstein thinks, chiefly to train the memory. The scheme of education he propounds therefore differs fundamentally from the present system in this point. Always it is the reflective faculties that are to be stimulated, the whole method of education is to be directed to that end. As a preliminary step examinations are to be abolished. As another step boredom is to be abolished. Scientific subjects are to be preferred to linguistic studies primarily because they lend themselves better to developing the reflective faculties. But if the student is to reflect he must be interested. And here Einstein to those who know him only as the most abstract of abstract reasoners becomes a little unexpected. He asserts that our present education is far too concerned with abstract ideas. Consider geometry. Words and chalk-marks are used says Einstein to instil in the pupil conceptions of dimensions, of angles perchance of some trigonometrical function. How unintelligent! Give the boy a stick and turn him loose in a meadow or the school-yard. There will be buildings which cast shadows, the stark casts a shadow. The shadows are related to the dimensions of these objects and to the latitude of the sun. A wealth of simple geometrical relations is here involved and the normal boy, in the open air and encouraged to *experiment*, will stand a chance of feeling that "thrill of pleasure" which Einstein thinks the normal accompaniment of mathematical studies.

"In the matter of physics, says Einstein, "the first lessons should contain nothing but what is experimental and interesting to see." All early education he thinks should appeal directly to the senses, and in this connection he attaches great importance to the cinematograph. Geography lessons should be in the nature of pictorial tours. Accelerated and retarded films should illustrate such things as the growth of a flower and the beating of an insect's wings. Also spectacular but expensive physical experiments might be shown on the screen.

Einstein has views, of course, on the education of women, but women would probably find his attitude too studiously polite to be really agreeable. They should have all facilities, he agrees, but he does not expect to be surprised at the results. "I am referring" he remarks, "to certain obstacles in woman's organization which we must regard as given by nature. Increased knowledge and an increase in the number of talented women he regards as very probable. But these, he pointedly, are "quantitative assumptions." To infer that there will be a rise in quality, "reaching to genius," appears to him "very bold. This pessimism is probably due to the fact that Einstein chiefly values a capacity for reflection, and the dazzling examination successes to which modern women have accustomed us leave him comparatively indifferent. His views on education unexpected at first sight, are really quite consistent with his own particular genius. He is scornful of the training which begins with definitions and abstract terms and he, surely has a right to be, remarks a writer in *The Nation* and *Athenaeum* commenting on Moszkowski's work. For it is precisely by reflecting on definitions we had all taken to be beneath testable that Einstein has revolutionized modern thought.

Bryan-Lansing Blunder

Inside Story of How Walter H. Page Averted Anglo-American Friction

BURTON J. HENDRICK

THE difficulties amounting almost to a crisis caused by U. S. secretary W. J. Bryan's insistence that Great Britain should adopt the rules of maritime warfare laid down in the Declaration of London are told of in "Waging Neutrality", the fifth of the series of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" contributed by Burton J. Hendrick to the *World's Work*. There were few men in Europe upon whom the war had a more depressing effect than Ambassador Page relates Mr. Hendrick. His face became more deeply lined, his hair became greyer his body thinner, his step lost something of its elasticity, his shoulders began to stoop and his manner become more and more abstracted. Page's convictions regarding the war were never in doubt with those most intimate with him. His personal secretary went to ask the American ambassador's advice about enlisting in the British army. Page refused to advise him, saying that it was a matter that could only be settled by the secretary himself. Later when Secretary Fowler had enlisted, Page said to him: "I could not advise you to do this Harold, but now that you've settled it yourself I'll say this—if I were a young man like you and in your circumstances I should enlist myself."

Yet during the days of America's neutrality, Page maintained that attitude no matter what his inward sentiments might have been. "Neutral" Page once exclaimed. "There's nothing in the world so neutral as this embassy. Neutrality takes up all our time."

During the days when Britain was stopping contraband being shipped to Germany in U. S. bottoms and the States was continually protesting to Britain about this proceeding Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Secretary had his troubles. He was criticised on both sides of the water and these criticisms undoubtedly caused Sir Edward great unhappiness. "He was one of the few Englishmen" Mr. Hendrick remarks, "who in August 1914 perceived the tremendous extent of the struggle in which Britain was engaged—the greatest crisis since William of Normandy in 1066 subjected their island to foreign rule. Proud as Sir Edward Grey was of his country he was modest in the presence of facts, and one fact of which he early became convinced was that Great Britain could not win unless the United States was ranged upon her side. Here was the country—so Sir Edward reasoned—which contained the largest effective white population in the world. This Power, the foreign secretary believed could determine the issue of the war.

Ambassador Page finally wrote President Wilson that the British simply would not allow such materials as copper, rubber and petroleum to pass to Germany over the seas. He pointed out that representatives of Spain, Holland and all the Scandinavian countries had agreed that they could do nothing else but acquiesce and file claims and protests. They admitted that Great Britain had the right to enforce the law of contraband. The pressing for a few rights by United States, principally to appease the shippers would gain United States nothing and result in friction with Britain. "Great Britain," he reminded "can any day close the Channel to all shipping or can drive Hal land to the enemy and close all her ports. The present controversy seems here where we are close to the struggle, as Jacobs. It seems to us a pretty matter when it is compared with the grave danger we incur of shutting ourselves off from a position to be of some service to civilization and to the peace of mankind. In Washington you seem to be indulging in a more or less theoretical discussion. As we see the issue here it is a matter of life or death for English-speaking civilization. So far as our neutrality obligations are concerned, I do not believe that they require us to demand that Great Britain for our benefit, should adopt the Declaration of London. Great Britain has never ratified nor have any other nations except United States. In its application to the situation presented by this war it is altogether advantageous to Germany. I have delayed to write you this way too long. I have feared that I might possibly seem to be influenced by sympathy with England and by the atmosphere here. But I write of course solely with reference to our own country's interest and its position after the reorganization of Europe."

The immediate cause of this bold stand on the part of Ambassador Page was the fact that the United States state department was insisting that Great Britain should adopt the Declaration of London as a code of law for regulating its warfare on German shipping. Hostilities were scarcely more than started when Mr. Bryan made this proposal. "Yes will not he" said Mr. Bryan "that this government believes that the acceptance of these laws by the belligerents would prevent grave misunderstandings which may arise as to the relations between belligerents and neutrals. It therefore hopes that this inquiry may receive favorable consideration."

According to Page, this telegram was the first great mistake made by the American government in the matter of its relations with Great Britain. "That declaration" Page wrote afterwards to President Wilson "would probably have if I were a young man like you and in your circumstances I should enlist myself."

When Mr. Bryan, therefore, blankly asked Great Britain to accept the Declaration as its code in maritime warfare he was asking, that country to accept a document which Great Britain, in peace time, had repudiated and which would in all probability cause Britain to lose the war. It appears that only the intervention of Colonel House prevented the whole thing from becoming a tragedy. The following is Colonel House's letter to Ambassador Page:—

"I have just returned from Washington where I was with the President for nearly four days. He is looking well and is well. Sometimes his spirits droop but then again he is his normal self.

"I had the good fortune to be there at a time when the discussion of the Declaration of London had reached a critical stage. Bryan was away and Lansing who had not mentioned the matter of Sir Cecil prepared a long communication to you which he sent to the President for approval. The President and I went over it and I strongly urged not sending it until I could have a conference with Sir Cecil. I had the conference the next day without the knowledge of any one except the President and had another the day following. *Sir Cecil told me that if the dispatch had gone to you as written and you had shown it to Sir Edward Grey it would almost have been a declaration of war* and that it by any chance the newspapers had got hold of it as they so often get things from our state department the greatest panic would have prevailed. He said it would have been the Venezuela incident magnified by present conditions.

At the President's suggestion Lansing then prepared a cablegram to you. This, too, was objectionable and the President and I together softened it down into the one you received.

Faithfully yours

October 3, 1914. E. M. HOUSE.

Germany of course promptly accepted the declaration for the suggestion lathered by Mr. Bryan fitted in ideally with her program but Great Britain was not ready to put her head into a noose. Four times was Ambassador Page instructed to ask the British government to accede unconditionally, and four times did the British government refuse. Page was in despair. In a subsequent letter the American ambassador notified Colonel House that if he were again instructed to move in this matter he would resign his ambassadorship.

"Lansing's method is the trouble" he

Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory

PEOPLE of refinement have much the same ideas no matter where they live. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Ivory Soap all over this country in homes where good taste and good sense prevail—from the most luxurious households to the simplest.

No better soap can be made, because Ivory includes every one of the seven essentials that soap can have. Its abundant lather cleanses thoroughly. It is so pure and mild that it cannot harm anything it touches. It rinses so completely and easily that the first dash of clear water carries away soap and dirt and leaves the skin feeling smooth and soft. It is white and fragrant, therefore pleasant to use. For economy and convenience "it floats".

For all these reasons Ivory is not only ideal for the toilet, the daily bath, the shampoo and the nursery, but is also completely satisfactory for fine laundry and for all housework where soap comes in contact with the skin.

IVORY SOAP

IVORY

99 44/100 % PURE

MADE IN CANADA

Classified Advertising

20 Cents per Word per Issue

Rates for Classified Adv.—In sections in this space twenty cents per word per issue. Each initial, figure or less figures in one number count as one word. Name and address is counted as part of the ad. All orders must be accompanied by cash. Forms for the issue close two weeks preceding each issue. Publication dates are 1st and 15th of the month.

EARN $25.00 WEEKLY SPARE time writing for newspapers, magazines, experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 515 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENT SOLICITORS FETHERstonhaugh & Co., Head Office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. 10 Elgin Street Ottawa. Send for booklet. (F.B.)

INDIVIDUAL TEACHING IN bookkeeping, shorthand, civil service, matriculation. Write for free catalogue and particulars. Dominion Business College, 397 College Street, Toronto. J. V. Mitchell, B.A., Principal. (F.B.)

SHORT STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 148 Hazelbel, Mo. (F.B.)

WANTED—CAFETERIA EQUIPment—range, steam table, glass display urns, cash register, etc. Must be in first-class condition. Give description and prices. State where may be inspected. Box No. 100.

LADIES WHY CAN'T YOU START a American Mail Order Business? Write for my service. Gibbs, 221 East 71st Street, New York.

PICTORIAL REVIEW, MODERN Priscilla, both one year, any Canadian address, $2.75. Hennessy Agency, 82 North Grant, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

PICTORIAL REVIEW—CANADIAN subscription, 15 months, $2.00. Hennessy Agency, 82 North Grant, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

It Pays to Read the Advertisements

The main thing an advertiser wants to do is to tell you plainly, just how and why his goods are worth all your consideration. You can save a great deal from this also. It may save many things you do not without this. Buy and read advertisements carefully. Read descriptions of things that are but as represented.

wrote "He treats Great Britain, to start with, as if she were a criminal and an opponent. All that isn't playing into the hands of the Germans, what would he? And where's the neutrality of this kind of action? The curse of the world is little men who, for an imagined small temporary advantage throw away the long growth of good will nurtured by a one and patient men and who cannot see the lasting and far greater future evil that they do. Of all the years since 1776 the great war-year is the worst to break the nine hundred years of our peace, or even to ruffle it. I pray you, good friend, get us out of those incompetent lawyer-hands. One more move such as this one and they (the British) will conclude that Dernburg and Bernstorff have seduced us."

So the situation remained for several exciting weeks. The state department insisting on the Declaration in toto, precisely as the legal luminaries had published it five years before. The Foreign Office courteously but inflexibly refusing to accede. Only the cordial personal relations which prevailed between Grey and Page prevented the crisis from producing the most disastrous results. Finally, on October 17th Page proposed by cable an arrangement which he hoped would settle the matter. This was that the King should issue a proclamation accepting the Declaration with practically the modifications suggested above, and that a new order in council should be issued containing a new list of contraband. Sir Edward Grey was not to ask the American government to accept this proclamation, all that he asked was that Washington should offer no objections to it. It was proposed that the United States of the same time should publish a note withdrawing its suggestion for the adoption of the Declaration and explaining that it proposed to test the rights of its citizens upon the existing rules of international law and the treaties of the United States. This solution was accepted. The relief Page felt is shown in the following memorandum written soon after the tension had ceased.

The insistence on the Declaration entire came near to upsetting the whole kettle of fish. It put on me the task of insisting on a general code—at a time when the fiercest war in history was every day becoming fiercer and more desperate—which would have prevented the British from pulling on their contraband list several of the most important war materials—accompanied by a proposal that would have angered every neutral nation through which supplies can possibly reach Germany, and prevented this Government from making friendly working arrangements with them and after Sir Edward Grey had flatly declined for these reasons. I had to continue to insist. I confess I did think sometimes we were determined to drive to him how he should conduct the war—and more yet that distinctly favored the Germans. I do reverently thank God that we gave up that resolution. We may have trouble yet, doubtless we shall, but it will not be trouble of our own making as that was. Tyrrell, private secretary to Sir Edward Grey, came into the reception room at the foreign office the day after our withdrawal while I was waiting to see Sir Edward Grey, and he said: "I want to tell you personally—just privately between you and me—how infinitely a relief it is to us all that your Government has withdrawn that demand. We couldn't accept it; our refusal was not stubborn nor pig-headed. It was a physical necessity in order to carry on the war with any hope of success. Then as I was going out he volunteered the remark: "I make this guess—that that programme was not the work of the President but of some international prig, civil enthusiast. (I don't know whom.) A bad failure to secure the adoption of the Declaration when parliaments and governments could discuss it at leisure. Who hoped to ram it through under the pressure of war and thus get this programme international." I made no answer to his "guess" as to the author of the programme. I do not know who—program it was. All that I know is that I have here on my desk at my house a locked dispatch book full of telegrams and letters in sealing on it which I do not wish anyone to see, to patch the rubbish files, and the sight of which brings the shuddering memory of the worst nightmare I have ever suffered.

And so this crisis was passed. It was the first great service that Page had rendered the cause of the Allies and his own country. Yet shipping difficulties had their more agreeable aspects. And it not been for the fact that both Page and Grey had an understanding sense of humor, neutrality would have proved a more difficult path than it actually was. Even amid the tragical problems with which these two were dealing there was not lacking an occasional moment's relaxation into the lighter aspect of things.

Prejudice Retards Women

Brilliant in Examinations But Fail at Men's Work, Says Englishman

LONDON *DAILY MAIL*

WOMEN members of the medical professions have certainly not scored the success which their abilities entitle them to expect, declares a writer in the *London Daily Mail*, who perhaps for reasons connected with "safety first," merely signs the article as being written by "A Barrister-at-law." Women pass the examinations brilliantly, he admits, but they fall down in practice and many of them fail to earn even a moderate income. "I know seven women doctors," he adds, "every one of them more learned and capable in her profession than the average male practitioner of my acquaintance." Yet one of the brightest—£50 a year—the equivalent of about one of these three has failed to earn $260 in Canadian money. So hard up was she that "for a considerable period her staple diet consisted of bread and butter and weak tea."

Women's fortune at the bar is even worse. "In England where she is still in the student age," he writes, "she has justified herself in her examinations as she has done in all subjects at the universities. When it comes to practice she is foredoomed to failure. "Why is this? It is not, or at any rate it is not mainly, because a man can endure prolonged stress and the strain of which women is incapable. In any profession a puny man has an enormous advantage over the strong and vigorous woman. The prime cause of her failure is the fact that she is obviously a woman. If she could disguise her sex and put on the outward semblance of a man she would double her success. The only remedy seems to be an effective disguise, a fact recognized by many serious women writers who in order that their work shall be appraised at its true value, adopt a masculine nom de plume."

The "Boo-man" Is Dead

Wise Parents No Longer Rule Their Children With Fear

CHARLES TIRTHMORE

SHOULD children be disciplined through fear? Can a child's ways be successfully changed through punishment? Charles Tirthmore, writing for *Health Culture* says so! The unreasoning mind may think that by scaring a child, it is possible to change its ways. This is a mistake in and but the end is not desirable, and we are gradually learning that any system of discipline that involves fear leads to wickedness. Fear may, says this authority, quiet the child for the moment, but if the fear method is persisted in, the child's mind will become shaky and his health impaired. Bear stories, bugaboo tales and even Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf are excluded from the nursery by people who think it is found that such stories arouse the old subconscious fears of the race, and set the child's mentality in a mental whirl. The problem of the modern parent is to free the child from all the race fears and to arouse in their place that innate fearlessness that is the natural birth right of human beings. Instead of burdening the child with more error and fear, the wise parent works to give him the opportunity to express the wisdom and fearlessness that he inherits from God.

Fear the author of this article reminds us, is a state of mind—the foundation of all fear is in thought. Most of our troubles come from fear; conscious or subconscious. A thought of fear will retard the heart action, then accelerate it, and as a rule, throw one into a nervous state. Fear has its foundation in ignorance, through the power of error we build up false state of the mind. This state of mind shatters more nerves and produces more diseases than do the things that actually happen. An old man once expressed it thus: "I have lived a long time and have seen a great deal of trouble, most of which never came to pass."

We weaken our own mental remparts of protection by believing in fear. "The bank may break." "The crops may fail." "There may be a lot of sickness." What does this sort of thinking promote? It sets to work in the others thought forces that may bring these very things to pass. What is the antidote? Drive your fears and begin to hold for perfection under the infinite Law. The time is coming when we shall eliminate all thoughts of sickness, all thought of accident and all thought of failure. Through Jesus Christ we are more than conquerors. *Only the good is true.*

The Master who taught little children to error about him and he unafraid also said to the sinking Peter: "Oh thou of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt?" Doubt is a form of fear that makes million weak. The thing is to cultivate the courage to do the thing that we want to do at any time and at any place.

Edison Explains Questionnaire

A Test of Memory Essential in a Competent Executive

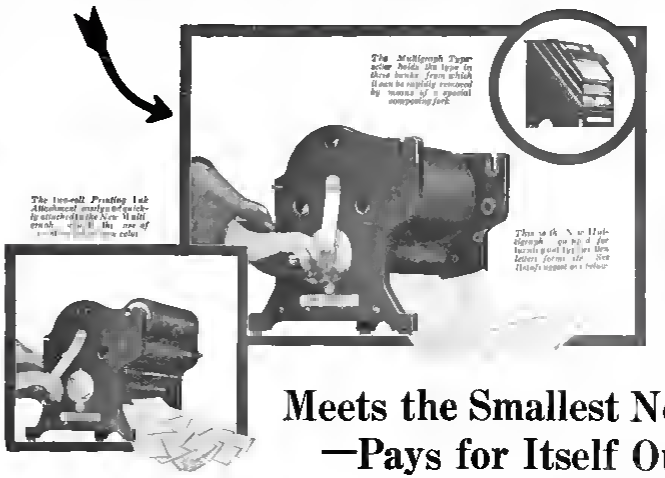
THOMAS A. EDISON

EDISON'S list of test questions which he adopted in selecting his own employees has been somewhat severely criticised. In the *Scientific American* he explains to the editor in an interview why his idea is useful to him.

The only way to test a man's memory, he says, "is to find out how much he has remembered and how much he has forgotten. Of course I don't care directly what he a man knows the capital of Nevada or the source of mahogany, or the location of Timbuctoo. Of course I don't care whether he knows who Desmoulins and Pascal and Kit Carson were. But I'd rather know any of these things and does not know them now. I do very much care about that in connection with giving him a job. For the assumption is that if he has forgotten these things he will forget something else that has direct bearing on his job.

"If I tell you something that interests

A New *MULTIGRAPH* at a New Price



$205
41.00 Down and Monthly Payments

When the possibilities of the Multigraph are considered, this price is almost absurdly low. *For less than the cost of two typewriters* you can have a machine that will do the form work of *twenty* with one operator. The first payment puts the Multigraph to work for you, and *at once* it begins to earn and to save in ways which are simple and sound and measureable.

Meets the Smallest Needs of Business —Pays for Itself Out of What it *Earns* and *Saves*

Many a business has found in the Multigraph the one thing needed to turn losses into gains, and wastes into profits. Every business can now avail itself—*now* mind you—of all the advantages and earnings that are bound to follow its installation. For this new Multigraph is obtainable in a design, and at a price, that has been worked out with great care to meet the requirements of those who may have heretofore regarded it as beyond their reach.

For a Little More You Get the Multigraph Printer

A printing-ink attachment, specially designed to go with the New Multigraph, costs but $50.00 additional. You need not be a printer to use it, it is simple, non-technical, capable and reliable. It is simple and easy to change the Multigraph from multiple type writing to printing or back again.

Multigraph Users

Agencies	Druggists	Libraries
Bakers	Electricians	Lodges
Banks	General Stores	Parkers
Brokers	Grocers	Painters
Clothiers	Hotels	Publishers
Dairies	Laundries	Schools, etc.

Multigraph Uses

Bulletins	System Forms	Sales Letters
Circulars	Form Letters	Labels
Stationery	House Organs	Tags
Folders	Bulletins	Wrappers
Notices	Post Cards	Stickers
Memo Pads	Mailing Cards	Special Notices

It's a Real MULTIGRAPH

We have been preparing for years to build a Multigraph for the use of those who do not have sufficient volume of work to require our larger power-driven equipment. Subject only to its limits of size and capacity, the New Multigraph is just as capable, just as economical, and just as trustworthy, as the biggest and fastest equipment we make. The work it does is excellent, and it is so simple that anyone can operate it.

No one has ever counted up all the different ways in which the Multigraph has brought actual profits to its owners. But out of the thousand and one ways in which it earns, there are surely a dozen in which it could earn for *you*. And out of as many ways in which it saves, there are surely as many more by which you could again profit. The Multigraph is a *constructive* force in business. It is not merely an economy, a *money-saver*, it is a *profit-producer*, also.

THE MULTIGRAPH MAN WILL SHOW YOU HOW THE MULTIGRAPH PAYS FOR ITSELF FASTER THAN YOU PAY FOR IT

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Limited
88 Bay Street,
Toronto, Ont., Canada

I would like to have someone show me the New Multigraph, and explain its possibilities in the _____ business.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ Province _____

WE have proved to our satisfaction that there is ample business in the country, but it requires both work and advertising to get a fair share of it.

SDM

SMITH, DENNE & MOORE
Limited
General Advertising Agents
TORONTO—Lumsden Bldg.
Montreal New York London

PREVENT Skin Troubles by Daily Use of Cuticura

Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations. Bathe with the Soap and hot water as usual, and refining using plenty of Soap, but apply with the hands. Smear any signs of pimples, redness or roughness with the Ointment and let it remain five minutes before bathing. Finally dust on a few grains of the exquisitely perfumed Cuticura Talcum to take the place of other perfumes for the skin.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Cuticura Depot: Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

"We Can't Keep House Without Sloan's"

We can't keep Sloan's Liniment in the house. We use it for every sort of aches and pains—rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, muscle strains and bruises."

Sold by dealers you know and trust.
Three sizes, 35c, 70c, $1.40

Made in Canada

Sloan's Liniment (Pains Enemy)

The Boss Sets the Pace

It He Works Spasmodically His Employees Soon Do Likewise

FRANK H. MADISON

THE enthusiasm or lethargy of the boss has a tendency to transmit itself to his employees, and the chief who works by fits and starts" is very liable to get like results from his whole establishment according to Frank H. Madison trifling of his experiences in "Tribes"—

Whenever I had conceived a new plan I used to come down to the office in the morning full of enthusiasm about it. I would plunge into carrying out the idea at top speed—a pace that was soon followed by the rest of the workers. On one of my enthusiastic days, when things were fairly humming, the calm eyed young forewoman came to my desk and asked:

"Do you know what the girls are saying about you to-day?"

"Why, no," I replied, somewhat puzzled.

"They say, 'The boss's got another business jag on to-day'"

My amazement was apparent, as she went on:

"They've got so they watch you when you come in each morning. Most of the time you sit down at your desk and work quietly and steadily all day. If you start that way they work in about the same fashion. But other times you come in all of a rush, pitch into work right away and your fever is so apparent that the girls say, 'Well, the boss's got on a business jag again!' and the first thing you know they're off at high speed too!"

She paused.

"All right, why are you telling me?" I encouraged her.

"Because by night you have the new plan going—the biggest part of your work in time—and the next day your enthusiasm is not so apparent. Then there is a big reaction on the part of the girls and, with the tension relieved, they sag down and that gets us much work done as they normally would."

"This started me toward the realization that no matter how efficiently I planned I must rely upon others to carry out the plans and perhaps there were other ways and means of doing things, which I had not thought of, which would make some improvements in my plans. Instead of getting them to give added momentum to what I had started, I was merely arranging tasks for them and they were doing them, determining their speed by the pace I set in the morning. I saw how wrong I was when I thought all I had to do in my first real job was to plan something and let somebody carry out the plan. What we needed was to have men together and all the brains that were working on the plan from start to finish.

"The girls weren't entirely to blame; nobody had encouraged them to use their brains; they showed them just how important they were to the success of the business. They didn't know what the ambitions of the boss were and therefore, they were right in calling my intermittent enthusiasm 'business jags.' It was up to me to show them something concerning the business about which they could become enthusiastic and also up to me to spread my enthusiasm more evenly over all the working days.

"It took a long time to secure marked results because I did not want to create a sudden enthusiasm that would result in 'business jags' for them, my problem was to induce steadily increasing interest in the work and the business. Every week we had round table meetings in which we discussed our work the relation of one operation to another, the steps between the order and the shipment and, in fact, everything that would develop the necessity of having all our minds harnessed to the same ambition. We used our duplicating machine to get out every new and then a little paper telling about our work—and other things.

"After directing all the brain power toward one end, the plans I had conceived were more successful. The lowest-paid girls made suggestions that never would have occurred to me. In the course of a year practically every girl proved she was entitled to a raise and several 'raised in' on their new value at least thrice."

Made in Montreal

Continued from page 15

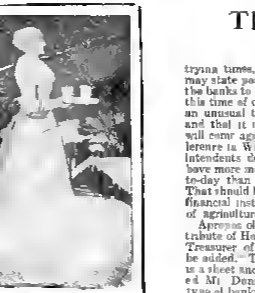
be with Borden. He is billed to a place on the Nova Scotia bench. And when he goes it is said Lord Tory in Liberal clothing, Neil McDonald of Pictou, N.S., will come into his own.

So then is the cabinet as it sits at Ottawa grasping for the lines of government and getting really far a session that it must look forward to with a certain amount of uneasiness. That it would prefer its first session sleepy and leaderless there is no reason to doubt. That it will try to have it so is evidenced by the announcements in the Throne Speech and a short introductory session this Spring may be followed by a revision in the Laurier system whereby parliament opened in November and everything was over in time for the Spring plowing.

This must sound good to the Progressives. It might set on them as a sedative. But Crerar has sounded a warning that comes echoing from the prairies that there must be action prompt and decisive in regard to the National Railways.

This kind of action is exactly what the Government will try to avoid and the net result may be a session that is neither as short nor uneventful as is planned.

For King to carry on must have the assistance of Crerar. The latter turned down the leadership of the Opposition and his $10,000 salary in order to sit where he can get most for the West. The tariff can probably be side-tracked for a time but the railways and railway rates are matters for which the West demands immediate action. The Government must either meet that demand—or trouble.



"Imitation is the sincerest flattery"

There have been many imitations of

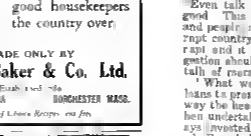
Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate

but none has stood the test of time and proven to be "just as good."

The genuine Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate preparations have been on the market for over 140 years and are the first choice of good housekeepers the country over.

MADE ONLY BY
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA DORCHESTER, MASS.
Booklet of Choice Recipes—sent free.

Goddard's Plate Powder
For polishing Silver



Sold in boxes 25 cts.
Made in cake of 1 pound, in cans from 1 to 5 pounds.
FRED. T. BENEDICT & CO.
55-57 Alexander Street, Montreal.

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES and How to Feed
Mailed free to any address by the author
H. Clay Glover Co.
Incorporated
118 West 31st Street
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Hay Fever, Asthma, Catarrh and Chronic Bronchitis

All suffering with these symptoms should send the Doctor to Relief. Price, each, $ 0.00. Trial Size 11 mg of Euphoria 2 for 1c (Instead Dec 1 Euphoria, 1 for 1 cent) Send to Dept. 1 for full size 10.

W. H. Buckley Limited, Mfg. Chemist
141 & Metcalf Street Toronto, Ont.

The West Won't Stay Down

Continued from page 29

trying times,' said a bank manager. 'I may state positively it is not the policy of the banks to take any drastic steps during this time of depression. We feel that it is an unusual time we are passing through and that it is just as certain good times will come again. Some time ago at a conference in Winnipeg Western bank superintendents demonstrated that the banks have more money out in agricultural loans to-day than they ever have had before. That should be proof of the confidence our financial institutions repose in the future of agricultural pursuits.

Apropos of the bankers's statement the tribute of Hon. C. A. Dunning Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan might here be added. "The Canadian banking system is a sheet anchor to this country," declared Mr. Dunning. "If we had any other type of banking to-day we would have the same deplorable financial conditions as exist in Europe at the present time."

Heads of big manufacturing concerns and wholesale establishments were making personal investigations of western conditions while I was there. The wholesalers of this country are not going to make one man feel he is entitled to fail," said the president of a well known Western wholesale house. "No man whose record justifies him in being supported, is going to be permitted to fail. He need not worry that we are going to press him because we have no desire to make his last stage worse than his first. This of course must not be taken to apply to those who are attempting to take a mean advantage of us because of the conditions that exist to-day." In Winnipeg the credit men meet every two or three weeks and go over accounts with the idea of comparing notes to see that no single action shall result and no suit be entered unless the position of the debtor requires it and even not then unless it is absolutely necessary.

It is unfortunate there has been any mention of a moratorium," he concluded. "Even talk of a moratorium can do no good. This country needs most finance and people neither would come to a bankrupt country. This country is not bankrupt and it is unfortunate that the suggestion should be made that it is, by any talk of moratorium."

"What we most need in the office is loans to promote house building" was the way the head of a company financing urban undertakings put it. "Mortgage companies last fall, years they were British, French, Dutch and Belgian capitalists have been very considerably withdrawn on account of the favorable rate of exchange. This action on the part of European capitalists taken out of our country money that was badly needed though the fact that the exchange rates work the other way so far as American investments are concerned has set a number of wealthy Americans thinking of taking up mortgaging the needy. Of course a rate of eight to nine per cent. plus the prevailing exchange ought to prove very attractive. In this country many of our people who would otherwise have liked to invest in mortgages have their spare cash tied up in Victory Bonds and most of them seem quite contented to leave things so but while they are sure of drawing their five and a half per cent. it means that there is just that amount of capital tied up where it cannot be used to carry on development in Canada."

So far as I could learn the problems to the Soldiers Settlement areas are much the same as those which must be faced elsewhere except that invariably the soldier settlers during his pioneering and for that reason in many cases is hit a little harder in most cases than the established farmer.

West Will Recover Quickly

IT HAS been contended that a great deal of the distress and hard circumstances has occurred in the Soldiers Settlement districts of the West but considerable of this is the natural result of pioneering and all capital during a year when prices for farm products started on the decline. It was stated that many of the soldiers indulged in taking up land they were advised not to go on. They wanted it because they could get it on easy terms. Some of them put every additional cent of capital they had into equipment and stock. With land where it was necessary to clear scrub timber all every acre before it could be broken they naturally had little or no crop the first year. The wonder among older residents of the West is that the soldiers have done as well as they did.

F. Langhland, Chief Supervisor for the Manitoba Soldiers' Settlement Board, told me that 3,200 soldiers had been placed on the land in Manitoba, each one of whom took up an average of two hundred acres of land. In reply to my queries about reported destitution among the soldier settlers Mr. Langhland stated that in their most recent reports to him the twenty-six supervisors in the new districts instanced only four applications for permanent relief. Mr. Langhland further assured me that the percentage of soldier settlers who have moved off their land and returned to the cities is very small and in most cases such return could be traced to inefficiency as pioneer farmers or the wife's dissatisfaction with rural life.

George Seale, Manager of the Manitoba Provincial Red Cross, told me that twenty-five hundred applications for medical assistance had been made to the Red Cross during the Fall and early Winter but the major portion of these applications was in connection with supplying doctors and nurses for short periods in the unorganized territories where there are no resident medical men or nurses. Many of the applications were in connection with maternity cases. The instances of permanent relief being applied for, he said, were surprisingly few in number and he stated that the settlers were now going through their most trying period from a financial standpoint.

Government Pays School Taxes

In both the other provinces even in the crop failure districts, reigns the same western spirit of good cheer and camaraderie. I came upon one particular case in Alberta that was a striking demonstration of hope and perseverance. In one of the drought-afflicted areas lived a couple with a daughter who had been born with not the senses of speech or hearing. When the little girl was four years of age they started to put away a fund to take care of her education at a deaf and dumb institute. Then came the first of the drought years. Each year for four years they hoped and prayed for the golden wheat that would swell the pitifully small sum they had already hoarded by depriving themselves of pleasures and even necessities. Each summer for four years they saw Nature come up green with promise only to wither and die under the blistering breath of the chinook and the merciless drought. They were simple souls who put their trust in hard work and providence.

Their case finally came under the observation of Mrs. C. B. Wangen, vice-president of the Alberta Red Cross who with a noble band of workers is doing a wonderful work among the needy. The family were next door to starving, but the parents gay on learning that their child could get her tuition at the deaf and dumb institute at Winnipeg knew no bounds. It meant that they had prospered for through four years of stern adversity.

In Alberta the provincial government is standing the expense of keeping the schools running where crop failure hit the residents so hard they could no longer financially support their public schools. The Red Cross is ably organized and although its work must be extended to territories widely scattered over a province of huge dimensions it is meeting the situation with wonderful results. Relief in some cases has to be sent into the far north by dog-train and over pack-trails. Outside of the unorganized country the various committees look after their own cases of distress under the supervision of the central Red Cross at Calgary. The success of the various centres in handling the cases coming under their care has been away greater than I had hoped for. Mrs. Wangen stated during my visit to Red Cross headquarters at Calgary. Our system does away with overlapping and the localization of responsibility precludes the possibilities of imposition.

Crop Failure Tragedies

As an instance of the volume of work the Red Cross of Alberta has in hand I discovered that they had shipped out since last September 32,500 second hand garments and had distributed new goods

The Best of all Overlands at the Lowest Price of all

Surprise at its unusual comfort, delight at its remarkable economy—this is the happy experience of owners of the New Series Overland Sedan.

Drive it over the worst roads you know—you'll realize how Triplex Springs protect both car and passengers.

Thirty miles to the gallon of gas is common, with high mileage on oil and tires. Upkeep expense is decidedly low. Day in and day out, the Overland is dependable.

Completely equipped, you with electric lights, starter, horn, speedometer and demountable rims. It has four doors with adjustable plate-glass windows. The upholstery is rich tan velour on divan springs.

You cannot make a sounder investment than the New Series Overland Sedan at the new low price. It will give you years of solid satisfaction.

We have openings for merchants of the right kind in a number of towns

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED
Head Office and Factories TORONTO, CANADA

New Series Overland Sedan $1295

Touring $895 Roadster $885 Coupe $1295

Willys-Knight Prices also have been reduced
Touring $2300 Roadster $2250 Coupe $3350 Sedan $3650
All prices F. O. B. Toronto. Sales Tax Extra

Are You a Civic Pacifist?

"Pacifism in civic politics is a dangerous policy." So says Dr. Horace L. Brittain, director of the Citizens' Research Institute of Canada in one of a striking series of articles to begin in The Financial Post at once.

To business men who take a direct and active part in their community life this series of articles has a definite interest and a real value. To other business men who are by standers in municipal affairs there is a real message in what Dr. Brittain says.

Your tax rate has soared; so has your assessment; the taxes per capita of your town or city are probably away above the figures of a few years ago. Every move of your city council is reflected in the taxes you pay. Self-interest demands that you, as a tax payer, must study your municipal systems.

In this series of articles Dr. Brittain exposes many fallacies at present deep rooted in our civic and community life. For alderman, town councillor, mayor and municipal official they provide much valuable aid in the solution of his problems. You business men and tax payers, outside the realm of direct and active participation in civic affairs, will learn from these articles how you can exercise "citizen control over civic expenditures."

The titles tell what Dr. Brittain has to say to you:

NON-PARTICIPATION IN CIVIC POLITICS IS DANGEROUS
How civic expenditures can be most effectively controlled

COLLECTING THE TAXES ON THE DOT
How the municipality can save money by collecting taxes earlier

GETTING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
It cannot be done even under our present system of paying for public improvements, is Dr. Brittain shows

TAX RATE FALLACIES EXPOSED
The rise or fall of the tax rate doesn't count for anything. Surprising but true

CONTROLLING THE UNCONTROLLABLE
Every "uncontrollable" expenditure CAN be controlled.

WHEN IS A PUBLIC UTILITY PAYING ITS WAY?
Dr. Brittain's comments on this subject may surprise you

In addition to this series THE POST will give you each week its regular discussions on business, industry and investments. The municipal department enables business men and municipal officers to keep abreast of civic developments

Subscribe for THE POST now. To get Dr. Brittain's articles fill in the coupon. Your subscription will start with the January 20 issue, in which appears Dr. Brittain's first article, and subsequent issues. The price is $6.00 for one year—52 issues

THE FINANCIAL POST
143-153 University Avenue
Toronto.

Enter my subscription to THE FINANCIAL POST for the term (52 issues) to start January [illegible]

I enclose $ [illegible]
or
Bill me for the annual subscription price, $6.00

NT

THE FINANCIAL POST
143-153 University Ave.,
Toronto

Southam Building, 128 Bleury St., Montreal

1004 Union Trust Bldg., Winnipeg

88 Fleet St., London, Eng.

costing $9,265.66. At the time I was in Calgary—the latter part of December—they were shipping supplies every day to forty three centres. They were loading after six hundred families scattered through the southern part of the province and they have two hundred more to look after in the north.

Early in September Mrs. Waugen made a survey of the crop failure districts. She found many cases of actual malnutrition and children suffering from chronic ailments. All those children are now being treated under the direction of the Junior Red Cross, a truly splendid juvenile organization with a membership of 26,000 in the province. I saw while in Calgary a roomful of toys which were to be distributed at Christmas to the children of the crop failure districts by the members of the Junior Red Cross. The wonderful thing about those toys was that most of them were made by youthful artisans who are members of the organization. They ranged from hobby horses and express wagons down to dolls—beautiful toys that could and be cherished for get-up and appearance by any shop-manufactured article I have ever seen.

The Red Cross has opened a hospital in the southern part of Alberta to take care of maternity cases and the local government is taking over all expenses in connection with it. A great many of the sufferers in the South are Russians. The majority of soldier settlers in need of help are inexperienced men who had completed their own qualifications to take hold of pioneer work. In the soldiers cases the Soldiers' Settlement Board is assisting by extending the credit of those who have been placed in financial straits through crop failures.

Similar conditions prevail in Saskatchewan. There Red Cross work is in charge of Red Cross Commissioner W. F. Kerr, a well known ex-newspaperman. Under Mr. Kerr's able direction the work of the various municipal bodies and organized societies throughout the province is centralized at the Provincial Red Cross headquarters.

Saskatchewan distributes no second hand clothing to its less fortunate citizens. Instead the Red Cross has introduced an enterprising system of buying up clothing manufacturers' seconds or clothing with some slight flaw which precludes its sale at regular prices. In this way they have been enabled to obtain brand new clothing at half price and less and thus eliminate the possibilities of spreading contagious disease with previously worn garments. There is also a psychological reason involved, the distribution of clothing that is not the cast off wearing apparel of others imposes less sense of humiliation on the recipient.

The Saskatchewan Red Cross has an average of fifty cases a day to look after. These of course are not by any means all permanent cases. It will be a maximum cost in one place, a pair of shoes in another and so on. The organization for relief work in Saskatchewan much on the same system as in the other two western provinces, the centralization of authority preventing overlapping.

In conclusion I would like to quote a paragraph from a recent article by Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor President of the Canadian Bankers' Association and General Manager of the Bank of Montreal. Fresh from my observation in the West these words of Sir Frederick seemed to me to be singularly appropriate to the times and the temper of the people—

Surely every thinking Canadian might with advantage start the New Year by taking stock of our manifold resources, assets and blessings. For two and a half decades Canada's progress has been phenomenal and continuous. At the moment we are marking time, but we shall have another leaping bound. *Now is the time to prepare*, so that we may take full advantage of our splendid inheritance, *learning our mistakes of the past into stepping-stones to a wiser future.* Let us now cast up our accounts and see what we have to show. The so-called accumulated wealth of a young country is necessarily moderate—the natural wealth of this young country is boundless."

That Man from Carstairs

Continued from page 17

"What was the genesis of the present United Farmers' organization in Alberta and of other like agrarian associations throughout Canada which we in Alberta are credited with inspiring?

He repeated my question in a dreamy drawl paused a moment, then set about making a deliberate reply. The orderly manner in which Wood marshals his ideas and his concise exceptionally coherent manner of giving expression to them should be the delight of all reporters.

"After the breaking up of a farmers' organization in Missouri in the latter eighties and almost through political hysteria I was connected with several local organizations carrying on farmers' activities. Later I came to Alberta, where I joined a farmers' organization known as the Canadian Society of Equity, and later still I became identified with the United Farmers of Alberta.

"Meantime I had done quite a bit of thinking about social problems as they affected the common people in a general way, and I was at great pains to reason out the cause of the instability of farmers' organizations. You know, you could fill a small graveyard with epitaphs to the farmers' parties in this country and the States which have come and gone. They were as ephemeral as mushrooms. Why? I asked myself this in the detached mood of a cold, unsympathetic critic.

"One fact stood out clear *none of them had survived the taking of political action.*

"Right there was the weak link that allowed the chain to break. My effort has been to understand the reason for this and, as the leader of the United Farmers of Alberta, I have tried to avoid the mistake that caused the downfall of former farmers' organizations.

Why Did Early Farmers Fail?

"WHY DID former farmers' organizations fail? Well, to be as brief as I can. As soon as the farmers developed strength enough through organization to make their power felt, they conceived that all social ills could be corrected through direct political action. They became afflicted with political hysteria, deserted their primary organization—the source of their real strength—made one political attempt on an unstable basis and invariably failed in their second attempt to find after that failure that their organization had gone to pieces and so much confusion had been introduced in the material of the organization that it was impossible to rebuild that material into an organization of any tangible strength.

"We are overcoming that weakness in Alberta by taking political action as an organization instead of deserting our organization to take political action.

"We in Alberta believe that before any social problems can be dealt with intelligently by the people that the people will have to build themselves into stable social groups. When these groups become stabilized through systematic and long-continued organization they can then be developed to an even higher level of citizenship efficiency and will thus become efficient social forces.

"It is impossible for a political party, or political parties have been constructed, to develop any degree of citizenship efficiency, because there is no systematic organization of the people composing a political party. Consequently there is no real stability and no citizenship efficiency.

"There seems to be considerable mystification as to what the group system means," I ventured. "Must every member of such a group vote as he is told to vote?"

Mr. Wood winced not even a shade of surprise at the question. "A political party group is a group of individuals whose interests lie in a given direction," he answered. "The unit of citizenship remains in the individual. When a group becomes sufficiently organized to become stable the individuals become merged into the stable organization and the group becomes the citizenship unit.

"There is no more social strength in a union acting as an individual than there is in the soldier acting as an individual. When two soldiers have built themselves into an efficient military unit, that unit has more military strength than one hundred soldiers acting as individuals. That ten citizens built into a stable efficient social unit has more strength than ten hundred citizens acting as individuals is fully exemplified by the strength that the social plutocratic groups have at the present time compared with the great unorganized masses of democracy.

"Fifty per cent. of the citizens of Canada organized into stable efficient social groups are voting absolutely over ninety five per cent. who have been acting as individuals.

"We are now trying to build up democratic efficient groups as a counter force to those already built by Plutocracy. We are building those groups on exactly the same basis as Plutocracy has built theirs because it is the only basis that has ever been discovered on which a social group could be organized and developed to stability and efficiency. That basis is the economic basis."

The G.M.A. Plutocracy

I WAS curious to know definitely what he meant by Plutocracy, which it will be noted he personified. So I asked him.

"The Manufacturers' Association is an instance," he replied with a laugh that betokened a spokesman of just such a question.

Mr. Wood has certain theories on what he terms "The Law of Co-operation versus the Law of Competition or Democracy versus Autocracy." He says that all the great wars and revolutions of the world have been generated out of the clash of these forces. In the recent Great War he claimed Germany as representing Competition, the Allies as representing Co-Operation in that race had no chance against Competition or be destroyed by it. Then he branched off into its application to commercial activities.

"The manufacturers had to destroy competition or be destroyed by it," he declared. "Likewise the human race will have to destroy competition or be destroyed by it.

"So the United Farmers' Movement has no idea of destroying manufacturing industry, but we are going to bring the manufacturing group into servitude to humanity instead of humanity being in servitude to it."

Who are eligible to join the United Farmers' organization? I asked.

"It is a farmers' organization—a distinct group," he replied. "Our constitution says that acceptable members must be directly interested in farming. Each local chooses its own membership and they don't accept anyone into the fold who is not sympathetic with the aims and objects of the Farmers' Movement.

"It has been quite lately asserted that T. A. Crerar adopted many of your ideas as planks in his progressive platform. In fact it was conceded by many that you were the power behind in the recent sweep the Progressives made in the West."

"No doubt, no doubt," smiled Wood. "And some of them pictured me as one decked out with horns and a forked tail roaming up and down the earth putting wicked ideas in other men's heads, which was perfectly all right so long as our opponents found a genuine source of diversion in that sort of thing. But so far Mr. Crerar is concerned they were absolutely wrong. As a matter of fact T. A. Crerar and I do not agree on some points. Crerar advocates the political party system—I advocate the group system.

They always Call him "Mr."

FOLLOWING our conversation in the U.F.A. President's office, a little incident occurred that perhaps sheds some light on another natural characteristic of the man. When the interview was concluded it was quite late in the afternoon, so I asked Mr. Wood if he would have dinner with me at the hotel. He declined affably, insisting that I dine with him.

"We'll go to a near quiet restaurant patronized by farmer folk," he suggested. "There'll be as fine or finer there but we will get our full money's worth in food and service."

The restaurant was crowded with farmers and their wives and daughters who had been spending the day in Calgary. It was a piece of rare good luck that we secured a table immediately after we entered. From glances and greetings it was apparent that nearly everybody in the place knew my companion. But I noted one thing: nobody addressed him as "Henry" or "H. W." It was invariably "How do you do, Mr. Wood?" or "Good-evening, Mr. Wood."

Everybody in Alberta knows of Wood and most people there have either heard him speak in public or read his political doctrines in the newspapers—but few know him intimately. Familiarity is not a part of his makeup. He is by nature more inclined to be a recluse than a demagogue. One gathers that he infinitely prefers to observe, read and reflect rather than go about the highways and byways shaking hands and making of himself a hale fellow and well met.

But in the interests of his Big Idea Wood has forced himself to become a mixer of a kind. Where Wood and his Big Idea will finally land is a matter of rather hazy conjecture. For the present he appears to be quite contented with the presidency of the United Farmers of Alberta and to play the part of a Richelieu in Western politics in general.

Far North Really Liveable

Continued from page 24

was surveying in Nicaragua. Peary did have hard times at first but he got through that stage of his work more quickly than his Norwegian competitors. But perhaps that may not seem quite so striking as the fact which caught to be well known that the Duke of the Abruzzi with an expedition largely Italian followed in the footsteps of the Norwegians and in a short voyage which did not give them time enough to acquire the North machine knowledge of the technique of northern work, nevertheless exceeded the best Norwegian records.

From my own experiences I could tell many stories of the adaptability of southerners to the North, a thing that is well known also from the writings of other northern travelers. Peary tells us again and again in his books, and he emphasized it to me personally that the best travelling companion he ever had was Matt Henson, a typical American Negro. Nearly every whaling ship in arctic waters, whether in the Atlantic or the Pacific side has carried in its crews one or many men born in Portugal, the Cape Verde Islands, the Canaries, Hawaii and Samoa in addition to large numbers of Negroes from the Southern States. These men have usually averaged as high as earth Europeans in their ability to stand cold and in their enjoyment of the northern climate.

But none of these stories is more striking than that of my old friend Jim F. whom I first met on the north coast of Canada in 1906 when he had already been there for many years.

When the World's Fair was held in 1893 one of the exhibits was a young man who had grown to maturity in the Samoa Islands and has been brought to Chicago as a part of the exhibit of "native races." This young man was James Agassiz. When the Fair was over, he drifted to San Francisco with an idea of getting back to the Samoa. He could not speak much English so he went down to the waterfront to see if he could find a ship that looked as if it would take him home. He saw a small sailing ship that had several "Kanakas" aboard, natives of the Hawaiian Islands. He could not speak to these Hawaiians, but he knew what people and country they belonged to so he went to the officer of the ship and asked for a job for he thought they were sailing for the Hawaiian Islands. Two or three months later he found himself in the Arctic. "Jim Fiji" from the tropics now had to spend the winter in a whaler at Herschel Island, two hundred miles north of the Arctic circle as the north coast of Canada. He found it hard, for he did not know how to take care of himself in the cold. He lost his fare and his fingers and shivered and was miserable and he has told me that he would have given anything to be out of it and home. But it was a three-years voyage and during the next two years he learned how to clothe himself properly and how to protect himself from frost, and he liked the last year so well

DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE

of buying a Moving Picture Machine from a firm which cannot supply you with the necessary films

Buying the machine is merely the first step. If you have to rely on film service secured promiscuously you will experience inconvenience and dissatisfaction. Unlike other firms, we assume the obligation of guaranteeing satisfaction to those buying our machines.

The Victor Safety Cinema

is the only machine in Canada which has a film library in connection with it. The Pathescope Library of Films has been installed at a cost of over a hundred thousand dollars and includes a comprehensive list of pictures to meet every possible requirement.

PATHESCOPE FILM LIBRARY
Circulating Film Library which covers over 1,100 subjects, includes films of—
Travel Pictures from all over the world
Educational Pictures of foreign people and customs.
National History
Topical Pictures
Clean Comedies.
New subjects constantly being added
Scientific and Technical Subjects.
Industrial Process Films.
Religious Subjects
Selected Dramas.
Animated Cartoons etc.
Catalogue of films sent on request

Every Victor Safety Cinema carries the official label, an enclosing booth required at the National Board of Underwriters. You owe it to those for whose safety you are responsible to use an machine without this label. The Victor Safety Cinema is easy to operate and unrivalled for its clear projection of pictures on the screen. It is the ideal machine for use in schools, churches, hospitals and private homes.

Let us furnish you with particulars and prices.

Pathescope of Canada Limited
156 King St. West TORONTO

Genuine
BAYER
ASPIRIN

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Why take chances?

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain Pain

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it will be recognized that for a long time past tablets marketed under the name Bayer have been stamped with the Bayer cross [illegible]

Genuine Diamonds
CASH OR CREDIT
Terms: $1 to $5 Weekly
We trust any Person anywhere
Write for catalogue to-day
Jacobs Bros. (Dept. 4)
15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto

STAMMERING
Or any form of speech defect positively. Our method of cure permanently restores natural speech. Credents, pupils everywhere. Free booklet and illustrated catalog.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONT. - CANADA

Real HARRIS, LEWIS and SHETLAND HOMESPUNS
DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS
E. A. O'NEILL & SONS (Dept. W) Stornoway Outlook
Full Clothing for all Sports and Country Wear
Patterns of Tweeds on request, stating shade desired and if Lady or Gents

Infants—Mothers
Thousands testify
Horlick's
The Original
Malted Milk
Upbuilds and sustains the body
No Cooking or Milk required
Used for ⅓ of a Century
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

FREE
For 5 Days Wear
We will send you a genuine Gophic Gem, mounted in solid 18K gold, that can wear it free for five full days. IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A DIAMOND—SEND IT BACK. Gophic Gems are our Blue diamonds, stand all diamond tests, and are guaranteed for a lifetime.
Simply send your name and address for our new Gophic Gem book. Select from it the goods desired. After five days free trial, if you want to keep them pay on instalments as low as $1.50 monthly. All real fair price credit is good.
Send today for booklet and full details of our free trial easy payment plan.
The Gophic Diamond Co. Limited
Dept. 307 140 Yonge St., Toronto

TRADE MARK REG.
Mi-Rita
Superfluous Hair Remover
Mi-RITA
Trade Mark
Our application of Mi-Rita leaves the skin white and velvety.
Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that we have a preparation that will positively destroy the root of the hair. This treatment can be used in the privacy of the home.
Send for Free Beauty Book telling how to obtain a permanently free beautifying the skin and its
Write direct to
Dr. Margaret Ruppert
Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment
Dept. 1 1112 Walnut St. Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.
Established 22 Years

Mostly Sally

Continued from page 31

that when the vessel got down to San Francisco he immediately shipped on another whaler to go north again. And at the end of this three-year voyage he hiked the north as well that when the ship turned home he asked permission of the captain to remain behind.

Jim Fig has lived in that country ever since frapping and occasionally working for whalers or traders and he worked three years for us on our expedition of 1913-14. I have known him since 1906 were all the finest men in the North and wherever here are of may good friends. He has been industrious and frugal has caught many furs has sold his furs at reasonable prices, and now he has money in the bank. The minent is a subject on which he is reticent for he feels that respect the instincts of a miser. He will give you any food or clothing or other articles for furs but when anything has once been turned into money it never gets money from him. Some says he is worth ten thousand dollars and others say forty thousand.

Was I Return to Samoa

IN 1917 his hair had turned nearly white and he was getting to be an old man. Although I am a great believer in the North it struck me one day that it might be as bad a calculation for Jim Fig to go back with some of his riches to the Samoa Islands and settle down. I suggested to him that a good thing to do would be to go south with us to San Francisco, get most of his money into Liberty Bonds take a few thousand dollars to the Samoas and buy an estate on which he could live. This idea struck him very favorably and thereafter we had many talks about what he was going to do. He told me he could get a man down there to work for you all day for five cents and he had great visions of what he was going to do as a landlord. Among other things I was to count and advise him some time later the kind he knew land I was of the Eastern lands and he described in detail the peculiar Samoan lands which he was going to give me to see how I liked them.

At the end of my 1918-19 expedition I came east to Ottawa and New York and Jim Fig went to San Francisco. Some months later I went out to San Francisco and the day after I got there Jim Fig called on me. I was surprised to find him still there but he explained that when he got there he heard that one of his cousins was on the way from the Samoas and he thought he would await his arrival before starting for home. When the cousin arrived he told him among other things, that wages had gone up and that you no longer were able to hire a man for five cents per day. Various other things had changed for the worse but the main thing that worried Jim was that he found he did not like the winter coldness of San Francisco, and, as the Samoas were in first respect even worse he had decided that he did not care to go back after all and his intentions now were to buy another trapping outfit and go back to the Arctic.

This is what he has done. In the spring of 1919 he was taken north by Captain Pedersen of the Herman and Captain Pedersen tells me he landed Jim on Cape Bathurst the second most northerly point on the Canadian mainland. He expects to live there the rest of his life.

It seems to me impossible to keep that in such countries as Missouri or Scotland whatever is unpleasant and that in such countries as Northern Canada or Alaska seemingly unpleasant. I have often argued with Eskimos who know summer only as unpleasant but have never succeeded in proving to them that any reasonable person could like Florida or Italy. I do expect to have better luck with the readers of this book magazine in trying to prove to them that many reasonable persons like winter better than summer for their mental rest had more opportunities for friendship. But I don't expect much better luck.

Stories without number and with the same moral as the foregoing will still leave many, my friends, that you can ever get since large, unlike settlements to become local winter and summer resorts for North Pole people the intellectual, children and grand children of those who will there never would be anything but a fur-traders village here now stands Winnipeg with its 200,000 inhabitants. All we can do with such stories are there to take good care of their health so they may live to see history since more repeating itself.

gold teeth of Mr Schwerstein. The man who had spoken her name had seated himself beside her and was talking in precise clipped accents oddly familiar. The man cleared from her eyes and she recognized Bruce Carmyle.

I CALLED at your place "Mr Carmyle" was saying "and the hall porter told me that you were here, so I ventured to follow you. I hope you do not mind? May I smoke?"

He lit a cigarette with something of an air. His fingers trembled as he raised the match, but he flattered himself that there was nothing else in his demeanor to indicate that he was violently excited. Bruce Carmyle's fleet was the sleepy man who can rise superior to his emotions. He was alive to the fact that this was an embarrassing moment, but he was determined not to show that he appreciated it. He cast furtive sidelong glances at Sally, and thought that never not even in the garden at Monk's Crelton on a certain memorable occasion had he seen her looking prettier. Her face was flushed and her eyes aflame. The stout wrath of Uncle Dagald, which had accompanied Mr Carmyle on this expedition of his, faded into nothingness as he gazed.

There was a pause. Mr Carmyle, having lighted his cigarette, puffed vigorously.

"Where did you land?" asked Sally, feeling the need of saying something. Her mind was confused. She could not have said whether she was glad or sorry that he was there. Glad she thought, on the whole. There was something in his dark cool stiff English aspect that gave her a curious feeling of relief. He was so unlike Mr Cruikenell and the man from up-State and so entirely remote from the lovers atmosphere in which she lived her nights that it was restful to look at him.

"I landed to-night" said Bruce Carmyle turning and facing her squarely "To-night!"

We danced at tea.

Her turned away again. Her had made his effect and was content to leave her to think it over.

Sally was silent. The significance of his words had not escaped her. She realized that his presence there was a challenge which she must answer. And yet it hardly stirred her. She had been fighting so long, and she felt utterly inert. She was like a swimmer who has battled against the tide and preparing to yield to the numbness of exhaustion. The heat of the room pressed down on her like a smothering blanket. Her tired nerves cried out under the blare of music and the glare of electric lights.

"Shall we dance this?" he asked.

The orchestra had started to play again a sensuous, creamy melody which was making the most of its brief reign as Broadway's leading song hit, over familiar to her from a hundred repetitions.

"I yes like it."

Efficiency was Bruce Carmyle's gospel. He was one of those men who do not attempt anything which they cannot accomplish to perfection. Dancing he had decided early in his life was a part of a gentleman's education, and he had seen to it that he was educated thoroughly. Sally, who as they swept out on the floor, had braced herself automatically for a repetition of the usual bumping struggle which dancing at the Flower Garden had come to mean for her, found herself in the arms of a masterful expert. A man who danced better than she did, and suddenly there came to her a feeling that was almost gratitude, a miraculous slackening of her taut nerves a delicious peace. Soothed and contented she yielded herself with eyes half closed to the rhythm of the melody. Finding it now robbed in some mysterious manner of all its stale cheapness and in that moment her mind still turned toward Bruce Carmyle underwent a complete change.

She had never troubled to examine with any minuteness her feeling toward him but one thing she had known clearly since their first meeting—that he was physically distasteful to her. For all his good looks and in his rather austere way he was a handsome man she had shrunk from him. Now, spirited away by the magic of the dance that repugnance had left her. It was as if some barrier had been broken down between them.

"Sally?"

She felt his arm tighten about her. Her muscles quivering. She caught sight of his face. His dark eyes suddenly blazed into hers, and she stumbled with an odd feeling of helplessness realizing with a shock that brought her with a lurch out of the hall dream into which she had been lulled that the dance had not postponed the moment of decision as she had looked to it to do. In a hot whisper the words swept away on the flood of the music which had suddenly become raucous and blaring into more. He was repeating what he had said under the trees at Monk's Crelton in that fateful morning in the English springtime. Dimly she knew that she was resenting the arbitrariness of the attack at such a moment, but her mind seemed numbed.

THE music stopped abruptly. Instant clapping started it again but Sally moved away to her table, and he followed her like a shadow. Neither spoke. Bruce Carmyle had said his say and Sally was sitting staring before her, trying to think. She was tired, tired. Her eyes were burning. She tried to force herself to face the situation squarely. Was it worth struggling? Was anything in the world worth a struggle? She only knew that she was tired, desperately tired, tired to the very depths of her soul.

The music stopped. There was more clapping, but this time the orchestra did not respond. Gradually the floor emptied. The shuffling of feet ceased. The Flower Garden was as quiet as it was ever able to be. Even the voices of the babblers seemed strangely hushed. Sally closed her eyes, and as she did so from somewhere up near the roof there came the song of a bird.

Isidore Abrahams was a man of his word. He advertised a Flower Garden, and he had tried to give the public something as closely resembling a flower garden as it was possible for an ever-crowded, overheated, evenaisy Broadway dancing resort to achieve. Paper roses festooned the walls, genuine ferns bloomed in nooks by every pillar and from the roof hung cages with birds in them. One of these stirred by the sudden cessation of the tumult below had begun to sing.

Sally had often pitied these birds and more than once had pleaded in vain with Mr. Abrahams for a remission of their sentence; but somehow at this moment it did not occur to her that this one was merely praying in its own language as she had often prayed in her thoughts, to be taken out of this place. To her sitting there wrapping with for the song seemed cheerful. It soothed her. It healed her to listen to it. And suddenly before her eyes there rose a vision of Monk's Crelton cool green and peaceful under the mild English sun, leaping for an oasis seen in the distance lures the desert traveler.

She became aware that the master of Monk's Crelton had placed his hand on hers and was holding it in a tightening grip. She looked down and gave a little shiver. She had always disliked Bruce Carmyle's hands. They were strong and bony and black hairs grew on the backs of them. One of the earliest feelings regarding him had been that she would hate to have those hands touching her. But she did not move. Again that vision of the old garden had flickered across her mind, a haven where she could rest.

He was leaning toward her, whispering in her ear. The room was hotter than it ever had been, noisier than it had ever been, fuller than it had ever been. The bird on the roof was singing again and now she understood what it said. Take me out of this! Did anything matter except that? What did it matter how and was taken or where, or by whom so that one was taken.

Monk's Crelton was looking cool and green and peaceful.

"Very well" said Sally.

To be continued

A Primrose and a Promise

Continued from page 16

"So *this* is foreign travel!" said Rose dismally. "When I read about other people's travels, they always see things under Venetian skies—no matter where they happen to be. Ever since I've been in Europe all that I've seen which isn't much, has been in the pouring rain!"

The kind young man who was conducting them offered to take them into his greenhouse and after a moment's hurried consultation of the discomfort the two agreed to go. Someone came on business and he apologized for leaving them, but suggested they might enjoy a closer inspection of his amaryllis which were especially fine.

The rain pattered on the glass but as there was no longer any need for artificial heat it was quite comfortable in the greenhouse. And they talked and talked. He learned much about her finding the subject ever of engaging interest.

She was one of three sisters, whose mother had died when the oldest girl was fifteen and Rose eleven. Their father had died some years before. They went from their California home to live with their grandmother in Virginia, at perhaps the most difficult and critical period of a girls life. Mrs Burwell was past seventy. As she had never had a daughter to bridge the years between to-day's manners and those of the days before the war, she had proceeded to bring up her son's daughters exactly as she had been brought up. Her ideas of correctness were as inflexible as her conviction that a proper chaperonage was the only becoming background for a well bred girl. When Helen made her debut she was resigned beforehand to being a dismal social failure. But old Mrs. Burwell's house parties became the rage, (though she never called them that, she spoke of a house teeming with guests as "delighting Burwell hospitality.")

"Helen was t exactly a belle," explained Rose. "I mean lots of girls have more fuss made over them—but the men just *pestered* her to marry them!"

THEN came Doris, who married at the end of her first season and then Rose, who had never admitted even to herself that she was the greatest favorite of the three. She had made her debut the winter before, but she had became interested in painting lessons from a Belgian woman who had refugeed in the United States during the war, and when Madame Lombaerts returned to Antwerp the girl had begged to go with her to continue her studies. Her uncle was to come over in the late summer to bring her back.

"We haven't explained the special reason why you are held in such strict laws over here," said Scarth.

A tiry wave of color rippled over the girl's cheek, smooth and soft as the petals of a hyacinth. "I wrote that I had met two or three painters over here. My grandmother doesn't wish me to meet any men here because she thinks girls are much happier if they marry in their own country, especially in Virginia. Of course it's just her partiality for me that is at the bottom of it. My two sisters married at the end of their first season you see and Grandmother believes that every man is an earthquake to us."

She laughed at the absurdity of it but Scarth did not seem to find it amusing.

The Hallender appeared at the door. "I thought to find you outside since the rain has stopped."

"Has it?" exclaimed the two rather guiltily.

"Did you like the amaryllis?"

Their confusion deepened.

They hurried outside to find the pale rays of the setting sun lighting up a field of General De Witt tulips—great cups of reddish orange the color of flame.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Rose. "How glorious! Oh I am so glad I came!"

Later on, as they stood knee deep in a field of mauve tulips Scarth besought her. "Tell me one thing before we leave this sad field: do you return to Antwerp from here?"

"Yes," she said and then added, "It doesn't seem honest to tell you more than that."

"You must not think that I am deliberately following you to Antwerp against your grandmother's wishes, though I tell you frankly I shall try to see you there. But I had already arranged to sail from Antwerp as I wish to see the ice hockey between Canada and the United States. I'm rather keen on winter sports."

She did not say whether she planned to see the match or not.

"You can be as silent as your namesake flower" said Scarth.

Again the delightful dimple came in her left cheek.

"I'm never called by my real name," she confessed. "I was such a very proper little girl that one of Helen's beaux nicknamed me Primrose and everybody promptly adopted it."

Scarth considered it. "It does suit you admirably."

He was conscious of a quick change in the girl's manner. She hurried a step or two past him as if he were not there. They had passed from the last field into the street.

He remembered her wicked explosive "Plague take 'the public thoroughfare'! It's no place for a primrose."

When the steam train came he lifted his hat and left her as her silence indicated was her wish.

To trace a hidden Primrose in Antwerp proved a baffling task. Scarth went daily to the *Palais de Glace* where the various skating contests were staged and in between times he haunted museums, studios and picture galleries. At last he was rewarded by catching a glimpse of her one evening at the rink seated next to a middle-aged woman whom he took to be her teacher. As soon as the evening's contests were over he turned the number of her seat and through a minor official learned the name of the subscriber who had the seat on the other side of her. He went to him and offered to buy his ticket for the game the following evening at any price he would name—five times ten times its original cost.

Rose looked up with startled, innocent eyes when he took his seat triumphantly beside her. She introduced him to her teacher, Madame Lombaerts and Scarth made the proper responses while his head seemed literally to be spinning around.

"How much more he wanted to see the girl than he had realized! How much prettier she was than he remembered! Something of the sort he managed to stammer out.

"You last saw me in the rain, with a broken leather dangling from my hat. I must have looked a fright, a monster! Still it is not nice of you to be so surprised, is it?"

"I haven't a coherent thought," he returned happily. "I'm as engrossed with satisfaction that a skating rink wasn't named on that list. I wish they would play hockey until midnight."

THE rink was crowded to its capacity with a throng of eager spectators representing every nation from Finland to South Africa. A Japanese elbowed a man from Chili, an Australian talked with a group just back from the Belgian Congo. The curved dams of the rink twinkled in multi-colored lights, flags of all nations fluttered in the breeze, played national airs the whole scene was one of color and movement and youth. The spectators shrieked applauded, or booed as their caprices led.

"At your best, Lady Luck!" came an invocation from a group of American officers, or again a hoarse chorus.

"Give 'em 'ell, Americans, give 'em 'ell!"

No one from Canada or the United States—the two best neighbors in all the world—could have seen that contest without a thrill of pride in the team with the maple leaf on their breasts and the team with the shield of red white and blue.

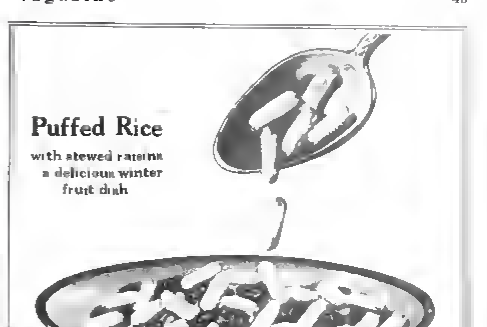
At the end of the first half the score stood 0 to 0.

"I've played hockey ever since I can remember," said Scarth. "But this is the hottest-fought match I've ever seen. This is hockey of its best—clean, fast, sportsmanlike."

"It's the most thrilling game I ever saw in my life," cried Rose, her cheeks flushed with excitement. "And the teams are so evenly matched. I feel that whichever side wins the other one really ought to! I don't mean exactly that."

His smiled down at her. "What you mean is that down in the bottom of your heart you are sure the States will win and you are trying to salve my disappointment ahead of time. It alike your dear gentleness. But I think Canada is

Puffed Rice
with stewed raisins
a delicious winter fruit dish



Nutted Fruit
Just add Puffed Rice to get it

Fruit and nuts blend well together—for instance, "nuts and raisins."

But nuts are hard and heavy. Puffed rice is like nut meats puffed. It adds the nutty blend to fruits in an airy flimsy form.

You will mix puffed rice with every stewed fruit when you try it once.

Enjoy all their delights.

Puffed grains are breakfast dainties, but they are also food confections. Let them bring you all of their enjoyments.

The grains are puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. The texture is like snowflakes, the taste like toasted nuts.

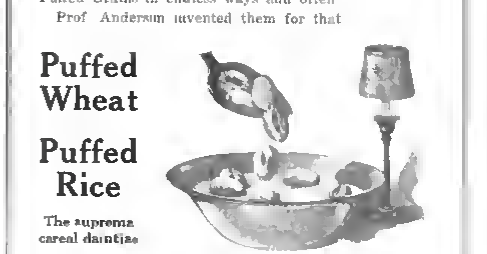
Yet every use supplies whole-grain nutrition in a scientific form. Every food cell is exploded to make digestion easy and complete.

No other process so fits a grain to feed. And none makes whole grains nearly so enticing.

If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve the children Puffed Grains in endless ways and often.

Prof. Anderson invented them for that.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
The supreme cereal dainties



Puffed Wheat is milk the good-night dish

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
Peterborough, Canada Saskatoon, Canada

CHARLES CHAPLIN
(THE CINEMA KING) IN HIS

ALL-WOOL BARRY OVERCOAT

Here is direct conclusive proof of our ability as Mail Order Tailors. It indicates why we undertake to refund more than you actually have paid us if we fail to fit you perfectly from full measures —

When CHARLIE CHAPLIN the Cinema King was in London we wanted upon him personally with an overcoat which we had cut and tailored merely from measures and studying a Charlie Chaplin picture—and We already declare that in so the truth and will pay $5 000 to any charity if the facts are not as stated.

Mr CHAPLIN in this picture is seen at the Ritz Hotel, London, in the BARRY OVERCOAT. The overcoat was tried on before a representative gathering of Premiers and was declared by Mr CHAPLIN to be a perfect-fitting Coat in every respect. Note the fit of the collar the fall of the lapels, the general lay of the body of the Coat. You will admit it is perfection. We declare that the photograph is untouched in any of these details, and that the photograph, excellent as it is does not really do full justice to the actual perfection of Mr CHAPLIN'S Coat as it appeared before those Premiers.

We can fit you as well as we fitted Mr Charles Chaplin.

$40.00 PURE SCOTTISH WOOL OVERCOAT for $20.00

Custom—Built to your Special Measures (Carriage and Duty Paid to your door)

Those Tweeds bear the trademark of the SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION, and hence is other guarantee than this.

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN

They are cut, made and trimmed in perfectness. They are beyond competition.

An Unparalleled Guarantee If for any reason whatsoever you do not consider the $20.00 Pure Wool Overcoat to measure the finest value you have ever seen, return it and we will refund a full $20.00 for $2.00 more in compensation you for loss of time. That is the BARRY Guarantee. Dare we make such an offer we ask if we could not live up to it at so claim?

Other Barry Features are

A $35 PURE WOOL OVERCOAT for $18.50 To Measure

A $20 SPORTS COAT to measure for $11.00
(As worn by J. DIMMOCK Tottenham Hot pur)

A $42 ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT $22.50 To Measure
Indigo dyed, Long Cut, and Guaranteed ALL WOOL BRADFORD CORPORATION DYEING HOUSE CERTIFICATE

A $25.00 YORKSHIRE TWEED SUIT, $15.00 To Measure

ALL THESE SELLING PRICES INCLUDE CARRIAGE AND DUTY PAID TO YOUR DOOR.

Send for Free Patterns and Illustrations A postcard will bring them per return Tweeds, Cheviots, Vicuras, Serges, Homespuns, for your mere remote action.

OUR SELF MEASUREMENT SYSTEM is quite fine, and we guarantee to fit you perfectly—wherever you may be—simply to make our success safe. Good guarantee refunded. All orders are despatched within [illegible] days from receipt of order well entirely at our risk.

S. A. BARRY & CO. EXCLUSIVE MEASURE TAILORS
16 City Road, London, E.C. 1, Eng.

due town. The States have as fine individual players perhaps the most brilliant player of all but the team work of our men is better and steadier and that's what counts in the long run."

At the final score of two to nothing in Canada's favor the whole audience went wild with applause the Americans joining in heartily as anyone else in cheering a victory as well fought and hard won.

ROSE was so disappointed as a child. "Anyway it's my side of the world which won not yours" she challenged Scarth. "We're neurer Canada than you Englishmen."

He looked at her in amazement. "Did n't you understand that I am a Canadian?"

Her eyes grew bright with pleasure. "You spoke of living in London, and once you told me about that little boy on Piccadilly."

"I meant London, Ontario. We have a Piccadilly—even a River Thames—for that matter."

Madame Lombaerts attention had been absorbed by the game, but she began to feel that it was due Rose's friend to address some remark to him. She leaned across her pupil and spoke in halting English.

"Mees Eborwell tell me ol dr nice time she made in Holland and ds fine toolips in de sunshine and de little boat wid de flowers."

Scarth made an adequate reply and Madame resumed her conversation with the Belgian friend on her right.

"You wonderful little girl." Scarth's voice was perilously close to tenderness. "Out of all the rain and dreariness and disappointment of that trip you brought back only the two beautiful pictures!"

She answered with shy daring. "Then you had forgotten the flame-colored tulips in the sunset?"

"The only memory I brought back from that journey was a Primrose." he replied.

The crowd was surging out of the rink. Scarth realized that the moments which remained to him were few.

"I am sailing to-morrow. As soon as I return to Canada to make a report on the business which brought me over, I am going to Virginia to meet your Grandmother with the proper credentials she rightly demands. I don't want to do any thing against her wishes because I appreciate the fact that her sheltering has prompted to make you the—the flower that you are. I like your grandmother inexpressibly! I hope to gain her permission to come back over here to tell you—what until then I feel in honor bound to leave unsaid."

As if he hadn't told her!

Her eyes were soft and shy, her voice a little faltering as she answered.

"When you meet Grandmother tell her first about Rose from London. Then when she afterwards finds it is in Ontario it will seem quite near by and not foreign at all." She put out her hand and Scarth's two hands closed hard over it. "And when you see Grandmother, suppose you wear the suit you have on now! It's such a becoming suit isn't it? Goodbye. Yes, Madame, I'm coming at once. I'm not going to say another word."

As if she hasn't told him!

The Sail-dragger

Continued from page 18

"With a man like Kowalsky, one cannot afford to delay. You can never tell what he may do."

"What d'ye mean?" queried Billy. "D'ye think he'll escape?"

"N-no! But he might make away with himself. His game is up as soon as we get in and I guess he knows it. He would die happy if he thought I had to serve out the balance of my term. He wouldn't help me any."

The other nodded. "You jest sing out when you want me."

An hour later, the pallid-faced cabin-boy came upon the poop and called Spencer. "Mister Brown wants you immediately, sir." And Billy followed him below, excited with curiosity.

WHEN he entered the cabin his nostrils were assailed by the acrid smell of burning sulphur and he sniffed wonderingly. Then Comstock hailed him and he approached the door of Kowalsky's room to find the ventilators plugged and the door jambs covered with tacked canvas. Comstock was on his knees busily pumping sulphur fumes into the berth by means of a smoke-box used in fumigating. Sounds of violent retching and coughing interspersed with vicious cursing came from the interior of the apartment. "I'm giving him a mere drilling," observed Comstock reflexively, "but it has to be done. He'll be ready to sign in a minute."

Within a minute as forecast Kowalsky gave in. "I'll sign!" he gasped and they opened the door hastily as the man strangled. Coughing involuntarily Comstock threw open the port hole and allowed the lungs to satisfy with the entrance of the fresh draught. The prisoner gulped the rarified air with rasping inhalations—broken every now and again by paroxysms of racking coughs—and his peculiar eyes glowered with fury. "I'll sign curse you!" he shrieked viciously. "But God help you if I get a chance at you for this Comstock!" There was portentous menace in the look he flashed at the chief.

"I'm not losing any sleep over your chances," retorted the other calmly. They hauled the man out and propped him up in a chair. His right hand was released from the bashings for an instant and he signed with trembling calligraphy. Spencer witnessed the disrumpt and Comstock trussed Kowalsky up again. They gave him a drink of water and handled him unceremoniously into the bunk and Comstock laughed exultantly. "Got it at last!" he cried and they left the room with the prisoner's bitter oaths ringing in their ears.

THE wind blew in hard squalls until midnight when the wind hauled enough to permit the ship to lay a course for Boston Bay. With the lessening of the gale's violence, Spencer turned the hands out to make sail. He was feeling more cheerful with the shift of wind and now that Comstock had cleared his character. Billy began to devote his energies to getting the *Gregory* into port that he might make a bid for his brother's property.

He had no idea of what the estate consisted in its value. Neither did he know how long it would take him to cross the continent from Boston to Victoria, B.C. But when he swung the *Gregory* west again, he figured he had exactly one hundred and forty-four hours to make the trip and he resolved to cover as many miles as he humanly could within the allotted time. A little money might help him to an existence less strenuous and precarious than that of a fishing vessel skipper. It might help him to win Mabel Comstock. The latter thought inspired him to make haste and when the hands hoisted and sheated home the three upper topsails, he gave orders for the main lower-topgallantsail to be set.

With a hard gale blowing and heaved up the old *Gregory* stormed along with her lee scuppers a bend of white water and solid green was cascading aboard by the weather lee-rigging. Andy kept the poop with Spencer and the two men discussed the *Gregory's* sailing abilities.

"She can sail Captain," observed the Scot. "She was an odd London Australiaman afore the Roosians got her and ye can see she has clipper lines."

Spencer nodded and belaboring to a lurching roll he scanned the black rectangle of the main lower-topgallantsail blowing against the sky. The foot of the sail was curved in an arc which betokened the great pressure of the wind which filled it. "How's her gear?" he asked.

"No bad sir," replied Andy. "Its all fairly new and she's got a gold suit o' sails on her. She'll stand drivin' a bit."

"I hope so," said Billy quickly. "I'm going to try her. Get the crew out and let them give her all she can hang."

The Scotchman looked at him questioningly. "Yr'll be mean' just tae get her th' fore lower-t'gan'sl, I taheit, sir."

"Aye," said Spencer briskly, "and the lower, the upper main-t'gan'sl, the mizen t'gan'sl and mizzen and maintop in et stay's'ls. I'll see how she stands that afore I give her any more."

"She's no' a fishin' schooner, that yon, sir," ventured the other a trifle ominously and hesitating ere he gave such an apparently rash order.

The skipper laughed and clutched the rail as the ship rolled her lee rail under in a heavy pull. "I know that, m' son. She'd carry a fishin' schooner on her davits. Give her the muslin, mind. What she won't carry she can drag."

The other still hesitated and looked aloft. "I'll yr ast mair sail the noo, well never be able tae tak it in," he protested.

"You won't have to. Get it on her. She's too slow for my taste!"

ANDY clawed his way forward to where the watch were shirtering in the wracked donkey room. The boiler itself was undamaged and the place had been cleared up. The lo son and another man were alive, though badly burned, and they were bandaged up and placed in lo'ersle banks. The four others were lying under the lo'ersle-head where the sail-maker hussed himself shirtering them upon canvas shrouds.

"The young lells aft there is angin' out for mair sail lauds," and he repeated the order. The men growled. "Hr'll be pumpin' the stirks out of her!" She'll be a hall-title recid. So they spoke, but at sea it'ne rase of 'growl yr mast, but go ye must!' and they gave a hirh to their sound and body lashings and buttoned their sou'westers under their chins as they staggered forward to face the deluge of water at the lore gear.

From the poop, Spencer saw two hands scrambling up the fore-rigging and he knew that his orders were being carried out. A few minutes later, the big lr'sail was loosed and bellying and flogging in the gear. Then a horse chorus came echoing to his ears amidst the roar and wash of the sea and when the sheet was hauled aft and the lore-tack swayed down on the rathead, the *Gregory* felt the urge of the extra canvas. Whole seas came thundering over her bows and seething brine came swirling to the poop ladders.

Andy came panting out of the gloom—his oilskins shedding salt water.

"Yr had a hell of a time gettin' that fores'l on her, sir. D'ye no thinke thinks enough for just the noo? There's no lion' lo'ard and the sail maker was saying it'ne nae manner o use for him tae stitch them Bolsheviks tap as two o' them hav been washed off th lore-batch and over th' side a'ready." He stood respectfully awaiting Billy's answer.

The skipper scanned the straining fabric before him and gave a glance at sea and sky to windward. The ship was rushing along with thunderous rousings of outraged water thrust from her shearing bows and the big foresail bellied hard against the fore-stay and tugged at sheet and tack in two swelling breasts of canvas. The rounded arch of it told of tremendous wind urge and Billy enjoyed the sight. Hr had sailed in square-riggers before but only as a passenger. Hr'e he was driving one as he had often longed to drive one and he was intoxicated by the thrill of it.

BUT he was another man—a fisherman sail-dragger—and one of the reckless type who raced little for spars and gear. No windjammer skipper would press his ship as Spencer was doing. He judged the *Gregory's* capabilities just as he would judge a stoutly rigged well ballasted Grand Banker.

She hasn't got her lee rail under yet," he shouted in Andy's ear. She took a lee roll that moment and rang the poop bell herself but Billy affected not to notice the signal on the dip apart. "She'll stand more. Away ye go an her stays'ls and we'll give her the lore lower-t'gan'sl as a starter." Wild steering at the plunging, driving ship caused him to yell. "And send a good hand o the lee wheel."

The *Gregory* a crowd set the sails with many misgivings. "She'll spill us all into he drink or something ll go," they lore-said. "That fisherman we picked up in one of them Yankee-Bluenose sail-carers." Cursing with hurid deep-waters the boy tugged and hauled at halliard and sheet drenched with spray and often felt their feet washed from under them by heaving billows of green sea.

Spencer clawed his way aft and flash l an electric torch at the log-dial. It towed a speed of twelve knots since the rest was set—good going for a square-rigger in that sea. "This time tomorrow if the wind holds, we sh'll be well" he murmured. Then ll help for a trail I might be about to make Victoria in time. Jupiter! I wish I knew how long it takes to go from Boston to Victoria!"

But not knowing stiffened his determination to drive the ship for all she was worth.

The crew had just sheeted home the lore lower-t'gan'sl when a panting figure cautioned into Spencer. Hr grabbed the person with quick hands wondering if it was friend or foe and in the shaded light from the chart-room windows saw it was the English cabin boy, pallid and gasping.

"What's up boy?" barked Billy apprehensively.

"He's escaped! He's escaped! Shot the rock sir! Oh, geralmighty, sir, he shot at me!" He paused, choking and caught the rail as the ship rolled.

"Who's escaped? Spencer rasched unsir his oil-coat for his automatic and nervous himself for action.

"That stow-ard, sir. That Bolsheviki feller. E called for Mister Brown, sir, 'n I gard a fight in 'is cabin, sir. N'an 's out 'n comes. The cook was goin' dohn inter the lazaret for stores, sir, hran he shoots 'im dead."

"Shoots who? Who's dead?"

"Thr rook, sir."

"Hr'll's Bells!" ejaculated Spencer aghast. Kowalsky free and with a gun! Shot the cook! And Comstock? The skipper ran to the poop break and roared for the watch to lay aft. As they shambled along the deck he cursed them for their tardiness.

He met Andy at the poop ladder. "Kowalsky's adrift and he's got a gun. He's done for the cook already and I guess Comstock as well. Come down with me! Got your gun? We'll go down the after-companion. You others get belaying pins—anything—and enter the saloon by the main-deck door. Hurry, for God's sake!" And followed by the Scotch sailor, he ran along the lurching deck for the after entrance to the cabin.

KOWALSKY was just coming out of the room in which Kimenoff was confined when Spencer leaped down the cabin stairs. The after part of the saloon was dark but the skipper saw the man by the light from Kimenoff's berth. The hands had opened the main deck door and were gingerly stepping inside the saloon when Kowalsky saw them. With his tawny eyes blazing he raised his automatic and fired two shots into the thick of them, but the rolling of the ship spoiled his aim. The bullets smashed the glass of a port and the crowd scrambled panic-stricken outside again. They were taking no chances.

Their entrance, however, diverted Kowalsky's attention from Spencer and Andy. Billy with pistol ready swung around back of the stairs, leaving the Scotchman, who armed when he ran, to do the same by the alley-way, in which Kowalsky stood, was blocked.

Spencer reached his position behind the steward. "Hands up, you blighted!" he roared levelling his gun. Kowalsky tried to leap back into the room again but was blocked by the lumbering Kimenoff who was coming out. Andy fired and his shot splintered the panelling alongside the manic head. Quicker than the eye could follow him in the half-light Kowalsky ducked to one side and jumped down the open lazaretto hatch located under the cabin stair-way. The heavy hinged hatch-cover slammed down—effectually imprisoning Kowalsky below.

Kimenoff came out of the room and spied Andy at the lore-end of the alley-way. He had also secured a pistol and he began firing at the Scotchman who dodged instantly behind the stairway bulkhead. Billy could have killed Kimenoff there and then but he disliked shooting the man in the back. Instead he shouted a command for the fellow to put up his hands. The Russian wheeled and fired. It was a snap shot but the bullet ripped the skipper's oil-skin coat and Billy also pulled the trigger. His bullet scored a furrow in Kimenoff's scalp and the man reared like a wounded bear.

THE wound stung him to fury. He stood in the alley-way, balancing his body to the rolling of the ship, and yelling wild oaths and threats in Russian and broken English. Hr was enraged, and the expression on his heavy Slavonic features showed that the skipper's bullet had aroused in him the lunatic frenzy of the Berserkers. "Ay get yon of you!" he bawl-

Burpee's Seeds Grow

Burpee's Annual
The Leading American Seed Catalog

Burpee's Annual is a complete guide to the vegetable and flower garden. It is a handsome book of 180 pages with more than a hundred of the finest vegetables and flowers illustrated in the colors of nature.

Burpee's Annual tells the plain truth about the Best Seeds That Grow. If you are interested in gardening or farming Burpee's Annual will be mailed to you FREE.

Write for your copy of Burpee's Annual today. Just tear off the coupon and fill in the space below.

TEAR HERE

W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.
Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen Please send me a free copy of Burpee's Annual. 32

NAME _____

STREET OR R. D _____

POST OFFICE _____ PROV _____

When you purchase Burpee's Seeds Canadian money is accepted at par value

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

Superb Quality
Finest Workmanship
Greatest Value
in the World.

10 for 13¢
20 " 35¢

And in tins of 50 & 100

Kunderd's Wonderful New Ruffled Gladioli

[illegible] You cannot afford to be without them in your garden next summer. [illegible] produced anything to compare with these marvelous new types and colors.

Send for Free 56-Page Catalog

[illegible] Catalog [illegible] will tell you with pen and pictures [illegible] growing. It will tell you [illegible] and many other [illegible] Gladioli [illegible] Canada [illegible] Postpaid.

A. E. KUNDERD
The Originator of The Ruffled Gladiolus
Box 18, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE
ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

[illegible] established for the purpose of [illegible] Naval Service [illegible] the Royal Military College of Canada [illegible] Kingsmill, however, [illegible] the course provided [illegible] April [illegible] and is accepted as [illegible] in Canadian Universities.

[illegible] Discipline with [illegible] Science, Engineering [illegible] Modern Languages and a [illegible] education.

[illegible] destroyed at [illegible] Royal Naval College is [illegible]

J. HERBERT [illegible]
Director of the Naval Service.

[illegible] will not be paid for. Ottawa February 1922

ed. Anglesh sea-of-a-peag! Ay keel you!" And with the blow I runneg down over his face he looked a loarsame sight.

"I'll ping him Skipper!" yelled Andy.

"Not if you can possibly help it," he shouted back. And to Kimenoff, he said: "Drop that gun, you fool, or we'll shoot."

The Russian winced at Billy's voice and he made a sudden dash for the bulkhead behind which Spencer sheltered. But Billy was not to be caught and had shifted his position around the partition which backed the cabin stairway. He had slipped off his heavy sea-boots in the meantime and he hurled one of them at the head of the Russian as he rushed bull like around the corner. The boot was thrown with sufficient force to stagger the man and a lurch of the ship sent him flat on his back. He fired his automatic as he fell but the shots ripped into the overhead beams and Andy ran along the alleyway and swung his foot at Kimenoff's head. The blow from his heavy boot sent the Russian into the land of dreams.

"Holy Mackerel!" panted Billy. "But that was a hot session! Tell those ruddy rowards to come in and fix things up here!" He lit the lamp in the alley-way and its light revealed a dark heap on the deck by the lazarette. It swayed slightly with the rolling of the ship, and Spencer, horror-struck, saw that it was the body of the cook. The man had been shot right between the eyes.

"God save us!" he muttered anxiously. "Where's Comstock?"

He found him lying on the floor in Kewalsky's late prison. He was bleeding from a blow on the back of the head and blood oozed slightly from a wound in the shoulder. With the aid of a sailor, he lifted the unconscious man on to a sofa and hastily opened his shirt. A small puncture in the shoulder directly above the heart was bleeding and Billy examined the man with alarm. "Get me some brandy or whisky or rum," he ordered the cabin-boy. The cut on the head isn't much but this looks dangerous." Andy entered, and Spencer, pointing to the shoulder wound, enquired: "What's that? Bullet wound?"

The other shook his head. "Don't look like it. Mair like a stab."

WITH the administration of the stimulants Comstock regained consciousness and told what had happened. He was lying down on the settee in the after saloon feeling rather squeamish with the ship's motion and Kowalsky had absented his name. Never dreaming that the man had wriggled out of his lashings, Comstock entered Kowalsky armed with a dagger which he had made out of a letter-spike, stabbed him in the shoulder as he passed the end of the bunk. He fell and struck his head on the corner of the desk and as he lay insensible, Kowalsky possibly thought that he had stabbed him in the heart.

"Did he get your paper?" asked Spencer anxiously. The other gave a faint smile.

"No! I didn't carry it on me. It's safe enough."

Spencer had many things to attend to that morning. The ship was slugging along through the dark with a press of sail on her and required vigilant watching and Kowalsky, with unknown potentialities for evil, was armed and loose in the lazarette.

"Could he set the ship afire?" he had asked Andy and had felt some relief when the other replied:

"Not much down there tae harm and he cana get intae the hold. But if he had matches wi' him, ye canna tell."

Spencer, however, had searched Kowalsky pretty thoroughly, and unless he had picked up some, he was not likely to have anything capable of raising fire.

He had just finished bathing and securing Comstock's wounds with iodine and had made him comfortable in a lee-side berth with the English cabin boy to watch him, when Andy returned.

"If he comes get fire, he can get water," he said calmly. "Our Red friend's been busy down below. I can hear water pourin' intae the lazaret."

"How can that happen?" asked Billy aghast. "He can't knock a hole in an iron ship's side."

"Nae," returned the other, "but this yin used tae be an emigrant ship and there's ports down in her 'tween decks. Kowalsky has evidently opened the iron deadlights and either opened the ports or knocked out the glass. Wi' her side down in the water like it is the nee it'll no be long afore there's a power o' water in her. Maybe enough tae scuttle her."

Spencer passed a hand across his eyes. "By the ol' red-headed Judas Priest!" he ejaculated. "This is the hottest twenty-four hours I ever put in in all my ruddy existence. I shall be shot that way when I had the chance for I see us yullin' for Boston in the boats yet!"

Spencer danced off the cabin lights and cautiously opened the lazarette hatch and the sound of rushing water was unmistakable. He shouted down into the blackness, "Come up out of that Kowalsky!" But his only answer was a jeering laugh in the irritating manner Spencer had learned to hate.

"I'm going to flood her and sink her," came the mocking voice out of the darkness. "And I'll shoot the first man who attempts to come down. The law will never get me and I'll do my little best to take a few of you paganlong when she goes. Move off..."

To be Concluded

Sleuths of the Wilderness

Continued from page 19

and cattle-rustling die hard. For instance a man named Marker, then south of the line in North Dakota, having been alleged out on bail by the Canadian authorities, when he was under a charge of horse-stealing, lost no time in going across beyond the reach of the Mounted Police. Corp. Church on detachment work kept his eye on the border for a sight of Marker who might come over to replenish his stock of horses. Church got word of his detention at a given time and taking a man named Kelly with him he rode all night and finding a companion of Marker's, he got the information that the horse-stealer would likely cross over some twenty miles westward. Their horses were pretty tired, but Church and his man kept on and concealed themselves near a trail crossing the boundary about that distance away.

In a few hours Marker and another man rode over and Corporal Church ordered him to halt. Marker wheeled, drew his revolver and made for the line. Kelly headed him off and Marker shot at him but missed. Kelly then charged, knocking both Marker and his horse over. He quickly remounted and rode on but Church intercepted him, telling him he would shoot if he did not stop. Marker attempted to shoot the constable but his revolver missed fire. Church then shot Marker's horse and captured the horse-stealer before he got to the line. Church then hired a team to take the prisoner to the detachment headquarters. But when the team, on a winding road seemed to be on the American side of the line Marker threw himself from the conveyance and reaching a house at the spot rushed in and slammed the door. Church reported. "I forced the door open and was met by a blow in the eye from Marker who had taken his sporn off and used same as a weapon. I grappled with him and threw him on the floor and with assistance tied his hands and feet after a good rough and tumble scrap."

Church had done his duty surely but whether lawyers and surveyors would prove that the arrest was made a few feet over the line or both we could not say. The lads of the scarlet tunic always got their man but the courts sometimes let him go again.

Taking Desperado on a Train

INSPECTOR HOWE who was in charge in 1898 at Regina had a wire from Boston about a man who had robbed the merchants of that aesthetic city of large sums of money. The man was supposed to be then on the train heading towards Regina. Howe sent a sergeant to Qu'Appelle who boarded the suspected train and located his quarry in a pullman compartment which was locked. The man within, who was accompanied by a woman, would not open the door. At the next station another mounted police constable got on board and the two men in scarlet uniform smashed the door. The woman threatened to blow their brains out but failed. The runaway couple had the money and bonds and after due process went back to Boston to serve a term.

Inspector Howe tells rather an amusing story of a police Inspector in Montana who apologized profusely to Howe for not answering by wire a telegram in which Howe had notified the said Montana Inspector of the whereabouts of a man much desired by the Police in that state. The Montana Inspector wrote: "I handed my deputy a telegram and told him to send it off to you at once. He went out to send it but was shot dead and this morning the coroner handed the telegram to me. It had never been sent, so you will see I am not altogether to blame."

Howe considered the excuse valid but the estimate of the value of human life in Montana it disclosed did not suit the ideas of a Mounted Policeman.

Constable's Daring Ride

IN THE report of Superintendent Cotton for the year of the big Yukon stampede there is related one of the many incidents which indicated that on the plains the Mounted Police were keeping up to their record for initiative and daring even though their work was less in the limelight than the spectacular world rush to the Yukon furnished. It seems that some months before the date of the report a prisoner named Nelson sentenced to a term of imprisonment for a serious offence, escaped by jumping from a train on the way to the Manitoba penitentiary from Regina. Constable Clisby who was on duty at Saskatoon was notified by wire from Dundurn station and at once took up the recaptura.

The Saskatoon ferry was out of order so he could not use it and the river was impassable in the ordinary way. Clisby commandeered a railway handcar, nailing an extra plank or two on it. Then he got his troop-horse to climb up and stand upon it while he took hold of the pump-handle and worked his way across the trestle railway bridge many feet above the surging river.

The big broncho had been broken enough for use on the solid earth by an expert. But to venture into the air with a mild-wild horse which by any movement of fright at the unusual experience might upset the whole outfit into the river was about as daring an experiment as anyone could care to try. But the strange transport got safely over and Clisby shaking out that broncho into a long gallop, found his man in the home of a settler engaged in filing off the leg-iron in order to be able to get away more quickly. Of course the prisoner was gathered in—as was also the settler who had loaned the file and was standing by watching the interesting process.

The House of Appledore

Continued from page 22

"'Ah! be my young friend,' he answered. 'Don't you try and get my stable secrets out of me.'

"And I felt he was lying. Without thinking something made me draw a bow at a venture and the arrow went home with a vengeance.

"'Wonderful delphiniums you've got.' I remarked leaning out of the window and pointing to a bed underneath.

"'Yes,' he said. 'I'm very proud of those.'

"AND the flowers at which I was pointing were irises. So this enthusiastic gardener did not know the difference between a delphinium and an iris. Back in an overwhelming wave came all my suspicions. I knew there was a mystery somewhere. This man wasn't a gardener and if not, why the pretence? I remembered now that every time he had drawn my attention to a specimen, he had taken the attached label in his hand. Quite unobtrusive it had been, unnoticeable at the time, now it suddenly became significant. Why was he playing the part—pretending for any benefit? Futilely spraying the roots of roses, making me miss my train. I was convinced now that that had been part of the plan—but why? Why the telegraphing? Why the invitation to stop the night?

"The old brain was working pretty quickly by this time. No one whatever his business would object to a bona fide journalist writing an account of a fête, and if the business was crooked, the people engaged on it would be the first to spend that journalist on his way. People of that type dislike journalists only one degree less than the police. Then why—why? The answer simply stuck out—they suspected me of not being a journalist—or even if they did not go as far as that, they were taking no chances on the matter. In fact I was by this time definitely convinced in my own mind that I had quite unwittingly stumbled into a hornet of criminals and it struck me that the sooner I stumbled out again the better for my health. So I put my article in my pocket and went to the door. I would wire it off and I would not return and if by any chance my suspicions were wrong, they would have to think what they liked.

The Collection Beautiful

IVORIS
FRENCH·IVORY
Look for the red seal mark

Hair brushes, Hand mirrors, Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Manicure Sets, Jewel Cases, Bonbon Clocks and Lamps, Hair Receivers, Powder Boxes, Perfume Holders, Pin Trays

FRENCH IVORY PRODUCT
TORONTO CANADA

THERE'S nothing so beautiful, nothing that has such enduring qualities as French Ivory. Yet many a set is spoiled because it is a collection of "odd-mans."

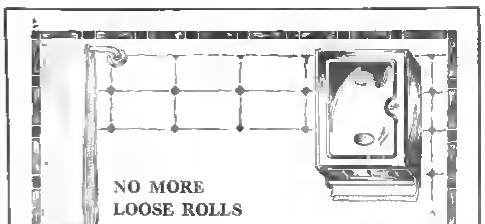
The ideal collection is one that is uniform in coloring and texture, in design and workmanship; where each piece is a perfect match in the other.

We are the only house in Canada making a complete set of French Ivory—and it is trade marked "Ivoris."

Ivoris, the French Ivory Beautiful, has that pure creamy coloring, and is superfine in texture. It doesn't cost any more than ordinary French Ivory. Buy it piece-by-piece, until you have a complete collection.

On sale at leading drug stores, jewelry stores, and departmental stores.

IVORIS
The French Ivory Beautiful



NO MORE
LOOSE ROLLS

There are a good many reasons why toilet paper should not be allowed to spoil the appearance of your bathroom.

They accumulate dust and unsightliness. Time frequently get torn and scattered on the floor.

Buy an Eddy's Onliwon Toilet Paper Holder, equipped with one thousand sheets (or multiples of that number) of Eddy's Onliwon Toilet Paper. Fixtures—a neat, nickel plated Holder, holding one sheet at a time, clean and sanitary.

Trifling in cost. The Onliwon is [illegible] Your will like its appearance and the service it gives. Ask for it at your Dealer.

Eddy's Onliwon

If you have any [illegible] write us direct and we will [illegible] you.

THE E. B. EDDY CO. LIMITED
HULL - - - CANADA
Makers of the [illegible]

The Best Cloths that Britain Produces are

Tailored To-Measure in "Lion" Suits-By-Post

There are no better cloths than those Greves & Lindley get in their Lion Range. Only the finest Huddersfield Worsteds and Scotch Tweeds are used for them and each suit is individually cut and tailored. The large number of suits made and large cloth orders placed direct with manufacturers enable Greves & Lindley to cut out middlemen's profits and indeed for cut to you the wearer. Why pay more than these

HIGHEST PRICE

In a tailor-made Lounge Suit of the finest quality cloths produced in England and Scotland

$36.00

They also offer excellent extra wear wool suitings at considerably less than the price

Write for 100 Cloth Patterns, Post free

Specially selected for those at Overseas who find Fashion Guides and full particulars and simple self-measurement system.

Satisfaction or Cash Refund Fully Guaranteed.

GROVES & LINDLEY, Merchant Tailors
66, "THE LION," HUDDERSFIELD ENG.

BRUCE'S SEEDS

ESTABLISHED 1850

"Seeds That Grow"

SEND for a copy of our big catalogue. Everything for the farm garden and lawn. 128 pages. Free for the asking. A post card will do it. Don't delay

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO
LIMITED
HAMILTON
CANADA

Vapo-Cresolene

A Vapor Treatment for Cough and Colds, Croup, Influenza and Grippe

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO
Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal

"The first hitch occurred at the door which had thoughtfully been locked. Not being a hero of fiction I confess I gave me a nasty shock—that unyielding door. And as I stood there taking a pull at myself I heard the grey haired man's voice outside the window.

"'Finished yet Mr Graham?'

"I walked across the room and in as steady a voice as I could master I mentioned the fact that the door was locked.

"'So that you shouldn't be disturbed, Mr Graham'—and I thought all he wd in Red Riding Hood, with his satisfactory answers to all awkward questions.

"If someone would open it I'll get along to the telegraph office. I remarked.

"I wouldn't dream of your going to so much trouble he said suavely. I've a lazy boy I employ in the garden he'll take it."

"For a moment I hesitated and a glint came into his eyes which warned me to be careful. At the moment I was very completely in their power and the last thing I wanted to do was to let them think I suspected anything. And yet—with that report to the paper went my last chance of communicating with the outside world until the next morning. And there was a night to get through.

"It was then that I had my brain storm. If I bode that I shouldn't be here now if the powers that be to the newspaper world were not the quickest people on the uptake you can meet in a day's march. I shouldn't be here now either. But like a flash of light there came to my mind as I stood in that window the story I had once been told of how a journalist acting as war correspondent in the South African war at a time when they were tightening the censorship got back full news of a battle by alluding to the rise and fall of certain stocks. And the editor in England read between the lines—substituted troops for stocks—Cronjeans for C P R and so on—and published the only account of the battle.

"COULD I do the same? I could—though whether they would spot it in the office was a different matter. I took the article out of my pocket and made as if to hand it to the man outside. Then I hesitated purposely.

"'Oh there's one thing I've forgotten,' I remarked. 'I'll just add it if the boy can wait.'

"'Certainly,' he answered. 'There's no hurry.'

"So I sat down at the table and to my report I added the following sentences:

"'There was also some excellent mustard and cress. Will come at once, but fear to-morrow morning may be too late for me to be of further use over Rosslyn-shay affair.' My heart was in my mouth.

"And then I handed it to the grey-haired man through the window.

"The Writer leaned back in his chair, and the Soldier stared at him puzzled.

"'I may be dense' he confessed, 'but it's a bit too cryptic for me.'

"'Thank God! it wasn't too cryptic for the office,' said the Writer. 'There was no Rosslyshay affair as I knew that would draw their attention. And perhaps you've forgotten the name of our star reporter who dealt in cryptical matters. It was Crosswill. And if you write the word cress with a capital C and leave out the full stop after it you'll see the message I got through to the office.'

"'So darned lucky for you he came' was Sandy's remark. 'Remarked the Actor with a grin. 'What happened?'

"'Quite a lot—though I can't tell you very much first hand. We had dinner and I can only suppose that my attempts to appear at ease had failed to convince my companions. As I told before they weren't taking any risks. The last thing I remember that night was drinking a cup of coffee—the old trick—and suddenly realizing it was drugged. I staggered to my feet while they remained sitting round the table watching me. Then with a final glimpse of the grey-haired man's face cruel and vindictive now with the mask off I passed, as we say in books, into oblivion.

"'When I came to I was in a strange room feeling infernally sick. And I shall never forget my wild relief when the man by the window turned round and I saw it was Crosswill himself. He came over to the bed and smiled down at me.

"'Well done youngster' he said, and a glow of pride temporarily replaced my misery for a bann. Well done indeed. We've got the whole gang and we've been looking for you for more than. They were bank note forgers on a big scale but we were only just in time to save you.'

"'How was that? I asked weakly.

"'I think they had decided that your sphere of usefulness was over' he remarked with a grin. So after having removed suspicion by telegraphing your report they gave you a very good dinner when as has been known to happen with young men before you got drunk.'

"'I was drugged' I said indignantly.

"'The point is immaterial, he answered quietly. Drunk or drugged it is much the same after you've been run over by a train. And we found two of them carrying you along a lane towards the line at half-past eleven. The down goods to Hastings passes at twenty to twelve.

"And at that moment Providence was kind. I ceased to feel sick. As

A Real Guide on Home Furnishing

One hundred pages of up-to-the-minute news and helpful suggestions on every detail of home furnishings—lavishly illustrated—that is

Burroughes 1922 Furniture Book

Whether you have immediate needs or not, you should get this free hand-book and keep it for reference. It tells you, too, about the Burroughes Plan of payment, which makes purchase easy

BURROUGHES
Furniture Co. Ltd.
Dept. 17 Queen St. West TORONTO

SEASICKNESS and TRANSIENCE

Motherall's Seasick Remedy

THE MOTHERALL PROPRIETARY MEDICINE CO. LTD.

METCEERICK REMEDY CO. Detroit, Michigan

SAVES THE CHAIN AND SAVES THE TIRES

Liberty Chain Equalizers

"Stop the noise and rattle

For sale by all good Accessory Stores and Garages

LIBERTY CHAIN EQUALIZER

Salesman for all stand wheels at $5 per set

THE LIBERTY EQUALIZER

is an endless Coil Spring with two hooks. Makes good Black Oil tempered Spring Wire is strong. Interesting sufficient resiliency and durability.

The Equalizer has a Black Enamel, Baked-on finish. One set of two packed in each box.

Put up a set to-day

Ren Automotive Supply Mfg. Co.
Preston · Ontario

Odette Elopes

Continued from page 17

who in he?" I gazed at her earnestly. She shook her head emphatically.

"No" she said. "I shall not tell you. You would tell it to Philippe—his name. You would telegraph to him Come quick, Odette is going to elope with Monsieur Chase."

Stupidly I had forgotten the possibility of warning Philippe by telegraph. Odette must have read my thought, for she said.

"After I leave you in a little while it will be no use doing that, for by the time he could be here I shall be gone. It is too late to tell him.

"I always thought" I said after a while, "that you were happy with Philippe—that you loved him—very much Odette."

Her eyelids dropped and she replied as if by that I had to lean far over the table to hear her. "I have told you that it is the man with whom I shall elope—that I love. Please do not ask me any more questions."

I submitted as graciously as possible, and beyond arranging about the daily efforts I was to make to arouse Antoinette we did not talk much on the subject again.

I had intended leaving Paris the day after I met Rene and going to Nice to meet some friends there." I remarked meekly.

"It will not be for long" Odette assured me cheerfully. "You can soon see your friends in Nice."

It was not long after eight when she left I had me at the door of my hotel and, in the presence of the wooden chauffeur, I said good bye to her with a heavy heart.

"Good bye dear friend" she said, throwing me a kiss "we shall see each other again—sometime."

ANTOINETTE is a good child. She has her mother's great black eyes and piquant face but her temperament is Philippe's—quiet and contented with things as she finds them.

She told me, chipping her hand confidentially into mine that Mamma had gone away for a little while and that Mamma had told her to be very good and do exactly what her *bonne* ord I told her to do. I felt queerly elated at the prospect of having this delightful little person in my charge part of every day. That *bonne*, Jeanette seemed in regard me with suspicion at first, but Antoinette's evident faith in me soon dispelled this.

From the first day on I contrived to be as unobserved as possible in the house each time I went to fetch Antoinette for her walk. I felt uncomfortable where the servants were concerned. How much at how little did they know? Madame had gone away for a little holiday—that was easy enough—but after a while when Philippe came back and she did not, what would happen then?

In one thing I was determined. As soon as Philippe came back I should appeal him with my burden of responsibility and would depart, a free man for Nice.

In the meantime, Antoinette and I spent several hours each day together, some times in the Jardin des Plantes sometimes in the Luxembourg gardens or in the Tuileries. We often played hide-and-seek amongst the hedges, and the revelled in such a secluded open-air playroom with a romping as not quite as

otaid and proper as her Jeanette was.

After our walk on one occasion Antoinette and I returned to the house in the Rue St. Honoré. We were met, when we went in by—Philippe.

Antoinette flew to him, and embracing him said.

"Oh dear Papa, where is Maman?"

I braced myself, gripping Philippe's hand hard, and smiling at him blazingly. I could tell by his face that so far he knew nothing, and suspected less. It was now for me to explain and I wished myself on St. Helena or in the heart of the Sahara.

"It is good to see you Raul" he said. "I had no idea you were coming to Paris until I looked you up in London and found you gone."

"Where is Maraine?" asked Antoinette again, before I could speak.

I have just arrived" said Philippe, taking her little hand in his. "I do not know *cherie* I find Maman not at home and I was just going to ask Jacques or Moriaine or Jeanette where she has gone."

He looked at me, and I coughed and plunged.

"Odette went away almost a fortnight ago, on a—er—little holiday." For the life of me I could not bring myself to tell him the bald truth. "She felt she needed a change." I continued hurriedly, "as she went off and left me to play with Antoinette. And we've had such a jolly time haven't we?"

I appealed to the child, in desperation for I could see incredulous surprise growing in Philippe's eyes.

"Oh such fun," agreed Antoinette, and reluctantly allowed herself to be taken away by Jeannette who had suddenly appeared from nowhere.

I followed Philippe into the library. He motioned me into a chair and sat down opposite me.

"Where did she go for her holiday—Odette?" he asked.

I pretended to think hard.

"Now I cannot think of it." I said, "she forgot to tell me where she was going. She left in a great hurry."

I immediately realized that my last sentence had been a bad mistake.

"Oh" said Philippe giving me a long very earnest look, "I see."

He pulled out his cigarette-case, offered me a cigarette, and took one himself and we puffed in silence for a few minutes. I felt like the worst kind of a criminal, and wondered why a well-meaning man should have been caught in such an unhappy web of circumstance. I took first Odette's point of view, and then Philippe's and tried to decide to which of these two close friends my loyalty was most due. It was a most distressing thing to have to decide.

"I suppose," said Philippe, at last "she did not mention when she might be home?"

"No." I replied.

Philippe seemed to give up the riddle. "Well I have been hither and thither all over England all these two weeks," he said. "I was not in London more than a day and then I was off, to Birmingham and Manchester and I do not know what other places and up into Scotland—Edinburgh and so on. Here to-day and gone tomorrow as you used to say. I like it not—but it was necessary." He paused.

"You will stay for lunch?"

"Thank you my dear fellow" I said, but the fact is

"Nonsense," said Philippe, smiling and prodding me out of my chair, "the fact is, you are coming now to have lunch with me."

JACQUES had expected this, and had had a place for me at the table. It was a restful, pleasant room—Odette's dining room. I felt like something on this occasion, though without her accentuated and capricious self. Philippe, I noticed carefully avoided mentioning Odette during the meal. We discussed politics and diplomatic matters and a host of other topics which interested us both. To all outward appearances we were back in the old days, when Philippe was a bachelor, and I, needless to say, was also one.

After lunch, we went back to the library. It was raining outside and I was not in such a hurry to escape now that Philippe and I seemed to have dealt successfully over the thin ice. We settled ourselves comfortably once more and Philippe read aloud to me, extracts from a new book by Hanez which had pleased him very much. He, I must confess, is not one of my favorite authors and I became exceedingly drowsy as Philippe read on and on. After he had finished, he roused me by embarking on a discussion of some of the latest English novels. Philippe has always been almost as interested in the literature of England as he is in that of his own country, and as I read a good deal at one time and another, we warmed to our subject.

It was late in the afternoon when we paused and remained silent for a while, absorbed in our own thoughts.

Suddenly Philippe said, "Raul, tell me about Odette. What has become of her? It is so strange. It is not like her *Mon Dieu!* I am afraid for her!"

I got out of my chair and walked the length of the room and back again. I felt terribly sorry for Philippe. It was only fair to tell him the worst. It seemed brutal. I felt as if I were about to stab him, and I was frankly in a funk. I made up my mind. "Sit down" said "Odette had firmly made up her mind to el—"

There was a stir at the door and in came Odette.

I was thunderstruck and stood rooted to the spot, watching her. She embraced Philippe, who was looking immensely relieved. Then she turned to me.

"How you told him Raul?" she asked me.

"Lately, you came in just at the critical moment." I said "and I was just beginning to tell him."

"That I had eloped" Odette finished for me, and smiled radiantly at her husband.

"Eloped?" Philippe, who was still standing seized her hand and looked into her face anxiously. "*Mon Dieu!* What do you mean?"

"I eloped two weeks ago," said Odette her lashes lowered and her mouth quivering—I could not tell whether with laughter or tears.

Philippe turned out. I lit a cigarette to hide my discomfiture.

"The sad part is" continued Odette "everything was spoiled. It was—ah, so sad! He escaped me."

She slipped off her wrap and I took it from her and laid it on a chair. Philippe was speechless, and I was determined to await developments before I should speak.

"May I ask" said Philippe slowly, "what is his name?"

Odette gave me a fleeting glance, and her expression was as mischievous as one as I ever hope to see.

"His name is—Philippe Tolbaut."

For a few seconds there was absolute stillness in the room. Philippe looked as baffled as I felt. Then he said.

"Please do not joke Odette."

"I am not joking" said Odette "I have been trying—for two weeks—to catch up with you, and it was impossible. I flew to place after place do you see, only to find each time that you had gone on somewhere else."

LIGHT dawned simultaneously upon Philippe and me.

"You little rascal!" I exclaimed.

Philippe said "*Sapristi!* Why did you not telegraph ahead?" I would have wanted for you my darling."

"I wanted to surprise you" she said "and we could have had together such a happy little—elopement."

Again she looked at me, and I threw my cigarette away in my exasperation.

"Before I resume my interrupted journey to Nice," I said severely, "may I be permitted to ask why you considered it necessary to give me such an abominable scare, because you had decided to go over to England to join your husband?"

Odette perched herself gracefully on the arm of her husband's chair, and smiled angelically across at me in a way which she well knew would melt my stony heart.

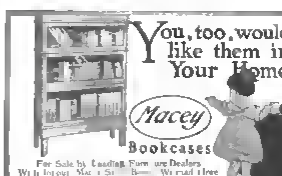
"Perhaps," she said, "the next time you came in Paris and find you cannot play with Philippe because he is not here you will remember that Philippe is always generous and shares his friends with me as it not so?" What will Philippe say do you think when I tell him that it was I who had to invite myself to lunch so that you would be entertained while you were here? Is it not dangerous, my friend to lie from petticoats?"

It was then that Philippe threw back his head and laughed long and heartily till I found myself joining in his amusement in spite of myself.

The Magic Touch of a Great Musician

An instrument capable of satisfying the critical demands of the virtuoso yet adapted to the hands of a child at employment with the artist's own individuality still the delight of the world by means of the player mechanism

MARTIN-ORME PLAYER
THE CONNOISSEURS CHOICE



You, too, would like them in Your Home

Macey Bookcases

For Sale by Leading Furniture Dealers
Write for Catalogue and Name of Nearest Dealer

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
WESTBURNE ONTARIO

Mothers: *write for this fascinating booklet*

Mothers of the World is the title of a fascinating little booklet which we have prepared for the benefit of mothers. It tell about the wonderful results which have been achieved by Baby Care specialists. It also tells how Baby Lloyd Products have contributed to these results. Mothers who write for this booklet will also be given a special offer of Lloyd Products.

The Lloyd Manufacturing Company
Toronto Canada

Pit Princess Lloyd LOOM Products
Baby Carriages & Furniture

Lloyd Loom Products are thirty times faster than the old hand woven products. Our convention of labor costs in this great waste-free factory is the best raw material. Lloyd Products are sold by leading dealers.

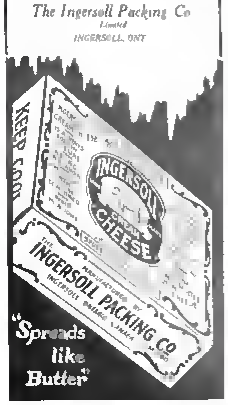
Stuffed Celery

Break down some Ingersoll Cream Cheese and cream lightly with a silver fork, adding salad dressing. Mix in a little chopped pimentos and fill into the hollow of crisp white celery. Garnish with a shake of paprika.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

is a delicious base for dainty cheese dishes. The creamy consistency—the rich flavor—how readily it lends itself to the making of any dish. There are hundreds of ways of using Ingersoll Cream Cheese.

The Ingersoll Packing Co Limited
INGERSOLL, ONT



How "Bob's Maggie" Grew Into Her Job

Margaret Patterson, M. D., Toronto's New Police Magistrate

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

JUST the matter of getting a woman appointed to the office of police magistrate might not be such a forward step. The thing that matters is what she makes of the right woman. If a woman could be appointed to such a place by virtue of her social prestige or her political influence or her marriage, the result might amount to almost a tragedy. When she comes into it as Dr. Margaret Patterson has done, the work may be said to be fairly safe in her hands.

Even before the war, people interested in social welfare in Toronto felt the need of a Women's Court and the services of policewomen for certain lines of work, but before they could present their case to the Police Commissioners, it was necessary to gather a considerable amount of data to support it. Dr. Patterson was at that time Convener of the Equal Moral Standards Committee for the Local Council of Women, and a member of the Presbyterian Social Service Council, so morning after morning she went to the court to collect information. This was her first court experience, and if it wasn't just a proceeding that she enjoyed it was a rather valuable bit of education.

One of the chief reasons for wanting a separate court for women was that girls brought up for trial and tried in great deal of hardship through being to appear in an open court filled with men spectators—not the court officials, but loafers men who liked to come into the court room because it was a warm place to sit and because their mates were as perverted that they could find much amusement in the court proceedings.

When asked, said Dr. Patterson, that in the open court men often marked down the names of the women who appeared there, also the length of their sentence, and different girls told me of being met when they came out of jail by these men who took advantage of their lonely, often to call—some pennyless, and thus induced them to go into immorality.

Much of these cases were to be deplored, the main little impression on the court authorities. They felt that these girls were already wreckage and not desirous of doing better, but one day a case came up that proved the danger of the open court. In one of our departmental stores a girl received. The girl serving at the counter called as a witness. Her name was Jane. But rose was ushered and received. She gave her evidence and left the court. Jane was followed by two men who left the court and who told her that Jane's evidence was ruined anyway because her place in court—she might as well go with them.

When she left the store in the evening [illegible] was waiting for her, followed her home, found a house and even [illegible] for two evenings [illegible] and finally [illegible] them [illegible] only to be bound [illegible] there if business, and [illegible] prepared in court to [illegible] the cause of justice. This [illegible] the Women's Court.

When the women asked for a separate court, or a court to which men would not be admitted unless they could show just cause for being there—which would admit a father, husband or brother of the women being tried—the magistrate told them that it was not in accordance with British justice to have a closed court. They said they hadn't asked for that, and that they would see that there would always be present one woman who was an outsider to fulfil the requirements of the open court. It was Dr. Patterson who organized a Court Visiting Plan, going to churches and various women's organizations and making out a calendar schedule with each woman's name signed over the date or dates she promised to attend. The women were rather carefully chosen—the convener wanted no sensation mongers in the court room and if any woman could not keep her appointment, instead of having her send a substitute, the doctor filled the vacancy herself. Here again she gained considerably more court experience. Another part of her plans was to have each woman take with her a pad and a pencil and make note of the offence and the penalty.

These notes gave us some very good material in support of reforms as we were asking for. Dr. Patterson explained. For instance a girl charged with theft of the most petty kind was sentenced to a term of imprisonment as the law did not allow the crime of theft to be punished by fine. On the other hand, the most horrible cases of immorality were charged under the term vagrancy and punished by a small fine. The iniquity of the fining system and short term sentence as corrective measures or even as deterrents from immorality was soon realized, and the data gathered were so convincing that an Industrial Farm for Women was established.

DR. MARGARET PATTERSON,
Magistrate.

This farm is proving a real moral hospital, and when the buildings are completed we hope to have the morally sick as carefully classified and segregated as are our physically sick in our city hospitals. Only when this is done can we have the delinquents cured and crime reduced.

The Industrial Farm, with all it means in the way of a humane constructive method of dealing with delinquents has been a long dream of the women's organizations. Before the war, when these ideas were not so popular as they are now, in an address at the convention of the Social Service Council of Canada she said:

"We must have the short term and fining sentence abolished and no longer adhere to the Mosaic law of a tooth for a tooth. We must cease to punish vindictively and try to help back to normal life these poor unfortunates. We have read how the greatest Judge of all treated a sample case and we might well pay more attention to that writing in the sand. The Judge was prepared for His work. He had come fortified by a time of prayer. He did not consider the case hastily. He studied the patient and did not rely solely on the evidence given. He purified her surroundings and removed her accusers, forgave her sin and sent her out not as a danger to society, but as a useful Christian woman. There is no reason why we cannot do the same to-day if we get the right kind of people to deal with the offenders and the proper kind of an institution to which to send them—and if we sentence them to treatment not fit such crime as they are tried."

She went on to speak of the importance of a mental and physical examination since abnormalities in these respects are often responsible for criminal tendencies. Of the importance of prison farms for both men and women on account of the purifying effect of Nature and an out-of-door life of the advantages of a cottage system of housing instead of herding in prison wards and corridors of the need of educational training not only to read and write but in some means of earning a living and the necessity that a girl should be given some small wage for her work so that she doesn't go out on the world penniless that she should be taught and compelled to make herself a supply of decent clothing and given some assistance in finding employment when her sentence is completed.

In support of these principles Dr. Patterson tells of a touching bit of human drama that came under her own observation during one of her regular morning visits to the police court. An old woman who in court language would probably be called a common drunk, had been up for her thirty first time and sentenced to ten dollars fine or thirty days in jail. A young girl, her first time in court, had received a similar sentence for a minor offence. The old woman approached the girl surreptitiously.

Have you got the money?" she asked.

The girl said she had it. She would have to go to jail. The old woman went down into her own pocket. She had come to court prepared to pay her fine.

Take this and pay them, she said. It can't hurt me and it would ruin you.

And the murder shows not only that while our jails have been improved materially they are still woefully deficient morally, and that there may be untold intent good worth saving where we least expected it. It gives a long way to support the new magistrate's enduring faith in humanity.

But the new magistrate's faith is no blind placid optimism. We doubt if the cleverest professional offender will put much over in the new women's court. She has had no previous law experience—neither had our other successful Canadian woman magistrates—but little as one might suspect it at meeting her, she has done some clever detective work in calling day and night, training and organizing some thousand girls for voluntary aid work—going here and there to give instruction in practically every branch of Red Cross work.

So far as the office of magistrate goes she did not seek it. She argued that she had a boy just thirteen years old and that her place was at home but the district urged that if she lived in the country she would have to send her boy to board away from home when it came time for him to attend High School. This work would not take her away from home except for a certain number of hours during the day. But she had just gotten nicely settled back into her home after the war it is a beautiful place by the way and she takes care of it entirely herself—and she thought from going back into the atmosphere of the court—which excuse of nonsense no delegation would listen to for a minute.

It is well that an inter-woman magistrate comes from the background. Her work is certainly cut out. Which will be a goodly thing for the people coming into her court room who have lost sight of everything but a morbid environment. She radiates health and wholesomeness—a woman with a rose-leaf skin rather wonderful dark eyes a ready laugh and quite as ready tears but no hysteria—a mind asphalt in sence with the warmer emotions and an absolute fearlessness of wrong doers as she has demonstrated in a few past legal cases.

But always there is a warm-hearted kindliness shining through. She will specialize in the constructive phases of her work.

Add Richness To Cooking

Carnation Milk adds richness and flavour to everything you cook. Use it in baking, in puddings, soups, icings and for creaming vegetables. For cooking add an equal part of water to Carnation,—add more water if you want thinner milk. It is just cow's milk from which part of the water has been evaporated and sterilized. It is absolutely pure, economical and convenient. Buy it from your grocer in tall (16 oz.) cans, or by the case of 48 cans. Write for Recipe Book

Made in Canada by
CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO. Ltd
218 John Street Aylmer, Ont.
Condensaries at Aylmer and Springfield Ont

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

The label is red and white.

Oyster Stew—1 pt. oysters 2 cups water 1 cup Carnation Milk pepper, salt, tablespoonful salt 1 tablespoonfuls butter. Clean and drain oysters. Add butter and seasonings to milk. Bring to the boiling point, add oysters and serve. This recipe serves 4 people.

Cream White Sauce—2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 cup Carnation Milk 2 tablespoonfuls butter or substitute, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 cup water. Melt butter or substitute, add flour and stir until thoroughly mixed. Add the milk and cook after first boiling over until the sauce thickens, then add seasonings. This recipe makes one cup of white sauce.

Carnation Bread—1½ cups water, 6 to 7 cups flour, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cake compressed yeast, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of shortening. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Measure the salt, sugar and shortening into a mixing bowl and the scalded milk and water. When lukewarm add the yeast and mix thoroughly. Then add the flour gradually. When stiff enough to handle turn the dough on a floured board and let it rest for a minute. Knead until smooth and elastic. Put into a bowl, cover and let rise in a warm place about one hour or until it has doubled in bulk, then bake about 45 minutes. Always use Carnation Milk and water thoroughly.

The new Carnation Cook Book contains over 125 tested recipes. Write to the Carnation Milk Products Co. Limited Aylmer, Ont. for a free copy

On the Job

Continued from page 55

affair. Somewhere about three a clock this morning, the night-watchman in Strachan's factory was attacked from behind by three masked men who had entered by a basement window and beaten into insensibility. He was then gagged and bound, and the office safe, an old one, by the way, and a mark for any yeggman, opened and ten thousand dollars' worth of platinum stolen.

'And the thieves made a clear getaway?'

'Yes.'

The Attorney lit a cigarette and passed the case to the Chief.

The papers say the robbs are guessing. Just how true may that be?'

Chief Timbers eyed his questioner closely.

He selected a cigarette from the case and lit it. 'Hughsis recognized one of the men?' he answered.

'Who was the man?'

'The Swallow.'

'Ah!' Hughsis slumped back in his chair. Then he wheeled suddenly upon the other. 'How do you know that this man Jenkins is not lying?' he asked. 'What is more likely than that he belongs to the Scottish ring? I want to know that. And I want to know this too. How do you know but what the Scottish gang themselves planned this robbery?'

Because said Timbers. Stottich's dive was raided this morning at the very hour the robbery was committed, and Stottich was in his saloon so were Cronny and Red Gordan. I headed the raid, sir, and I knew.

'But supposing the night watchman is lying about the time?'

The Chief shook his head. 'Officer Langtry will swear he saw a man leaving the Stroud Imitory by the basement window at exactly three-thirty. He gave chase and exchanged shots with him before seeing in a taxi to hasten sir. He then returned to the factory where he found the kins gagged and bound as I have said.

'And the Swallow?'

He was arrested early this morning in his room but the platinum has not yet been recovered, sir.'

Hughsis sank back on his seat. 'So,' he said softly. 'So.'

Chief Timbers glanced at his watch. 'I'm sorry things have turned out as they have Mr Hughsis. I know from what you've told me that you believed the Swallow was innocent. I was almost believing it too but this sir—well it looks bad.

His preliminary hearing is set for nine o'clock this morning. I don't suppose considering the manner in which he has betrayed your trust you'd care to—to advise counsel for him sir?

Hughsis smiled queerly. 'You forget Chief. I'm Crown Attorney and as such dead against him or any man who has committed any criminal offence.' he answered.

Table talks

By Mrs Knox

If you're tired of the same old things

SOMEONE remarked to me at the Women's table that she was tired of canned fruits and did not know how to give them an original touch. I was sure I could help her, and together we went through my booklet, "Dainty Desserts."

"Why, Mrs Knox" she exclaimed, "I never knew there were so many different elements in the world. I had no idea you could combine canned fruits with Knox Sparkling Gelatine in so many unusual ways—and only in desserts but in salads as well! I'm going to try this Cherry Sponge Dessert for dinner."

I learned afterwards that she and her family were so pleased with it that I am publishing the recipe here.

CHERRY SPONGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 1½ cups canned cherries
1 tablespoonful lemon juice ¾ cup sugar
1 cup canned cherry juice Whites of 3 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot cherry juice. Add cherries stoned and cut in halves, sugar and lemon juice. When mixture begins to set, add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Garnish with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla and chopped cherries.

Other canned "pick up" or dried fruits may be substituted for the cherries

Send for my Recipe Book containing over a hundred Desserts and Salads

You'll never get tired of the "same old thing" with a copy of my booklet Dainty Desserts. Send the 2c. It is FREE. Just enclose four cents in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Dept. C. 180 St Paul St W. Montreal

"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX"

Plain Sparkling Gelatine for General use

Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope

Baby Looks Sweetest in Horrockses Nainsook

The immortal goddess Fashion has wrought many changes since 1791. But there is one tradition which she has not molested—the choice of Nainsook for babies dresses. HORROCKSES Nainsook daintily dyed the white silent goddess and to-day as in great grandmother's day. The tray pin tucks and delicate embroidery is still worked in this baby like material.

For name of the nearest store where HORROCKSES Nainsooks Cambrics Madapolams and Long Cloths are procurable write to

JOHN E RITCHIE
Canadian Agent
591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
Branches: Toronto and Vancouver
Made by
Horrockses, Crewdson & Co. Limited
Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers
Manchester England

Gray Hair

Mary T. Goldman
1403 Goldman Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me your FREE Hair Book. I am a man (Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Auburn, Light Auburn, Light Brown, Blonde, Gray, Light Gray, Blond, Light Blond, Red, Light Red, Light Red, Light

2-Ton Commer Truck with platform body

EVERY motor truck since the beginning has done a certain part toward solving modern transport problems. But in this development Commer has had even greater share than most. Originally designed as strictly a perfective as mechanical horse ledge could then devise it has frankly met—even sought—every difficulty or shortcoming that motor haulage has since developed. It has eliminated and overcome these in each marked degree that Commer dependability and durability are proverbial. Commer trucks built 12 years ago are still on the road in Canada—daily exemplifying the standards and attributes that have made British mechanical products the world's quality standard.

Commer Trucks are all British-Built

Assembled in our Toronto plant—bodies to order

Desirable agencies open in several Provinces

Dealers write Toronto office

COMMER TRUCKS

COMMERCIAL CARS LIMITED

115 Dupont Street Toronto — Corner Princess and James Streets Winnipeg

Barber-Ellis

FRENCH ORGANDIE

Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery

In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match

FRENCH ORGANDIE

"THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED"

ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT

You Can Have a Lovely Skin

... the freshness and softness of your youthful ... Pimples, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Blotches, Dry ... Coarse Pores, Eczema, and all non-infectious ... Call at the Institute. CONSULTATION FREE.

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electrolysis

Write for Booklet B. Free on request.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED

152 College St. TORONTO, ONT.

WONDER WORKING $2.10 CLOTHES WASHER

Wonder Figure 1210 washing machine for large families—will wash everything from lace curtains to flannels and overalls—easily and without injury—lasts a lifetime—nothing to get out of order. Simply mail $2.10 to nearest store or mail-order and pay postman only on arrival parcel post.

Every washer guaranteed to give you satisfaction or your money refunded in full

GRANT & McMILLAN CO.

337 Clinton St. Dept. MC1 TORONTO

AGENTS WANTED Men and Women.

MAYBE ADAM LAUGHED AT THESE

The Gude Samaritan—Old Scot:—Dinna cry, ma wee laddie! Ye dinna find yer penny ahere dark, here's a match!—*Wagside Tales*

And a Rare Bird—Willie—Pop, what is a self made man?

Father—One whose wife never claims the credit for his success!—*Judge*

Another Generation—Daughter: "I bet dad you never saw the cog like this back in your days."

Dad: "Yes, I did, once—but the place was raided before ten o'clock!"—*American Legion Weekly*

In the Nurrrry—"Willie!"

"Yes, Mamma."

"What in the world are you poaching baby for? Let him alone!"

"Aw, I ain't doin' nothin'! We're only playin' automobile an' he's th' hore!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

No Sale—"I want," said the very plain girl, "a book entitled 'Cultivate Your Natural Beauty.'"

"Here it is," said the clerk, who wanted to be agreeable. "Are you getting it for a friend?"

And the very plain girl put her purse back into her bag and went right out.—*Philadelphia Bulletin Ledger*

A Provident Influence—Frederick had discovered *Treasure Island* the other day and devoured it in our blissful freedom lasting from breakfast till bedtime, when he was forcibly pried loose from the book.

He was obviously in a trance as he undressed, but still his demure mamma was not exactly prepared for the variation which he sprung when he came to say his prayers:

"Give us this day our daily bread—ya, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!"—*London Opinion*

A Scotchman's Conscience—The purchasing agent of a big jobbing concern in Montreal is a Scotchman. He gave an extensive order—indeed, the total ran into many thousands of dollars—to a salesman for a supply house. Although he had obtained the business in open competition, and by virtue of the excellence of his wares and the low figures he quoted, the salesman felt gratitude at being favored and sought a way to show it.

He knew he dare not offer the Scot a commission, likewise a gift of money he figured would be regarded as an insult. He had an inspiration. The Scot, he noticed, constantly smoked cigars. So the salesman excused himself for a minute, slipped out to a cigar store and bought a box containing fifty of the finest Havanas the tobacconist carried in stock. The price for the fifty was fifteen dollars. He brought the box back under his arm and asked the purchasing agent to accept it with his compliments.

The latter drew back. He explained that it was against the policy of his house for its buyers to accept presents of any kind from those with whom the concern did business. He was sorry, he said, but he could not take the cigars as a present, even though he felt sure his young friend had tendered them with the best of intentions and in absolute good faith.

The salesman had another idea.

"Well," he said, "I hate to throw these cigars away. They're of no use to me. I smoke only cigarettes. I wonder if you would buy them from me? There's no harm in that, I'm sure."

"What would ye be asking for them, laddie?" inquired the prudent Scot.

"I'll sell the whole fifty to you for a nickel," stated the salesman.

The purchasing agent filled one of the cigars from the top row, smelled it, rolled it in his fingers and eyed it closely.

"Very well," he said, "at that price I'll tak' four boxes."—*Toronto Star*

Brightens the Kitchen

Your cabinet and table require frequent and thorough cleaning. Old Dutch keeps them clean and spotless with little time and work. Does not scratch the surface nor harm the hands.

Economical—Thorough—Sanitary

MADE IN CANADA

In Old Times or New

The ultimate choice of the PRUdent housewife

What fabric so delicate, yet so serviceable as cotton?

—so dainty, yet so simple and unpretentious?

—so inexpensive, yet so lasting?

The best cottons are
PRUE COTTONS.

Made by Canadians in Canada

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG